



VIE PRIVÉE  
DU MARECHAL  
DE RICHELIEU,  
CONTENANT  
SES AMOURS ET INTRIGUES;

*Et tout ce qui a rapport aux divers Rôles qu'a  
joués cet Homme célèbre pendant plus de  
quatre-vingt ans.*

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TOME TROISIEME.

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A PARIS;

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Numéro 20.



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VÉRITABLE  
VIE PRIVÉE  
DU MARECHAL  
DE RICHELIEU.

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*DÉTAILS des premiers aventures de M. le Maréchal de Richelieu , faits & écrits par lui même , pendant son séjour en Languedoc , à madame la Marquise de M\*\*\* , qui lui avoit promis de le traiter favorablement à son retour , s'il lui faisoit le récit de ce qui lui étoit arrivé jusqu'alors.*

IL y a long-temps que vous me demandez , ma chere amie , le récit fidele de mes aventures depuis ma présentation à la cour de Louis XIV , jusqu'au moment où je vous ai connue , vous ne savez pas que ce sont des volumes que vous exigez que j'écrive. Cependant d'après nos conventions , mon amitié ne balance pas , & quoique paresseux , je vous promets de vous envoyer par semaine , une

vingtaine de pages de mon histoire Je conserve scrupuleusement tous le matériaux nécessaires pour l'écrire , & je crois qu'il y aura une assez grande complication d'évenemens pour ne pas ennuyer J'espere vivre long temps du moins on me l'a prédit , & j'ajoute aisément foi a une prédiction qui m'accorde fort , je compte bien fournir de plus en plus des faits intéressans pour l'histoire de ma vie J'ai près de cinquante ans & j'augure que je suis à la moitié de ma carrière car plusieurs astrologues m'ont assuré que je mourrois centenaire , mais que je devois craindre le mois de mars , mais il me reste de la marge , & je ne m'apperçois pas d'aucun changement dans mes facultés morales ni physiques

Nous étions convenus avec l'ingr d'écrire mutuellement toutes les anecdotes historiques & scandaleuses qui se sont passées sous nos yeux Il y en a bon nombre elles seroient connoître que de grands effets viennent presque toujours de petites causes surtout a la cour , ou le tal nt d'intrigue doit être le premier de l'homme qui veut s'avancer & s'y conserver , & je n'ai doute pas qu'une histoire faite d'après ces notes ne fut très instructive Ce ne seroit pas , comme nous l'avons vu souvent , un amas de faits controuvés ,

dont un auteur avide du gain que lui offre un libraire , grossit un volume , sans connoître même les personnages dont il parle , ni les rapports qu'ils ont eus avec ces faits qu'il rapporte. Sa tête forge un roman , & il l'adapte à la femme ou à l'homme , qui , dans un genre quelconque , obtient de la célébrité , dont il fait seulement quelques particularités , & il décore cette rapsodie du nom d'histoire. J'ai lu sur moi des relations qui sont entièrement fausses. Tous les jours nous voyons qu'un événement , dont nous avons été témoin , est raconté diversement , exagéré , diminué ou falsifié , selon le talent de ceux qui en parlent , que devons-nous penser de l'histoire des siècles passés , dont on nous garantit l'authenticité ? Il faudroit , pour être certain des événemens d'un siècle , que des gens initiés dans les mystères du gouvernement , se donnaient la peine de rassembler tout ce qui se passeroit d'intéressant. Ce journal qui seroit fait par plusieurs personnes , ministres , généraux , courtisans & autres , seroit d'autant plus authentique , que ce que l'un auroit intérêt de cacher , l'autre le publieroit. Il est très-prudent de voiler la vérité , quand elle peut blesser des gens qui existent : mais quand ils sont morts , pourquoi la taire ? L'historien que choisiroit le roi , ( car pour-

quoi laisser à tout le monde le droit d'écrire l'histoire ? ) cet homme , dis je , quand cette generation seroit éteinte , afin de n'offenser personne , n'auroit plus qu'à lier ensemble ces événemens & l'histoire bi n vraie du siècle précédent se trouveroit toute faite

C'est cette idee qui nous avoit engages , Tingri & moi , à prendre la plume il m'a dit qu'il avoit déjà rassemblé beaucoup de faits J'ai commencé aussi de mon côté mais je suis trop dissipé pour m'assujettir à faire le métier d'écrivain Je préfère le plaisir , toujours neuf pour moi , de faire ma cour à une jolie femme , à l'ennui de m'enfermer dans un cabinet pour m'occuper du passé Il m'intéresse bien moins que le présent Je vous promets cependant d'être plus fidèle à la promesse que je vous ai faite , & de vous donner les détails de ma vie le plus long temps qu'il me sera possible Sonnez qu'ils ne doivent pas me nuire auprès de vous , & que si vous me voyez toujours aussi coupable en amour que je le suis rarement en amitié , vous serez pour moi la du hesse , & vous jugerez si , malgré mes infidélités j'ai cessé d'être son ami J'écloignera l'idée du grand travail que j'entreprends pour vous plaire , & comme il se fera pas à pas , j'espère le continuer jusqu'à la fin

Je suis accablé d'occupations qui me fatiguent & m'ennuyent , & le plaisir de converser avec vous , fera une distraction fort agréable pour moi. D'ailleurs , le salaire qui m'attend à Paris , doit soutenir mon courage. Je vous ai déjà mandé qu'il me falloit du temps pour rassembler mes idées , & faire venir de Paris des notes de ma main , contenues dans un coffre que Boquemare mon bibliothécaire , vient de m'envoyer , j'aime bien mieux me rappeler les anecdotes de ma jeunesse , que de faire ici la guerre aux protestans. Je reçois continuellement des ordres de la cour pour les punir , & le petit St. Florentin est leur cruel persécuteur. Si je l'écou-  
tois , le sang ruisselerait ; j'aime à être obéi , la résistance est capable de me porter loin ; mais je n'ai pas , heureusement pour ces gens-ci , le fanatisme d'un missionnaire. Depuis long-temps Voltaire m'a convaincu que presque tous les cultes des religions n'étoient que grimaces , & que la vraie étoit tolérante , douce & consolante. Je m'en prends aux ministres qui ont fait de la nôtre , une religion sanguinaire , & je m'embarrasse fort peu que des hommes prient Dieu à leur manière , pourvu qu'ils ne troublent pas l'ordre public. St. Florentin qui n'est pas plus dévôt que moi , prétend que des roues & des gibets doivent hâter



la conversion des protestans , & je crois voir le petit homme bien irrégulier , armé d'un poignard de la ligue , parcourir tout le Languedoc laissons le errer au gré de ses petites idées , & revenons aux détails que vous me demandez

LOUIS XIV avoit soixante douze ans quand je fus présenté à la cour J'en avois quatorze , c'est l'âge des prestiges & de l'illusion Je fus presque anéanti par la majesté de sa personne , & par l'éclat de sa représentation Il me reçut en souriant il aimoit le nom de Richelieu que mon grand oncle a porté avec tant de célébrité , & il avoit trop de pénétration pour ne pas connoître l'influence qu'il avoit eue sur son règne dont il avoit préparé la gloire Le cardinal avoit mis le pouvoir absolu entre les mains du roi (1) , & Louis XIV étoit trop jaloux de sa puis-

(1) Le cardinal de Richelieu ne rendit Louis XIII si puissant que pour commander plus despotiquement à sa place ; il a perpétré dans les ministres ce pouvoir absolu dont ils ont abusé tant de fois & on lui doit cette race de tyrans qui a pris plaisir à accumuler tous les maux dont la France gémit actuellement Louis XIV devoit sans doute aimer le cardinal de Richelieu qui avoit tout assujéti au trône & qui étoit cause qu'il ne trouvoit point d'obstacles à l'exécution de projets funestes à la France ; mais les sujets avoient ils lieu de le chérir ? Qui de nous l'aime depuis longtemps mais ce n'est pas pour la gloire de

sance pour ne pas reconnoître dans les descendans de ce ministre ce qu'il avoit fait pour lui. C'est-là sans doute la raison de bontés dont il honoroit mon pere , qui n'avoit pas été assez heureux pour se distinguer à son service pendant un règne si fertile en grandes choses , & la cause qui les lui fit répandre sur un rejeton de cette famille à qui il croyoit avoir des obligations. Remis de ma premiere timidité , je jettai les yeux sur ce grand roi que je trouvai encore au-dessus de tout ce qu'on m'en avoit dit. Rien

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Étoit fort indifférent , toutes ses actions ne tendoient qu'à son élévation ou à satisfaire ses vengeances. Il étoit dévoré d'une ambition démesurée & vouloit que tout lui fut soumis. Enfin il fut despote sans contradiction. Encore si ce despotisme qui lui a fait faire quelquefois de bonnes choses , eût du moins pu s'enfermer avec lui dans la tombe , il n'auroit pas passé entre les mains d'une multitude d'êtres vils , appelés au ministère par cabale , ou en faisant bassement la cour à des gens encore plus méprisables qu'eux. Ces prétendus ministres , loin d'avoir le génie & les talens de Richelieu , forcés d'être guidés par des subalternes , des commis , demi-tyrans sous eux , ne se servoient pas moins tyranniquement de la verge de fer qui leur avoit été transmise , pour frapper aveuglément le peuple qui les maudissoit.

Le François n'osoit appeller la vengeance que seul , & sous le toit qu'il arrosoit de ses larmes la moindre plainte l'eût privé de sa liberté , & ce qui est à sa honte , le monstre qui le déchiroit trouvoit encore des flatteurs. O François , mes concitoyens , mes freres , qu'étiez-vous alors , & qu'êtes-vous aujourd'hui ? Des esclaves sont devenus des hommes , & la tyrannie est disparue !

d'aussi majestueux n'avoit frappé mes yeux , & de tous les hommes que j'avois vus , il me parut celui qui étoit le plus digne de commander , & qu'il auroit fallu choisir pour être mis à la tête de la nation françoise , si sa naissance ne l'eût point appelé au trône. Son air de grandeur imprimoit la crainte , & je voyois l'empreinte du respect gravée sur tous les visages. Un de ses regards étoit un ordre que l'habitude de voir le monarque faisoit deviner. Tout malheureux qu'il étoit au dehors , il conservoit dans son intérieur l'étiquette la plus imposante. Il avoit été trompé quelquefois , & croyoit l'être sans cesse. Il conservoit avec ses courtisans toujours l'air d'un roi , rarement l'homme paroissoit. Il avoit accoutumé tout ce qui l'entouroit à une espèce d'adoration , & il paroissoit naturel d'être à ses pieds. On le plaignoit d'être assez foible pour n'écouter plus que le conseil des prêtres qui égardoient sa vieillesse , en lui montrant le ciel irrité par ses égaremens passés , la religion couvroit ses yeux d'un voile saint & on lui faisoit signer des ordres qui ont porté de grands coups à la France. Mais dans cet affaiblissement de lui même , on voyoit encore le grand homme , & il méritoit bien qu'on ne cessât pas d'admirer le maître qui avoit donné des loix à presque toute l'Europe. Dans un temps où l'on gémissoit d'une longue succession

succession de guerres , où l'état étoit accablé de continuelles défaites , on parloit encore de ses premières victoires , le peuple manquoit de tout , & à la cour on n'entretenoit le roi que de ses anciennes conquêtes. Eugene , enflé de ses succès , nourrissoit de plus en plus la haine qu'il avoit vouée au monarque françois , dont il avoit essuyé des refus ; il mettoit sa gloire à l'accabler , Vainqueur de Villeroy , de Tallard , du duc de Bourgogne , de Boufflers & de Villars ; conjointement avec Marlboroug , il étoit persuadé qu'il pousseroit ses conquêtes jusqu'à Paris , on le craignoit , & la consternation étoit générale. Le roi seul paroissoit tranquille , & ne négligeoit rien pour conserver cette grande représentation qu'il avoit toujours aimée. Ceux qui l'approchoient dans son intérieur , témoignés des plaintes qu'il laissoit rarement échapper , cherchoient tous les moyens de le dissiper.

Madame la duchesse de Bourgogne qu'il aimoit , étoit plus empressée qu'un autre à calmer les chagrins de son grand papa. Gaie , pleine d'esprit , elle amusoit le vieillard par des enfantillages. Ses reparties vives le faisoient sourire , elle imaginoit tous les moyens de lui faire oublier ses malheurs , les bals , les fêtes où l'on rassembloit ce qu'il y avoit de plus aimable à la cour , étoient employés , & vous devez bien

penser qu'un enfant de mon âge se trouvoit trop heureux d'être admis à ces plaisirs. Les malheurs du temps m'intéressoient fort peu. Je ne songeois qu'aux amusemens de Versailles & aux moyens de me les procurer souvent. J'avois une belle mère qui gouvernoit mon père fort âgé & sujet à des infirmités, c'étoit elle qui dirigeoit tout, & la bonne dame fournissoit bien mesquinement à mes plaisirs. J'étois vêtu le plus modestement possible pour mon rang, & quand je m'en plaignois, elle me disoit en riant, que les grâces de ma personne suppléeroient à tout - le compliment ne remplissoit pas ma bourse & me donnoit de l'humeur qui éclatoit souvent. J'étois plaisanté par mes camarades, & c'étoit toujours aux dépens de ma belle mère, que je n'aimois pas. que je me tirois d'affaire. J'avois dit, un jour, où l'on avoit trouvé mon habit mesquin, que cela ne devoit pas paroître étonnant, que c'étoit un habit de belle mère. Ceux qui connoissent la cour sont à même de juger combien ces petites choses là réussissent. Aussi, pendant quelques jours ce bon mot en fit les délices (1)

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(1) Ce qui fait voir qu'il faut peu de choses pour l'occuper. Les gens qui l'habitent ont l'art de donner à des riens un air d'importance; ils sont toujours en convulsion pour des mûres. On a vu des paires de France se disputer très sérieusement pour

J'étois un enfant , & je n'avois encore connu que les usages de la maison paternelle ; j'avois été mis sur la liste des danseurs , & je me trouvai bientôt dans l'intimité , à cause des répétitions qu'on faisoit des danses que l'on exécutoit devant le roi. Le jour des bals parés , je me trouvois là à peu près avec tous les amis de la maison , comme à Paris , & mon âge ne me permettoit pas de sentir les nuances de respect que je devois à une telle assemblée. Un jour , madame la duchesse de Bourgogne ayant ouvert le bal paré avec M. le duc de Berri , & ne pouvant , comme fille de France , danser suivant l'étiquette du temps , qu'avec un prince ou un duc quand elle dansoit seule , après son premier menuet , avoit été prendre le duc de Brissac.

Il étoit d'usage que l'homme rendît le menuet à celle qui l'avoit choisi. Mais M. de Brissac laissa madame la duchesse de Bourgogne pour aller prendre une autre dame ; tout le monde s'aperçut de sa distraction. La princesse même qui avoit été reconduite à sa place , s'étoit déjà levée , ne pouvant

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posséder quelques pieds de plus dans un spectacle , & s'enfermer plus de huit jours pour calculer la distribution des places d'une comédie , & mettre plus de soin qu'ils n'en auroient pris pour le campement & la subsistance d'une armée.

pas imaginer qu'on l'oublât, mais elle prit le parti de se rasseoir, quand elle vit commencer la danse, & cela fit un petit mouvement dans la salle M de Brissac continua son menuet, quand il fut achevé, la dame qu'il n'auroit pas dû choisir, vint me prendre, & je fis, mais exprès, la même faute que Brissac avoit commise envers madame la duchesse de Bourgogne & au lieu d'aller la prier comme je devois faire, j'allai prendre madame la duchesse de Bourgogne, en lui disant madame permettez que je répare les fautes de mon ami Brissac

Cette plaisanterie qui pouvoit passer pour une impertinence, fit rire tout le monde, fut parfaitement bien reçue, & rendit célèbre le petit duc. On admira ma présence d'esprit, le roi même s'en divertit, chacun vouloit m'avoir à dîner & à souper, on se disputoit ce plaisir, & madame la duchesse de Bourgogne, depuis cette époque, voulut que je fusse de toutes les fêtes (1) Si j'avois été timide les

(1) Cette anecdote de l'enfance de M de Richelieu qu'il se rappelloit à se plaisir a été aussi citée à peu près dans les mêmes termes à madame la marquise de Richelieu par son mari le 18 juin 1782. On devoit évidemment supposer quelque chose d'un enfant qui débutoit si bien & il a tenu encore au delà de ce qu'il sembloit promettre

premiers jours que je parus à la cour , je fus bien vite corrigé , car en peu de temps je fus trop hardi , je voyois que tout me réussissoit ; on ne parloit que de mes bons mots , de mon esprit , je devins un petit joujou à la mode , le roi même rioit quelquefois de mes étourderies , & sa présence ne fit bientôt plus d'effet sur moi. J'étois l'enfant gâté de toutes les femmes ; madame de Maintenon me trouvoit charmant , disoit que je commençois d'être un homme. Mais en attendant la réalité de sa prédiction , j'étois bien étourdi & bien libertin. Madame la duchesse de Bourgogne me combla de bontés , toute héritière du trône qu'elle étoit , je ne vis en elle qu'une jolie femme , brune , piquante , & chéri de toutes les autres , je ne trouvai pas étonnant qu'une grande princesse eût les mêmes yeux pour moi ; en peu de tems je fus familier avec elle. J'étois admis à lui faire ma cour , j'allois très-souvent répéter des figures de danse dans sa chambre particulière , on jouoit aussi de petits jeux où je brillois par mes inconséquences ; elles étoient applaudies , c'étoit m'encourager à de plus grandes.

Un jour avant que la princesse parût , je m'étois caché derrière les rideaux de son lit , par la curiosité d'entendre ce qu'on diroit de moi ; je ne fus pas long-temps à attendre.



Quand on fut assemblé , on me demanda pour répéter *Il a préféré* , dirent quelques danseuses *de faire sa cour à d'autres femmes* Mes camarades un peu jaloux murmuroient tout bas que c'étoit manquer à la princesse , elle seule m'excusoit à son âge , *il faut lui passer quelque chose , mesdames* , ajouta t elle , *d'autres que vous peuvent trouver cet enfant fort aimable , & il n'est pas étonnant qu'on le retienne* Je fis alors un mouvement qui agita le rideau Il fut remarqué déjà plus d'une femme eut peur , qui peut être cache là ? La honte d'avoir été surpris avant de montrer moi même , me fit glisser sous le lit , nouvelle agitation de rideau , & je vis le moment où les femmes alloient fuir Brissac vient , c'est un homme , dit il , un homme ! ce mot fut répété Heureusement qu'en se baissant il me reconnut car sans cela , cette aventure auroit eu des suites plus dangereuses pour moi Il me prit par la jambe en s'écriant *je tiens le voleur , c'est Frénac* On l'aida à me retirer , & je parus un peu honteux & défrisé , chacun se regardoit , personne n'osoit parler J'allai me mettre à genoux devant madame la duchesse de Bourgogne , qui se mit à rire , ce rire me soulagea , je lui pris la main que je baisai *Pardon , madame ! je voulois savoir ce que ces*

*âmes pensoient de moi , & je vous supplie d'oublier une étouiderie , en faveur du désir que j'avois de connoître la réputation qu'on me donne. On excuse tout , dit la princesse , hors la peur que vous nous avez fait , & elle fit commencer aussitôt la répétition qui avoit été retardée. Cette aventure qui prouve ma hardiesse , jointe à d'autres conséquences , me fit , quelque tems après , aller à la Bastille pour mûrir ma raison. Il est certain que je n'entisageois point les dangers de mes actions. J'étois tous les jours plus libre avec madame la duchesse de Bourgogne. J'eus la témérité une fois de vouloir l'embrasser , & je ne sais ce qui en auroit résulté , si j'avois eu souvent les occasions de me trouver seul avec elle , j'aurois tout hasardé , & sans doute j'aurois été heureux ou perdu.*

Cette fougue de ma jeunesse que malheureusement on réprimoit peu , ne fit qu'augmenter. Je passai bientôt pour le héros des plus agréables aventures. L'imprudence & la jalousie de quelques femmes , confirmèrent la vérité à ceux qui n'avoient que des soupçons. Madame \*\* nouvellement mariée fut une des premières à me mettre en réputation , elle me suivoit partout. Un jour surpris par son mari , au moment où je la tenois sur mes genoux d'une manière

conforme à mes desirs elle fit un cri pourquoi donc , lui dis je sans perdre la tête refuser de m'embrasser ? je ne vous quitte pas , & même devant M le marquis vous devez acquitter la dette , nous avons parié j'ai gagné , il faut payer , c'est dans l'ordre Vous devez madame , reprit le bon mari , M de Fronzac a raison on doit s'acquitter La dame feignit de se défendre encore , & me donnoit le temps de réparer le désordre où j'étois Enfin de l'autorité du mari j'embrassai la femme parce que , selon lui , il falloit mieux céder que se faire décoëffer Je parus alors sans laisser d'indices de ce qui s'étoit passé Madame \*\* tranquillisée , ne put s'empêcher de rire & le mari content s'applaudissoit d'avoir terminé le différend. Sans moi , je crois qu'il seroit encore resté là longtemps , s'écria-t il en embrassant à son tour madame \*\* Le plus que j'aurois pu repliquant je Vous l'entendez madame ! voyez reprit le mari , l'obligation que vous m'avez ! je le connois , il est entêté il l'auroit fait comme il le dit , & c'est pour cela que je suis bien satisfait de vous avoir tirée de ce mauvais pas.

Vous jugez bien de ce qui se passoit en moi J'étois tout glorieux de ma présence d'esprit , & madame \*\* m'en aimait davantage Elle ne put s'empêcher de conter cette aventure à une amie , celle-ci à un autre , elle me fit un hon-

neur infini. Un amant avec cette présence d'esprit étoit , selon elles , un être rare & charmant • les femmes me citoient entr'elles , surtout quand il étoit question de quelques gaugeries en amour. Fronzac n'eût pas fait cela , disoit-on On ne peut croire combien cette bonne réputation me valut des faveurs.

Au milieu de ce tourbillon , madame la duchesse \*\* voulut me fixer mais j'ai été longtemps à lui faire des sermens avant de la persuader ; elle me rencontroit au moment où je m'y attendois le moins , avec des femmes qui lui donnoient lieu de douter de ma sincérité , & cela retardoit le moment heureux après lequel j'aspirois. Elle me reprochoit ma jeunesse , mon étourderie • mais ses beaux yeux bleus languissamment fixés sur moi , démentaient sa bouche , je voyois bien que j'étois aimé ; mais je n'en étois pas plus avancé. La duchesse \*\* avoit réellement des principes , & c'est de toutes les femmes dont j'ai triomphé dans ma jeunesse , celle qui m'a coûté le plus de peine , elle estimoit son mari , sans avoir de l'amour pour lui , elle étoit persuadée qu'une femme devoit tout à ses devoirs. Mais comme tôt ou tard la femme la plus raisonnable doit faire une folie , je fus la pierre d'achoppement sur laquelle le ciel qui se rit des vaines résolutions des hommes , fit échouer ses romanesques

projets de vertu J'étois piqué de sa résistance , & plus je rencontrais d'obstacles plus je mettois d'empressement à les vaincre Elle avoit été un des témoins de la scène qui s'étoit passée chez madame la duchesse de Bourgogne , & elle croyoit , ainsi que tous ceux qui y étoient avec elle , que la facilité avec laquelle la princesse m'avoit pardonné annonçoit une intime liaison entre nous, Je voyois que c'étoit la rivale qu'elle redoutoit le plus & je faisois mes efforts pour la dissuader Cependant j'étois glorieux de l'opinion accréditée L'héritière du trône dans mes fers ! cette idée m'enorgueillissoit , & je me défendois de manière à laisser croire que le bruit répandu n'étoit pas sans fondement Je disois non , de façon à persuader le contraire , & dans le fond de mon cœur j'étois intimement convaincu que si madame la duchesse de Bourgogne n'avoit pas encore augmenté mon triomphe , cela ne pouvoit pas être éloigné.

Cependant mes affaires n'avançoient pas avec madame la duchesse \*\* J'allais me consoler de ses refus chez madame \*\*\* , mais souvent le besoin m'y conduisoit & le dégoût m'en faisoit sortir plutôt que je ne l'avois projeté. Le desir de posséder une femme nouvelle détruit tous les charmes de celle qu'on a. D'ailleurs on connoît ceux-ci , & on n'a point encore admiré

les autres ; & j'avoue que presque toujours l'impatience de les posséder répand sur eux une illusion qu'ils n'ont pas , & qui se détruit bientôt.

Un jour qu'elle me disoit qu'on ne pouvoit pas se fier à moi , que les sermens que je lui faisois étoient copies sur le même modele de ceux que j'allois débiter à toutes les belles , je me mis à ses pieds pour l'assurer que mon cœur m'en fournissoit de nouveaux & de très-sinceres pour elle . un éclat de rire fut sa réponse , en ajoutant qu'on ne pouvoit mentir plus impunement. Je fus d'abord déconcerté , mais reprenant courage , je lui pris la main que je baisai , & me tenant long temps courbé , je la frottais doucement contre mes yeux. Ma position , le frottement léger firent naître de la rougeur , je pensai aux choses les plus tristes , & mes yeux se remplirent peu à peu de larmes : je levai alors ma tête pour les faire voir ces précieuses larmes qui couloient sur mes joues. Je ne vous aime point , lui dis-je , d'un ton pénétré ' regardez votre ouvrage , voilà les premiers pleurs que l'amour m'arrache , cet amour si mal récompense , & qui me rend malheureux ! Jusqu'à présent j'ai eu des desirs , mais je n'ai connu de véritable attachement que pour vous , la seule femme bien

aimée est la seule qui me soit cruelle. Voilà à peu près mon discours que je prononçai d'une voix entrecoupée, pour lui, donner plus de valeur.

La duchesse \*\* étonnée attendrie, ne pouvoit croire encore ce qu'elle voyoit, machinalement sa joue s'approcha de la mienne, & recueillit ces délicieuses preuves de ma tendresse, des soupirs succédèrent elle leva ses beaux yeux vers le ciel, puis les fixant sur moi elle me dit d'un ton fait pour aller à l'ame vous m'aimez donc, je ne puis douter... ah, cher Fronzac, que vous êtes dangereux ! Sa tête retomba encore sur mes épaules, ma bouche lui appliquoit les baisers les plus ardents, & la sienne fit bientôt un autre office que de parler. J'avoue que ce moment fut un des plus délicieux de ma vie. Il fut interrompu par le bruit d'une voiture, on craignoit le mari je me retirai pestant contre les importuns & me disant en moi même elle est à moi ! J'ai réfléchi depuis combien le don des larmes étoit persuasif en amour. Je me suis bon gré de l'avoir provoqué en moi & j'ai eu grand soin d'en faire usage dans plus d'une occasion. L'habitude contractée on pleure assez facilement & il y a des femmes auprès de qui cela fait merveille.

J'étois content de moi , plus amoureux de la duchesse \*\* que je ne l'avois encore été , j'épiois le moment favorable de la réduire , il sembloit toujours s'éloigner de moi , & j'étois bien contrarié. Enfin son mari qui avoit une charge considérable à la cour , fut chargé d'une mission particulière en Languedoc ; & la duchesse \*\* qui aimoit la tranquillité , obtint de madame la duchesse de Bourgogne la permission d'aller passer quelque temps à une campagne qu'elle avoit près de Mantes. L'apprendre & y voler fut presque le même instant. Il y avoit déjà quelques jours que la duchesse y étoit ; plusieurs femmes fort aimables lui tenoient compagnie , & je me trouvai moi troisième d'homme. Je fus très-bien reçu ; la duchesse rougit , & pendant quelques jours évita toutes les occasions d'être seulé avec moi. Cette femme combattoit , & tout en m'impatientant , me faisoit rire sous cape de voir la vertu en prise avec l'amour. Je prévoyois bien que cette première ne manqueroit pas d'avoir le dessous , & je m'apprêtois à me payer bien complètement d'une si longue attente. Enfin ce beau jour , ce jour charmant arriva. Nous avions cherché depuis mon arrivée tous les moyens de ranimer la gaieté , j'avois banni cet air de langueur qui avoit déjà gagné la société , &



chaque jour on inventoit des jeux , presque toujours d'enfans , où on s'amusoit à se faire des espiègleries. J'avois joué des tours à plusieurs femmes & elles étoient sur leurs gardes de crainte de surprise. Elles tirent comité la duchesse à leur tête , pour me rendre ce que j'avois fait. Il fut d'acordé d'ôter les cloisons d'une chambre près de la mienne & de les placer de maniere qu'avec peu d'efforts elles pussent tomber , on l'avoit percée de tous les côtés , & on avoit adapté des ficelles qui , attachées à de certains meubles , devoient , en les tirant d'une chambre voisine , les faire mouvoir à volonté. Il ne s'agissoit plus que de me faire déloger de mon appartement , sans que je pusse en soupçonner la cause. Le soir on ôta les rideaux de mon lit où l'on jetta beaucoup d'eau , on brûla du linge dans ma chambre , & on fit courir le bruit que le frotteur , en allant porter de l'eau que mon laquais lui avoit demandée après dîné , avoit mis le feu à ces rideaux sans y prendre garde. Des gens mis dans la confiance répandirent l'alarme , & j'arrivai dans mon appartement qui étoit encore rempli de fumée. Je vis mon lit entièrement mouillé. Après s'être récrié sur le bonheur qu'il y avoit de ce que cet accident n'avoit pas eu de suite , accident qui auroit pu

consommer le château , si on n'y avoit pas pris garde ; on décida qu'il étoit impossible que je pusse coucher dans cette chambre , & l'on fit porter mes effets dans celle qui avoit été préparée pour se venger de mes tours. Les femmes me félicitèrent de ce que je n'avois rien perdu ; la joie paroissoit sur leur visage , & j'attribuois à l'intérêt que je croyois qu'elles prenoient à moi , leur apparente satisfaction. Je n'imaginois pas qu'elles jouissent d'avance du plaisir qu'elles se promettoient. J'étois , je l'avouerai , sans aucune défiance , & je complimentai moi-même la duchesse \*\*, qui sourioit , de ce que tout étoit si heureusement apaisé.

On soupa gaiment • mais à peine la compagnie fût-elle passée dans le salon , qu'on parla de s'aller reposer. On prétexta que l'accident arrivé dans ma chambre , quoique sans conséquence , n'en avoit pas moins effrayé au premier moment , & qu'on se ressentoit de cet effroi : on se plaignit de mal de tête , de lassitude ; & au lieu de se remettre à jouer suivant la coutume , le salon qu'on ne quittoit jamais avant une heure ou deux , fut désert au plus tard à onze. Je me rendis dans mon nouvel appartement , faute de pouvoir faire mieux. Il étoit disposé de manière que mon laquais cou-

choit loin de moi. Après avoir lu pendant quelque temps, j'éteignis ma lumière, & je m'occupai de ma chère duchesse. Je ne voulois pas quitter la campagne, sans avoir eu des preuves certaines de sa tendresse, & je me promettois bien de ne pas laisser échapper la moindre occasion qui se présenteroit. Rempli de ces idées qui satisfaisoient mon imagination, je m'endormis. Je fus bientôt réveillé par un bruit que j'entendis un fauteuil qui étoit près de la fenêtre, se trainoit pesamment vers mon lit. Je me mis à mon séant, le bruit continue je demande qui est là ? Personne ne répond, & au même instant une caraffe d'eau placée sur la cheminée, tombe par terre avec fracas. Je ne savois ce que cela vouloit dire. Je saute au bas de mon lit, & sans aucun dessein que celui peut être de sortir de ma chambre, je touchai avec la jambe une ficelle qui s'étoit dérangée, je la suivis avec la main, & je vis bientôt ce qui en étoit. Je me recouchai, & restai tranquille. J'entendis de l'autre côté des éclats de rire, & en même temps je sentis de l'eau qu'on féroit vers moi.

Pour me garantir je tirai mon lit, & mis les rideaux entre la muraille & moi. Je plaisantai en même temps les acteurs, & leur criai d'avoir de meilleures inventions. Tout cesse tout à coup,

coup ; mais un autre bruit succede au premier : des coups de marteau annonçoient une démolition , & j'attendois la fin de ce tapage , quand tout-à-coup la cloison tomba en plusieurs morceaux , comme une décoration d'opéra. Figurez-vous ma surprise , de voir huit ou dix femmes coëffées de nuit , armées d'une tasse remplie d'eau , qui font le cercle autour de mon lit , & qui disant qu'il fait assez chaud pour se rafraîchir , me jettent sur la figure l'eau que contenoient leurs vases ! Je me tapis entièrement dans mes draps ; j'entendois dire , il a peur ! bon ! il faut le punir des tours qu'ils nous a joués encore de l'eau ! Non , non , s'écria une autre voix , il faut l'attacher dans son lit , de maniere qu'il nous demande pardon demain matin pour en sortir. Je n'étois pas à mon aise ; & il me passa par la tête de prendre ma revanche . j'ôtai doucement ma chemise , & sortant précipitamment de mon lit , je parus aux yeux de ces dames dans le costume du bon pere Adam , quand il étoit dans le jardin d'Eden , avant d'avoir été désobéissant.

Cette apparition fit jeter un cri universel ; la vue du diable ne feroit pas sauver plus vite un troupeau de religieuses qui sortiroient de confession , que la mienne ne fit retirer ces femmes . c'étoit à qui fuirait la premiere La plupart des lumieres furent éteintes dans cette fuite que

j'accélérois encore , en criant que j'allois me saisir d'une d'entre elles pour la retenir avec moi. Mon lit étoit mouillé , & je trouvois très-juste d'aller m'emparer de celui d'une de ces dames. Elles s'étoient réfugiées dans la salon & moi je pris un escalier dérobé , que je connoissois peu , mais qui me conduisit par un petit détour que j'ignorois dans l'appartement de la duchesse il ne s'y trouva personne. Tout le monde avoit été occupé à préparer la niche qu'on m'avoit faite. Je ne balance pas je me mets dans le lit en entrant par la ruelle , de manière à n'être pas vu. Je me tiens entre la muraille & le lit , ma tête cachée de façon qu'il étoit impossible de rien soupçonner. Je n'étois pas bien gros , & j'aurois défié d'appercevoir qu'un homme étoit là. Le cœur me battoit d'impatience & de désir. Peu d'instans après , la duchesse arriva , en disant à sa femme de chambre il y a plus que de la légèreté dans ce que vient de faire M. de Fronzac. On convint pourtant qu'on m'avoit un peu maltraité , & tout en parlant , la toilette de nuit s'avancoit , je soulevois doucement la couverture , & j'appercevois de temps en temps la duchesse qui agissoit sans contrainte , puisqu'elle se croyoit seule avec sa femme de chambre.

Mon imagination exaltée embellissoit tout ce que je voyois , les moindres détails de la toilette

me séduisoient plus que tout ce que j'avois éprouvé jusqu'alors , j'étois dans une ivresse inconcevable , & je baisois les draps , ne pouvant mieux faire. La duchesse crut sentir quelque chose courir sur elle ; sa femme de chambre chercha , & la mit presque dans le même état où j'étois dans ma chambre en paroissant devant ces femmes : je dévorais des yeux ce que j'aurois déjà voulu sentir & caresser ; Vénus , que les peintres font si belle en sortant de l'onde , n'eût rien été pour moi. La duchesse me parut céleste , & le cœur me battoit si fort , que je craignois de me trouver mal. Enfin elle se mit au lit ; je n'osois respirer ; j'étois coi , & tapi dans un petit coin : je tenois bien peu d'espace , & j'aurois voulu le resserrer encore. Elle demande un livre , j'étois au supplice ; la femme de chambre sort , ferme les portes , & me laisse avec ce que j'avois de plus cher au monde. J'étois combattu par le désir de l'approcher & la crainte de l'effrayer. J'étouffois , cependant , sous la couverture qui étoit remise en place . je présumoais que ma duchesse lisoit ; je l'entendis soupirer & prononcer ensuite mon nom. Je me hasardai de sortir doucement ma tête du lit , où je ne pouvois plus tenir. Ma duchesse , occupée , ne s'en apperçut pas , elle lisoit toujours. Quelques minutes après , elle passa le livre sur la table de nuit ,

cut off their arms and legs. The most beautiful of the Mogul's daughters is said to have stabbed herself, to escape the violence which he offered. There is some satisfaction in recording the merited punishment of a wretch like this: being unable to resist Scindiah he stuffed his saddle with gunpowder, and fled towards Perna. On the second night he fell from his horse and was taken by his pursuers: Scindiah put him in irons, and poured him in a cage; then ordered his ears, nose, hands, and feet to be cut off and left him in that condition to expire.

\* Shah Alum was thus revenged, but his condition was in no respect improved. The Mahrattas held him in the most abject subjection and when Scindiah left Delhi and his surrounding territory he possessed of Alwar, a French adventurer who under his protection was forming an independent state; the French, while they still used the name of the aged and blind monarch, treated his person with the most barbarous indignity. Upon this Frenchman, Scindiah placed great reliance expecting by his means to oppose the British forces with equal terms. M. de Buge was the first person who formed a body of regular troops in Scindiah's service and recruited British as well as French officers indiscriminately; but M. Ferrus, when he succeeded to the command, carefully selected the former that he might establish a military power exclusively commanded by his own countrymen. His force at this time consisted of about 16 or 17,000 regular and disciplined infantry a well appointed and numerous train of artillery a body of horse artillery, and from 12 to 15,000 horse, besides which he looked for reinforcement of cavalry from the petty chiefs who were his tributaries or allies. His resources were about £1,000,000. A

Frenchman never loses sight of the interests of France—it is the best part of his national character. The French had been told, that England must receive her mortal wound in India, and M Perron was in just such a situation, as Bonaparte would have selected, for striking the blow. His headquarters were established near Coel, in a commanding position on the frontier of the British possessions, and on the vulnerable part of our extensive Empire. Consistently with the safety of that empire, his power could not be suffered to exist, but before that question could be brought into discussion, Scindiah provoked a war. A rival chief, by name Jeswunt Rao Holkar, disputed his authority over the Peshwah. The founder of Holkar's family was a man of low birth, and the orientalists, who embellish or disfigure every thing with fable, say, that in his boyhood when he was keeping sheep, and had fallen asleep in the sun, the deadliest of the Indian serpents crept from its hole and extended its hood over his head to shield him from the heat. The fable is worth repeating, because a more appropriate tutelary genius for an eastern conqueror could not be imagined.

“Holkar began his career with considerable success, the combined armies of the Peshwah and Scindiah marched against him, but the Peshwah now conceived a hope of emancipating himself from the subjection in which he was held, and when the approach of Holkar diminished his fear of Scindiah, he seized the opportunity of proposing an alliance to the British government. It was immediately ratified by the Governor General, and an agent was sent to Scindiah for the purpose of inviting him to accede to the alliance, for it was thought that all parties would now find it advantageous to come to an agreement under the mediation of the British



cut off their arms and legs. The most beautiful of the Mogul's daughters is said to have stabbed herself, to escape the violence which he offered. There is some satisfaction in recording the merited punishment of a wretch like this: being unable to resist Esodiah, he stuffed his saddle with precious stones, and fled towards P'erron. On the second night he fell from his horse and was taken by his pursuers: Esodiah put him in irons, and exposed him in a cage; then ordered his ears, nose, hands, and feet to be cut off, and left him in that condition to expire!

\* Shah Aslam was thus enraged, but his condition was in no respect ameliorated. The Mahrattas held him in the most abject subjection; and when Esodiah left Delhi and its surrounding territory in possession of St. P'erron, a French adventurer who under his protection was forming an independent state; the French, while they still used the name of the aged and blind monarch treated his person with the most barbarous indignity. Upon this Frenchman, Esodiah placed great reliance, expecting by his means to oppose the British forces with equal terms. St. de Bugeue was the first person who formed a body of regular troops in Esodiah's service and he admitted British as well as French officers indiscriminately; but St. P'erron, when he succeeded to the command, carefully excluded the former, that he might establish a military power exclusively commanded by his own countrymen. His force at this time amounted to about 16 or 17,000 regular and disciplined infantry a well appointed and numerous train of artillery a body of irregular troops, and from 13 to 20,000 horse, besides which he looked for reinforcement of cavalry from the petty chiefs who were his vassals or allies. His resources were about £1,000,000. A

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The Peeshwah, in whom the proposals originated, would regain his authority ; by this means Scindiah would be secured against a rival whom he was little able to withstand ; and Holkar who was at present a mere adventurer depending upon rapine, might acquire a permanent establishment. But while the agent was on his way the armies engaged in battle Holkar was victorious, and the Peeshwah, escaping to the Cokar signified to the government at Bombay that it was his intention to take refuge in that presidency. Holkar meanwhile took possession of his capital, and placing another puppet on the throne reigned there in his name. In this state of things both the governors of Madras and Bombay thought it necessary without a delay for instructions from Bengal to prepare their disposable force for immediate service. On the one hand, Holkar earnestly applied to the resident at Iouah to effect an accommodation with the Peeshwah ; Scindiah, on the other requested a continuance of the British friendship towards him and his dependent sovereigns ; and the Peeshwah, being now at liberty to act for himself without control from either signed a treaty at Basaria, in consequence of which the British force prepared to restore him to his capital. The nearest troops were those of the Madras presidency assembled at Seringapatam in the north west frontier of Mysore under Lieutenant General Stuart ; a detachment from this force was ordered to advance into the Malabar territory the command of a detachment required political judgment, not less than military skill. Lord Clive therefore thought it could not be better confided, with so much the view of advantage to any person as to General Wellesley because of his local knowledge, and his personal influence among the Malabars ; an inst-

ence acquired during his command at Mysore, and his military operations against Dhoondiah and other refractory chiefs. The detachment consisted of 9,700 men, including one regiment of European horse, and two of foot, and to these were added 2,500 Mysore cavalry, the resources of Mysore being now brought in aid of the British government, which, before Marquis Wellesley's administration, had been so often endangered by the restless hostility of that formidable power \*\*

General Wellesley led his troops through the Mahratta territories. The way was long and tedious, the season of the year unfavourable, yet so well had he provided for the supply and conveyance of his soldiers, that they suffered neither loss nor distress. He maintained then, the same perfect discipline, in an enemy's country, as he afterwards did in France, plunder and excess were so strictly prohibited, that the natives regarded him as their protector and preserver. At Akloos he formed a junction with the Nizam's subsidiary force, under Colonel Stevenson, but upon learning that Holkar had left Poonah, he disposed Colonel Stevenson's force so, that a speedy junction might if necessary be formed with it, and when within sixty miles of the place, made a forced march with the British and Mahratta cavalry, performing the whole distance in 36 hours, the last forty miles by night, over a rugged and difficult country, he arrived there so speedily that Amrut Rao, Holkar's agent, had scarcely time for flight. Thus was the capital of the Mahratta country rescued from the hands of the enemy, the inhabitants protected from violence and rapine, again began to enter the town, and welcome cordially the English troops.

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A large force had been raised by Scindiah for the apparent purpose of opposing Holkar. The British forces having relieved him from all fear of his rival's attack, he began to negotiate with him, and the Rajah of Berar for the purpose of annoying the English government. He had prolonged the time by a series of negotiations and evasions; he designed to avail himself of the aid of the French force under M. Perron: it was evident, therefore, that unless he met with a signal repulse, the way would be prepared for French ascendancy in the East. Vigorous measures were therefore planned, and a campaign, on a larger scale than had ever hitherto been attempted in India, was projected. It comprehended almost the whole of Hindustan, from Calcutta and Madras on the eastern, to Bombay on the western side, and from Delhi to the farthest north, to Poona, Hyderabad, Guzerat and Orissa. The latter country was to be attacked from Gaugham and Calcutta, thereby striking an effectual blow upon the Rajah of Berar; the government of Bombay would seize the sea-ports and territory belonging to Scindiah in Guzerat, on the Oude frontier. General Lake had to destroy the influence of the French, and remove the blood stain from the barbarous indignity with which he was treated by these adventurers; thus to extend the power and valuing the character of the British. In the Deccan, General Wellesley had to oppose the confederated force under Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar; to protect the Nizam, the Peshwah, and deliver the Company's possessions from danger. His position was so important, so great his influence among the Mahiratta chiefs, and so great the confidence reposed in him, that he was looked upon with a distant local authority subjectively

to the Governor General in Council, but possessing full power to conclude upon the spot, whatever arrangements might become necessary either for the final settlement of peace, or the active prosecution of war.

On the 8th of August, General Wellesley broke up his encampment, and marched to Ahmed-nuggur, a town surrounded by lofty walls, without ramparts, flanked at the angles by towers, behind the town was a fort, protected by a body of horse. A strong corps of Scindiah's infantry, with some Arab troops, composed the garrison. Almost at the moment General Wellesley came up, he ordered the assault to commence, considerable resistance was made, but the wall was at length carried, with the loss of 118 killed and wounded, which was principally caused by the Arabs, who kept up a destructive fire from the towers and in the streets. On the 10th, a battery was opened against the fort, the commander of which was speedily compelled to surrender. These operations opened the communication with Poonah, the capital of the district.

On the 29th, General Wellesley arrived at Aurungabad. No sooner were the enemy apprised of his arrival, than they menaced Hyderabad. On this occasion, they were disappointed by the able movements of the British, who moved eastward, along the left bank of the Godavery, causing the enemy to proceed toward Jalna. Soon after this fort was carried by Colonel Stevenson, who, a few days afterwards, defeated a detachment of the enemy, and caused a good deal of loss. Hitherto the two native chiefs, had proceeded solely with their cavalry, and their irregular infantry, armed only with matchlocks, they were now reinforced by six-

teen battalions of regular infantry and a large artillery force, directed by French officers.

On the 31st September General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson met at Madnapoor and held a conference there; they arranged a general attack for the 4th. The General advanced by the eastern way round the hills between Madnapoor and Jeloa; while Colonel Stevenson was despatched by the western. The two divisions of the army having thus passed and occupied the defiles in one day prevented the enemy escaping to the southward. Intelligence was received that the enemy were mustered in great force around Bokerian; accordingly General Wellesley having ascertained the best route resolved, notwithstanding the great superiority of the enemy to bring them to a general engagement. He arrived at Nashikab on the 23rd where he was apprised that Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar were encamped about six miles distant. The General prepared for the attack. Before him lay the strong and combined army of the two potentates, drawn up on the bank of the river halina. The right wing composed of cavalry was near Bokerian, and was drawn out to meet the infantry; which were encamped in the neighbourhood of Amate. General Wellesley determined to attack the left wing of the enemy where the guns and infantry were posted; rightly judging that a successful attack upon the wing point of the enemy would be decisive. He passed the halina, at a ford beyond their left flank and formed his infantry in two lines; leaving the cavalry as a reserve in the third, and keeping in check a large body of the enemy's horse by means of the 51st and 52nd cavalry. The enemy anticipating his intentions, altering the position of their infantry and guns, brought them to

bear upon their assailants with terrible effect. At the distance of 400 yards, the British artillery opened, but with little success, some of the guns were silenced, the gunners and cattle falling fast beside them. On this the General ordered them to be abandoned, and the whole line to advance, Colonel Maxwell, with the horse, was ordered to protect the right, they routed with great slaughter and drove into the Juali, a body of Mahratta cavalry, by whom they were charged. The vigorous measures of the General were crowned with success, the enemy, dismayed, began to give way, they were driven from their artillery, the British, pressing rapidly on in pursuit, left behind them the guns they had so bravely won. Still, their numbers were so few, that they could not at once secure the advantages they had gained, and, in the heat and ardour of victory, forgot the practice common among the native warriors, of feigning death, in the hope of escaping it. No sooner did the victorious British pass, than starting up, they turned the guns against them. The fugitives, seeing this, rallied, and the combat had to be fought anew. At this critical juncture, Colonel Maxwell, in charging gallantly a large body of the enemy's infantry that had been formed, was killed, and the enemy's fire became so galling, that General Wellesley, at the head of the 78th regiment, and a corps of native cavalry attacked the artillery, from which his troops had already suffered so much damage, his horse, struck by a cannon shot, which carried away its leg, fell under him. Still the conflict was not decided, large bodies of the enemy's horse hovered on the skirts of the field, as they threatened an attack, the General ordered the British dragoons to charge, and they were at length driven from the plain.



The loss of the conquerors was severe, a third of the army was killed or disabled; of the enemy 1200 lay dead upon the field, and countless numbers of the wounded were scattered over the neighbourhood. The results were such as to repay the loss and labour of this hard fought battle. The defeat of these two great chiefs, struck a final blow at their military reputation; their strength and resources were broken; their artillery in which consisted their most formidable means of attack, lost; no fewer than 183 heavy guns having been captured; while stores, ammunition, camp equipage bullocks and camels, were also left upon the field. "Never save Dr Boulton" was a victory gained under so many disadvantages. Superior arms and discipline have often prevailed against a great numerical difference but it would be describing the least part of this day's glory to say that the number of the enemy was as ten to one: they had disciplined troops in the field under European officers, who more than doubled the British force; they had a hundred pieces of cannon, which were served with perfect kill; and which the British without the aid of artillery twice won with the bayonet. It produced proposals from the enemy: one of Scindiah's ministers wrote to request that General Wellesley would send an officer to his master's camp, for the purpose of negotiating terms of peace. England has never in her Indian wars, been lured by treaties, out of what she has gained by the sword. The General, having once to soothe him, was led to pursue the straight forward policy of an active plot and a continuous combat. He refused to treat upon those propositions; because the request was not made directly upon the authority of Scindiah and the Rajah of Tanor,

they might afterwards disavow the act of their minister, and because it would appear if a British officer was sent to the enemy's camp, that the British were soliciting peace, instead of granting it to a beaten enemy. He declared himself, however, ready to receive with all respect, in the British camp, any person duly authorized to propose terms. It soon became obvious, that the Malirattas were temporizing, and he lost no time in prosecuting his success.\*

During the whole course of this campaign, General Wellesley showed, not only great military prudence and ability, but also diplomatic skill, of no mean order, as we might illustrate copiously, by many extracts from his dispatches, did our limits permit. He was equally indefatigable in attention to the comforts of his officers and of the army, and his kindness and liberality were distinguished. Of this, we cannot refrain from noticing an instance, attested by an eye-witness †

"He sent into every camp-hospital, a dozen of Madeira, from his own stock, and that wine is neither cheap nor plentiful here, to-day he was in amongst them before the camp was pitched, making enquiries, which are as honourable to his feelings, as they are agreeable and gratifying to the poor invalids. The men have every comfort that can be afforded in the camp, or procured here, which I fear are not very numerous, indeed, the refugees from the adjoining parts, and Scindiah's wounded men, are dying here every day."

The war was now drawing to a close, many of the strong places had fallen, Scindiah's infantry was nearly destroyed, and great numbers of his

\* Quarterly Review, Vol. XIII

† Major General Sir J. Nichols.

cavalry deserting him. General Wellesley was in full pursuit of the Rajah of Uerur who had meditated a predatory excursion to the southward. So terrified now was he at the valour of his opponent, that he moved his camp five times without making any stand; and was repulsed in an attack on a British convoy though his numerical superiority was in the ratio of six to one. He was so hotly pursued that he had no opportunity of committing any ravages, except in the smaller villages. Formerly, a native army made such depredations that it could not pass twice over the same ground; a remarkable contrast was now afforded to the inhabitants in General Wellesley's progress, for though the army including camp-followers (who are ever prone to plunder) amounting to 40,000 men, had marched three times over the same road, and encamped at one place for four days, not one village had been pillaged or injured, scarcely looted entered by any but some of those officially connected with the public departments; the tack of grain were unworked, not the slightest quantity being removed, except at a fair price by formal arrangements were made to secure this. From twenty to forty orderly men marched in front and on the flank; at every place which the army passed, several of these were placed at the gates of the town until the whole corps with its train of attendants had gone through. The same protection was also extended to the villages; the natives derived so much confidence in the British, from this generous treatment, that relying on the General's protection, they treated his great respectable officer who afterwards took the same route.

General Wellesley with unerring ability pressed on to terminate the campaign. The law

jan was endeavouring to retreat to his own country ; the British descended the mountains by the Rajoorate pass, in order to strengthen Colonel Stevenson in the siege of Gawilghur. On the 28th, he came up with a large body of Scindiah's cavalry, supported by the greater number of the Berar infantry. At Parterly he was joined by Colonel Stevenson as the troops were fatigued, and the day excessively sultry, he had intended to make a brief halt there, but the enemy afforded him a favourable opportunity of coming to an engagement with them. Strong bodies of cavalry appeared in front, and began to skirmish with the Mysore horse. To repel this attack, the infantry pickets were sent forward ; General Wellesley advanced to reconnoitre, and perceived the confederate army drawn up along the plains of Argaum, in one unbroken line, five miles in length, composed of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. Having formed his troops in a compact column, he moved down upon the enemy, he then formed two lines of attack, the first of infantry, the second of cavalry, the rear and left being supported by the Mogul and Mysore cavalry. The British line began to move slowly and steadily, when a body of Berar's Persian mercenaries made a furious attack at close quarters upon the 74th and 75th regiments, they suffered a total repulse. Scindiah's cavalry now fiercely attacked a battalion of native infantry, but being routed with great loss, fled in confusion. The British line pressed steadily onward, when the enemy gave way in all directions, leaving thirty-eight pieces of artillery on the field. The cavalry continued the pursuit by moonlight, cut down great numbers, capturing many elephants loaded with baggage. General Wellesley thought, that with one hour's longer light, the whole force

of the enemy would have been destroyed; and in that he would have succeeded, but for some of his native troops having been thrown into confusion at the commencement of the cannonade. "What do you think," he says in a letter to Major Shaw "of nearly three entire battalions, who behaved so admirably at the battle of Assaye being broke, and running off when the cannonade commenced at Argaum, which was not to be compared to that at Assaye! Luckily I happened to be at no great distance from them, and was able to rally the flying troops, and re-establish the battle. If I had not been there I am convinced that we should have lost the day.—The troops were under arms, and I was on horseback, from six in the morning until twelve at night.—Nothing could be more fortunate than my return to the northward.—I just arrived in time. Colonel Stevenson was not delayed for me more than one day; it is a curious circumstance that after having been so long separated, and such a distance between us, we should have joined at a moment so critical. The Rajah is much alarmed for Gaothbar, and I think he is sincere, indeed, I think Sindiah is an Etebe. But every Malabar chief is so haughty and so prone to delay that I suspect both these will be subdued rather than submit to the conditions I must require from them." Throughout the whole of this campaign, the commander dispatches show the greatest anxiety and zeal for the right performance of his labours and trying duties; which deserved and obtained the full confidence of the government. Not less manifest also is the unassuming and modest manner in which he speaks of himself; and, especially (on occasion) distrustfulness of his own

End of Wellington's Campaign

plans ; which testify, that as yet, he scarcely estimated his abilities at their due value. Both these qualities, we need scarcely observe, so far from being inconsistent with, are the general concomitants of a great and masterly mind. The following extract from a letter addressed to the Bombay Government, is but a sample of many that might be quoted. He observes, " that in conducting the extensive duties with which he was charged, it had been his constant wish to conform to the existing rules and establishments, and to introduce no innovations, so that at the conclusion of the war, when his duties would cease, every thing might go on in its accustomed channel. For this reason, and for others not necessary at present to mention, I have sent no commands to Colonel Murray, excepting two orders applicable to the general state of affairs, which have lately gone to him, but which were first submitted to the Governor for his approbation. I *do not comprehend, and cannot say that I admire*, the system—according to which the connection with the Quikwar Government is carried on, but this possibly proceeds from ignorance of the subject. At all events, I know that I am not able to suggest any measure that could remedy it, and if I were to interfere at all, I might order a measure which would be inconsistent with the existing system. I am therefore very desirous not to be called upon to take a more active part than I have hitherto, and that matters should be conducted as usual, under the immediate orders of Government. Whenever the Honourable the Governor in Council may think proper to call for my opinion upon any subject, I will give it him to the best of my judgment and abilities, and I will do so, whenever I think it ne-

cessary in all matters which have relation to our general situation."

Gawilghur a strongly fortified place built on a height defended by lofty walls, ramparts, and towers, was now about to fall. A breach had been opened by the batteries, and the troops were ordered to the assault. "After carrying the north-west gate in the most gallant manner the wall of the inner fort was escaladed; the gate was opened for the storming party and the place immediately surrendered. The resistance, however had been great, and vast numbers of the enemy fell at the different gates." The war was concluded, in consequence of the fall of this fortress; the Rajah of Berar being forced to send an ambassador to demand terms of peace in good earnest. These negotiations were concluded on the 17th of December; on the 30th another treaty was formed with Scindiah; both on terms highly favourable to the English interests in India. On the 5th of January 1804, the Governor General wrote privately to his brother congratulating him on the brilliant issue of his negotiations. "Your treaty" said he "is very honourable and glorious, and I shall readily if the means a copy can be made. The only article upon which I can wish an alteration, is that respecting the admission of Europeans into the service of the Rajah. It would be more complete to exclude them altogether in peace and war unless with the consent of the British government. But this is not an object to be placed in competition with the great advantage of it is admirable treaty; the stipulations which will confer advantage to the British are highly possible and afford a powerful proof of the British faith. Upon the whole I feel the greatest pride in the Duke of Wellington's Acquisition."

treaty, and I am satisfied that it will form a brilliant point in the history of this country, and a noble termination of your military career."

So much business, consequent on these negotiations, devolved on General Wellesley, that he did not reach Bombay till the month of April. It was observed during this period, that he was most anxious to promote the interests and advancement of those officers who had served with him; many of whom afterwards rose to distinction under his fostering care. The General himself was received with the honours due to his distinguished merits. Congratulations and addresses both upon his military and political success, from official personages and public bodies, flowed in upon him, in his replies to which, with the modesty of a noble mind, he ascribed his success chiefly to the discipline and valour of his officers and soldiers, and the effective co-operation of the civil government. A monument in memory of the battle of Assaye, was erected at Calcutta, the inhabitants of that city presented him with a sword, his own officers with a golden vase. While at home the thanks of Parliament were voted him, and he was created a Knight Companion of the Bath. But perhaps the proudest and most affecting distinction of all, was the parting address of the inhabitants of Seringapatam. "They had reposed," they said, "for five years under the shadow of his protection. They had felt during his absence in the midst of battles and victory, that his care for their welfare had been extended to them as amply as if no other object had occupied his mind; they were preparing in their several castles, the duties of thanksgiving and of sacrifices to the preserving God who had brought him back in safety, and they implored the God of all castes, and of all nations,



posed, were so humiliating that no high-spirited sovereign could be expected to submit to them without a struggle. It was in effect to say "Surrender your ships to us, for you know you cannot defend them against Napoleon who will use them to our damage; therefore intrust them to us, and we will hold them in pledge, until a general peace when we will restore them to you. If you do not give them up peaceably we will seize them by force." There indeed must have been the spirit, that would have yielded passively to this; and it was only when his capital was in flames, and the cries of his subjects rose on high that the Crown Prince did accumb to it; and give up a contest which prudence and reflection must have shown, could only be ended by the discomfiture of the weaker party.

The armament, consisting of twenty-seven ships of the line got ready in secret was wisely planned upon a large scale. The troops amounting to 20,000 men, were commanded by Lord Cathcart. Sir Arthur Wellesley was at the head of the reserve. The fleet was under Admiral Gambier; one of it also sailed by the Great Belt, in order to blockade Zealand; the other with the army on board having arrived in the Sound, prepared for active operations.

In the only contest of any importance which took place near Helsingborg Sir Arthur Wellesley was successful. He attacked a battery of 12 guns in 1809, which contested the position; pressed them to strong entrenchment in their rear; again driving them from this by a assault, he forced into the town, and routed them with considerable loss. This action accelerated the conclusion of the campaign by depriving the Crown Prince of Copenhagen of all hopes of relief from the army.

Although the subject of this memoir was not present during the bombardment of Copenhagen, we cannot refrain from alluding to the gallantry of the Danes, displayed in the defence of their capital. With the army all classes and ranks, the citizens, the students, and the peasantry, united in its defence. Various vigorous, though unsuccessful sorties were made, for what could these brave, though raw defenders, do against experienced generals and veteran battalions? On the 2nd September the land batteries, with the bomb and mortar vessels, opened their tremendous fire, which soon appeared to be followed by a general conflagration of the town. The Danish ramparts, citadel, and crown batteries, replied to this, but their fire speedily slackened. Many of the public edifices were in ruins, and life and property fearfully destroyed, yet it was not till the 7th, that the unavailing struggle terminated—the Crown Prince could now, without disgrace give up his fleet.

As soon as the Danes showed a disposition to treat, Sir Arthur Wellesley was sent, along with Sir Home Popham and Colonel Murray, to fix the terms of the capitulation. Sir Arthur displayed the same promptitude in diplomacy, as in war, the terms were discussed, settled, and signed, in one night; all the demands of our government agreed to, and the gates of the citadel, capital, and dock-yards, were given up to the British.

On his return to England, Major-General Wellesley, having resumed his seat in the House of Commons, was addressed by the Speaker, who returned the thanks of the country to himself, and his brave coadjutors, in the following terms —“I should be wanting in the full expression of those sentiments which animate this House, and the whole

country. If I forbore to notice, that we are on this day crowning with our thanks, one gallant officer well known to the gratitude of this House who has long trodden the paths of glory whose genius and valour have already extended our fame and empire; whose sword has been the terror of our distant enemies; and will not now be drawn in vain to defend the seat of empire itself, and the throne of his King. I am, Sir Arthur Wellesley charged to deliver the thanks of this House to you and I accordingly thank you in the name of all Commons of the United Kingdom, for your zeal, intrepidity and exertion, displayed in the various operations necessary for conducting the siege and effecting the surrender of the navy and arsenal of Copenhagen." Sir Arthur's reply to this high eulogium, was highly characteristic. "The honour which this House has conferred on myself and my friends, I justly considered by the officers of the navy and army as the highest this country can offer; it is the object and ambition of all who are employed in his Majesty's service and to obtain it, has doubtless been the motive of many of those acts of valour and good conduct, which have entitled me so confidently to the glory and have secured the prosperity and advantage of this country."

Having resumed his duties as secretary for Ireland, Sir Arthur Wellesley frequently took part in the deliberations of the House concerning Irish questions. His plans were distinguished by their practical tendency; his views, unalloyed by violent partisanship, were moderate and conciliatory; while therefore he was highly esteemed by his friends, he never lost the respect of his opponents. There can be no doubt that his conduct in these varied

have produced much substantial good to his native country, but a new scene of action was now opening before him, the laurels he had acquired on the plains of India, were to be thrown into the shade by the glorious conquests of his Peninsular campaigns, he was to lead the British troops from one victory to another, to be cheered by the shouts, and rewarded by the enthusiastic thanksgivings of a liberated people

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## CHAPTER IV

Introductory remarks—Conquests of Napoleon—Affairs of Spain—Charles IV—Godoy—Ferdinand—Napoleon's designs—Treaty of Fontainebleau—Departure of Portuguese Royal Family—Junot enters Lisbon—Intrigues at the Spanish court—King's Abdication—Ferdinand goes to Bayonne—Insurrection at Madrid—Vengeance of the French—Origin of the Peninsular War—Spaniards desire aid from England.

THE commencement of the French Revolution had been hailed with delight by many of the noblest and most generous spirits of the human race—they saw in it only the dawning of a bright and auspicious morning upon the universe, and knew not the sanguinary and fearful excesses in which that morning of promise was to close. The abuses of the French monarchy had been unquestionably very great, oppressive exactions and political servitude ground down the great body of the people, a numerous, haughty, and frivolous aristocracy, many of them destitute of legitimate claims to respect, of unbounded profligacy and worthlessness, stood aloof from the people, and refused the slightest redress of their

grievances; other causes which we cannot particularise had also been working for a long series of years. When the people then succeeded in obtaining their legitimate rights, it seems as though fresh vigour had been infused into an ancient kingdom, and a noble example of the blessings of freedom given to the world. Had the constitutional party in France taken their stand on the broad ground of principle, and trusted to their own resources (they were at first the decided majority of the houses of legislature) without courting the support of the republican faction, the ensuing danger might have been at least delayed. Had the king been as firm as he was well-disposed to his subjects, and had the nobles and great proprietors been true to him, the monarchy might have been saved. The royalist party divided and distracted, now making indecorous demonstrations of hostility and gallantly granting weeping and large concessions, when they could be no longer serviceable to themselves, but only fed the flames of revolutionary ardour, seemed by their fully declared and long a practical proof that the theories of their republican opponents were well founded. Above all, it was suspected that Louis and his supporters meant to deceive the people and every suspicion of such crafty peddling, during periods of popular excitement, he rendered with the most disastrous consequences. The republican party obtained in effect the dictatorship of France; and what seemed the fair hopes of a civilised country was soon or soon with the hand of darkness. Once again was succeeded by another of great institutions of the land were restored, a 1818 year after the battle of Waterloo the king had been killed, the king had been killed and the king had been killed, the king had been killed and the king had been killed, the king had been killed and the king had been killed.

possessing the supreme sway, and ruling by the guillotine and the sword, reason deified, and a Republic proclaimed. What history proves to be the end of such a headlong career of national change followed in its course, and after France had been drenched with blood, its trembling people were glad to seek shelter under the military despotism of Bonaparte.

This astonishing man had been the favourite of fortune. After having ascended by the commanding force of his genius to the throne, it appeared as if his lofty elevation had deprived him of much of that forethought and comprehensive wisdom to which he owed his supremacy. The man who had risen from the people, perished by endeavouring to rule them like a legitimate monarch, the successor of republican chiefs strove to imitate the brilliance of the old regime. Grasping and insatiable ambition led him, like another Alexander, to attempt the conquest of the world. The peace of Tilsit had left him almost sole master of the continent, the greater part of it he actually possessed, the rest was under his controul. No German Emperor had before acquired such dominion over the principalities of that country as Napoleon. The mountaineers of Switzerland, forgetting Morat and Morgarten, submitted to his protection, received his edicts, and recruited his armies. Occupying the triple throne of France, Flanders, and Italy, he had placed one brother on that of Naples, "made a second king of Holland, and erected a kingdom in Germany for a third, with territories taken indiscriminately from his foes and friends. His sister's husband Murat possessed a principality with the title of Grand Duke of Berg, Eugene Beauharnois, his wife's son, was married into the house of Bavaria, and ruled

Italy as his viceroy ; his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, would upon the next vacancy be placed at the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Like the hero of a Spanish romance of chivalry he partitioned out kingdoms, principalities, and dukedoms, from his conquests, among his companions in arms, and we read of Dukes of Dalmatia, Negroni, and Dantzig, among the new nobility of France.<sup>100</sup> His reputation, political, and military was at its height ; he had done more than Louis XIV. had attempted, he had a wider sphere of authority than Charlemagne. His fortunes had reached their zenith, and, as a most sagacious politician† told him, each farther advance must be in reality a step in decline. In his pride and madness, he disregarded the warning ; the disastrous invasions of Spain and Russia shewed its truth. A patriot himself, in his early days, would have at once seen that his true policy and only chance of safety lay in defending and strengthening what he had already gained, and that he weakened himself in proportion as he drew out his line. Disregarding this, he resolved to have the whole of Europe at his feet, and threw down the gauntlet of defiance to the world ; and only a week from his dream when he stood himself a solitary dethroned, and demented king. Like a mad gambler unmindful by caution and successful winnings, he staked his all upon the cast, lost his wealth, empire : he lost, and was left to lament his folly on the rock of St. Helena.

Ever since the Spanish throne had accorded the throne an exclusive alliance had subsisted between France and Spain ; and the latter as the weaker country had acted as subservient to the former. After the downfall of the royal family to

France, Spain had remained neutral ; Bonaparte found the weak Charles IV a convenient instrument, his will was regarded as law. The Spanish government at this time was thoroughly corrupted the profligacy of the court had been equalled at no former period , the poison overspread the whole body politic, pervading every branch of the legislature Yet still the mass of the people retained their old national character and spirit, in spite of bad government, and demoralising superstition Spain before the French revolution, remained at heart unchanged Improvement seemed slowly stealing on , agriculture and commerce extended , the arts, sciences, and literature cultivated , the Inquisition if still as vigilant as before, had abated in cruelty But the unsuccessful war which Spain had waged with the French Republic, exposed the weakness of her resources, and the imbecility of her councils , it was ended by a dishonourable peace, for the conclusion of which the worthless Godoy attained the title of prince —hostility with England, so dreaded by the Spaniard, of course followed.\*

Their commerce almost ceased, their navy was destroyed, the finances were grievously embarrassed , public credit at an end, and her supplies of foreign treasure extorted by the French. "The burden of such an alliance," says Dr Southey, "became at length too galling and too heavy to be endured , and even Charles IV and Godoy, the weakest of monarchs, and the basest of favourites, began to devise means for ridding themselves of the yoke This disposition they made known to Prussia, when that power was preparing for its first

\* "Peace with England, and war with all the world," is a Spanish proverb



struggle with Bonaparte. No sooner was the Prussian war declared, than Godey issued a proclamation calling upon the people not to be dismayed at their situation, for they possessed great resources, and their government was bent to make a powerful armament. This act of policy gave rise to a strong remonstrance from the French ambassador; the title of *Jena* terrified Charles, and Bonaparte who discovered the letters their correspondence with the Prussian court, seemed to console himself with hissing their expressed indignation. Had he marched an army into Spain for the avowed purpose of dethroning the Bourbons upon this quarrel, he would certainly not have provoked the same kind of opposition, that upon which he afterwards wrecked his power and reputation. His conduct then would have been in the allowed course of open authorized war. It would neither have sullied the understanding of the Spaniards, nor betrayed their moral sense; he would have encountered a regular military resistance, stout, weak, disorderly and disorganized; my north: moral resistance which is invincible; he would have contended with the carcass of a rotten government, and not the spirit and soul of a nation.

Napoleon however did not adopt this direct course; he preferred the devious path of treaty and intrigue, to state his favorite object; the placing one of his brothers on the Spanish throne. He was an intricate court and extremely deflected by wily policy. Godey had formed an offensive and defensive league with the Directory; in virtue of which, calling upon Spain for her contingent of troops, a palace surrounded by a garrison from the country and conveying to Germany the power of the Spanish arm, commanded by the Marquis de

Romana. He next entered into a secret treaty with Charles, concerning the partition of Portugal, the third of which was promised to Godoy, as a principality, another, for the Queen of Etruria, while the city of Lisbon, and the remaining portion, was to be ceded to France. He also demanded from the House of Braganza the adoption of the entire continental system, including the total renunciation of British alliance, the confiscation of property, and the imprisonment of English residents. The Prince of the Brazils, conscious of his defenceless state, gave up every thing but honour and conscience, he warned the English to depart with their property, and then prepared to bow to the tyrant's decrees. But the secret treaty of Fontainebleau having transpired, he threw himself on the protection of the British fleet, the Portuguese navy was got ready, the king and Royal family, with the court, and vast numbers of attendants, of every age and rank, prepared to embark for South America, at Belem, "the very spot whence Gama had embarked for the discovery of India, and Cobral for that of Brazil." Slowly and amid tears, the melancholy procession moved to the water's edge the princes and princesses, pale and weeping, passed through a mournful and silent crowd. "Uncovered and weeping, the people beheld in speechless sorrow, the departure of their ancient rulers. They saw the descendants of a long line of kings forced to seek, in mournful exile, an asylum from the hand of the spoiler. It was some consolation to the crowd, who watched with aching eyes the receding sails, to see the Royal fleet, as it passed through the British squadron, received with a salute from all the vessels, suitable to the rank of the unfortunate family emblematic of the protection which

Great Britain now extended to her ancient ally and an earnest of that heroic support, which, through all the desperate conflict that followed, England was destined to afford her courageous inhabitants. Never had a city been penetrated with a more unanimous feeling of grief; the Moral Family Mod and warm hearted, had long enjoyed the affections of the people; the bitterness of conquest was felt, without its excitement. In mournful silence the people lingered on the quay from whence the illustrious party had taken their departure; and each, on returning to his home felt as if he had lost a parent, or a child."

Scarcely had the Royal squadron cleared the bar when Junot advanced guard 1600 foot, and a few horsemen, arrived at the towers of Lisbon; just in time to see the Portuguese fleet in the distance. The French soldiers were so exhausted by forced marches, and the roughness of the war that many of them dropped down in the streets from fatigue and fatigue. At Lisbon was taken by surprise, and in the hands of wretched convicts, whose main body was scattered in confusion or taken in paths 200 miles in length. Junot occupied the palace; and in the course of a slight tumult, took down the arms of Portugal, placing in their stead those of the Emperor. He treated the people as conquered subjects, and imposed contributions equal to a poll tax of a golden and half upon the whole population. The treasures of Livestock, having served the purpose of amusements and delighting the Spaniards, were neglected and cast aside. The course of the Port of Lisbon was occupied by 72,000 French, and 7,000 Spanish troops; while a reserve army of 40,000 men, were stationed at Alentejo, near the River of Guadiana.

Bayonne The decree was indeed gone forth, "That the house of Braganza had ceased to reign "

Napoleon ordered the reserve at Bayonne to march into Spain It advanced in two divisions, under Moncey and Dupont , while a third corps, under Duhesme, crossing the Pyrenees, occupied Barcelona, Pampeluna, and San Sebastian , so that Napoleon was already in possession of the whole country that commanded the main roads from France to Madrid The fortresses which by a succession of artifices had fallen into the hands of the French, were strengthened, and stored with provisions

Meanwhile the Spanish court, torn to pieces by party intrigues, unresistingly beheld the country overrun by French armies Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, engaged in plots against the authority of his father, was desirous of entering into a matrimonial connexion with the Emperor , while Charles and Godoy solicited Napoleon's aid to punish the treason of the son. As both parties were being amused by negotiations, Bonaparte was silently preparing for his intended conquest, and mustering his strength to overcome any rising of the Spaniards. When the news of the occupation of Lisbon reached them, the court, struck with consternation, resolved to sail for America, and with this view intended to set out for Seville Against this intention, the populace rose with indignation ; they surrounded the palace at Aranjuez, where the court then was, and with loud threats of vengeance, demanded an explicit assurance that the Royal family would remain The riot spread to Madrid, where the mob attacked and plundered the house of Godoy ; who with difficulty escaped being torn to pieces, by flying to a garret, and hiding himself be

death a heap of mate. After thirty-six hours had elapsed thirst compelled him to quit his retreat; he was discovered, and only rescued from death by some guards who collected around him, and who, at the risk of their own lives, dragged him, covered with bruises, and nearly senseless with terror to the meanest prison amid the shouts and curses of the populace.

Charles, terrified by these violent scenes, abdicated the throne; and Ferdinand was proclaimed King at Madrid, amid the rejoicings of the multitude. Ferdinand's authority was soon at an end. Murat, at the head of the French troops, speedily drew near; having disposed 20,000 men around the city he entered it with 10,000, on the 23rd March. There he received a communication from Charles, in the shape of a protest against his abdication, which he had, he alleged, been extorted from him by terror and treachery. Murat refused to acknowledge as King Ferdinand, who entered the city in public the following day; the Prince made an unworthy attempt to conciliate him, by presenting to him the sword of Francis I. a trophy of his capture at the battle of Navarre. Murat received the gift, but said the reign then of Ferdinand's monarch depended on Napoleon's pleasure.

Napoleon, whose plans were not yet matured, was excited at Murat's hasty advances; he dispatched his able cavalry to try, to put matters to rights. Ferdinand, the chosen King of the nation, was denounced by his father as a traitor and murderer; 4,500 French troops surrounded him, and the title which he had looked on as the reward of his treachery was still unobtainable. He was not strong enough to defend his army, and fled to France. Napoleon at Vienna, in the end of the year, was

Bonaparte's favour would be conciliated, and the plans of Charles and Godoy defeated. He set out along with Savary, but found the Emperor neither at Burgos nor Vittoria, Bayonne was not far off—just within the confines of France, and hither Ferdinand was induced to go. The inhabitants of Vittoria, fearing for his safety, became clamorous when they heard of his intended departure, they even cut the traces of his carriage, but the blinded and infatuated Prince, was determined to place himself in the hands of his false friend.

At Bayonne Ferdinand was at first received with ostentatious politeness, he dined with Napoleon, who engaged with him in apparently amicable converse—all things wore a fair appearance, but he was speedily informed by Savary, that he was now a prisoner at the Imperial disposal, and that the time was come when the Bourbon dynasty had ceased to reign. The plans of the French Emperor were not yet entirely accomplished, the persons of the rest of the Royal Family, together with Godoy, were secured. Like silly birds they were all now within the "fowler's net." To Charles was assigned a pension, with a pleasant retreat in Italy, the profligate Queen and Godoy were also pensioned off, with permission to reside any where out of pain.

Napoleon's triumph seemed to be secured, the Royal Family had received a suitable reward for their alliance with a faithless nation, and a stern military despot. Spain and Portugal were at his disposal, French troops garrisoned the fortresses, and paraded the streets, French governors directed the local authority, it remained only for the Emperor to appoint a viceroy over the conquered kingdoms, and Joseph had accepted the crown from

his brother. But Bonaparte knew not that the reward of his perfidy was preparing; that the schemes he had formed were at last defeated; that the Kings of Europe, who had crouched at his footstool, were to see in Spain—priest-ridden and degenerate Spain—the first outbreak of freedom. As his troops watched from the walls of the fortresses the angry countenances of the sullen and discontented people, they knew not that in spite of bad government and a false religion, the mass still cherished noble and patriotic sentiments; that the old heroic feeling which for five hundred years had animated the nation in their struggle against the Moors, was not yet dead; that their jealous and brawling temper scathed the exactions and invasion of the French, and was increasingly irritated by their presence. Within the surface of society the secret fire was already gathering, which required little to make it burst forth in a conflagration from one end of the land to the other. They had shown this by the agitation caused at the departure of the Royal Family and by the alarming tumults which in different places broke out against the French troops. Already the peasantry had raised a riot at Toledo, which was only put down by the advance of a French division.

At Madrid on the 2nd of May a crowd collected round the palace watching a carriage in which it was reported that Don Antonio, the last of the Spanish princes was to be conveyed to V. prison at Bayonne; it was a mistaken rumour, but consequences of great moment were to follow it. The populace dragged the carriage back, and hurled stones and stones upon it against the French. An aide-de-camp of Marshal, came up to inquire the cause of the disturbance; his appearance was to

signal for renewed uproar, and he was with difficulty rescued from the grasp of the mob. The officer returning with a party of soldiers, they were furiously attacked, and the Spanish war dates its commencement from that hour.

This was the signal for general revolt. In vain did Murat by discharges of grape-shot, attempt to disperse the crowd in the neighbourhood of the palace. All Madrid flew to arms, the inhabitants of every street fell upon the astonished soldiery. Everywhere the people armed themselves, the gunsmith's shops were emptied of their fire-arms, the French detachments surrounded, and in many cases cut to pieces. When regular weapons could not be found, stones, knives, and daggers were employed. The attack raged furiously for several hours, it was impossible, however, for these brave insurrectionists long to maintain this unlooked for struggle against regular troops. Reinforced by numerous battalions, which poured into the city, and supported by artillery, the French returned to the charge, repeated volleys of grape cleared the streets, while the Polish Lancers, and Mamelukes of the guard rode furiously along, cutting down the flying masses, and taking a bloody revenge for the death of their comrades. The Spanish troops, locked up by the French in their barracks, could not aid their countrymen, though some who had been attacked by a body of the French, drew out their guns, and fired several fatal rounds upon their columns, they were however mastered by a sudden rush, and most of the artillerymen bayoneted. By two in the afternoon the insurrection was put down. Three hundred French had fallen. The news of the revolt had caused crowds of the pea-



country to rush to the gates; they were charged by the cavalry and after a great slaughter dispersed.

Murat adopted the most sanguinary measures. Many prisoners had been taken in the conflict, among whom were some citizens, and even strangers who had unwillingly witnessed the disturbances; to these were added Spaniards, who, boxed in their ordinary avocations, or appearing in the streets, were seized in great numbers by the soldiery on the charge of having taken part in the tumult hurried before a newly formed military commission, and sentenced to be shot. Immediate preparations were made for this atrocious act: the mortal intelligence spread through Madrid; each feared lest his own friends might be among the slaughtered. As night drew near the firing commenced, and the regular discharge of bayonet platoons in different quarters of the city told that the work of death was going on. Numbers were executed mostly on suspicion. "Tied two and two, they were massacred by repeated discharges of musketry; the numbers were counted on the following morning; and nearly an hundred had perished before, on the earnest intervention of the Spanish ministers, Murat consented to put a stop to this barbarity."

This outrage as might have been expected, made the Spaniards desperate. Secret assassinations already thinned the ranks of the French, and every stranger was mercifully cut off. Another general attack was soon made and ere Murat sawed the grenadiers to death, they had nearly got and possession of many parts of the city. Advancing in person at the head of a squadron of Cuirassiers he ordered the troops to advance; the imperial guard cleared the main streets, and stood upon the open square in the front of the city, while another strong detachment

ment took their station so as to command the arsenal. The slaughter was not put a stop to, till the French Generals, with the municipal authorities, traversed the streets with white flags and implored the populace to retire. The fruit of this tranquillity was the establishment of a military tribunal, invested with the most absolute power. Next came an order of the day, "directing that all groups of Spaniards seen in the streets, exceeding eight in number, should be fired upon, that every village in which a French soldier was slain, should be burned, and that all authors, publishers, and distributors of papers, or proclamations inciting to revolt, should be led out and instantly shot."

The same scenes which had taken place at Madrid, occurred at Cadiz, Seville, Carthage, and other places. The populace wreaked their vengeance upon all whom they supposed to be treacherous, or even indifferent towards the safety of their country. Their old prejudices against the French were madened into fury. The sight of the advantages their enemies' perfidy had gained, only added depth to their resolutions, and increased bitterness to their revenge. The rising was simultaneous, as if the people had been aroused by beacons blazing from hill to hill. "The movement," says Alison "was not that of faction or party, it animated alike men of all ranks, classes, and professions. The flame spread equally in the lonely mountains as in the crowded cities, among the hardy labourers of the Basque provinces, as the light-hearted peasantry of the Andalusian slopes, amidst the pastoral valleys of Asturias, or the rich fields of Valencia, as in the crowded emporiums of Barcelona and Cadiz. Within a week after the untoward tidings reached Bayonne, Napoleon was already engaged in a strag-

ple which promised to be of the most sanguinary character with the Spanish people."

Napoleon was alarmed and vexed on hearing of the riots at Madrid, and he said to have exclaimed that "Murat was going on wrong and too fast." Provincial and local juntas were formed, with power to levy money and raise troops. Communications were opened with the English fleet on the coast; deputies were sent to England to solicit the aid of government. The land resounded with the cry, *Viva Fernando Septimo! Guerra con la Francia! Pas con Inglaterra! Guerra co el mundo!* Meanwhile, Joseph Bonaparte, late king of Naples, reached Bayonne on the 14 June. Thither an assembly of notables, amounting to one hundred, had been convened, who, as a matter of course went through the form of electing him to the vacant throne; and at the same time approved and accepted the new constitution laid before them. Escorted by his troops, King Joseph entered Madrid, and was proclaimed according to the usual formalities king of Spain and the Indies, amid a silent and enraged population surrounded by French bayonets, and saluted by French cannon.

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## CHAPTER V.

Remarks on the Spanish Peninsula—Desire of British aid—First Military efforts of the Spaniards—First Siege of Saragossa—Defeats sustained by the French—Capitulation of Baylen—Events in Portugal.

THE Spanish Peninsula has been the theatre of splendid military achievements, both in ancient and in modern times. Of old it has been distinguished by the exploits of Hannibal, Scipio Africanus, and Pompey, among its mountains a desperate conflict raged for centuries, between Christianity and Mahomedanism, and the advancing tide of Mussulman conquests was there first driven back. In more modern times, as memorable deeds have been done on the Spanish soil "the standards of Charlemagne have waved in its passes, the bugles of Roncevalles have resounded through the world, the chivalry of the Black Prince, the skill of Gonzalvo of Cordova, have been displayed in its defence, the genius of Napoleon, and the firmness of Wellington, have been exerted on its plains"

Its inhabitants have always been distinguished by a peculiar mode of warfare. Seldom successful, or placing their main dependence on the shock of battle, defeat seems to lose its power over them, and they tenaciously maintain the contest after having suffered reverses which would have totally broken the spirit of almost any other nation. Hardly is the combat over, when they again unite in hostile bodies, which, sheltered among the mountain chains that intersect the country, hover upon the track of the assailants, and attack them on weak and defenceless points. No people maintain the conflict more

desperately behind the walls of a fortress; the greater the extremity the more vigorous becomes their defence, as Saragossa and Girona have lately proved. After the invader conceives that he has put down completely the opposition of a district, there springs up again in every quarter armed resistance, and formidable guerilla bands hover over the country.

In every corner the insurrection against the invaders broke out. The massacre at Madrid aroused the people, "a convulsive thrill ran through every fibre of Spain; indignation against wrong, the sense of national humiliation, the deep thirst for vengeance caused one universal cry. To arms! to ring over hill and dale. The news spread with the utmost rapidity: and as the French troops were chiefly drawn towards one point, the aroused exertions of the Spaniards met at first with little opposition. This was no transient ebullition, but as the French soon found to their cost was to be maintained during an almost unparalleled contest. The energies of the different provinces, under the guidance of separate and independent governing juntas, gave system and regularity to their efforts; though afterwards the local interest in many centres of authority was severely felt, in divided councils and contradictory plans. All claims violently forwarded contribute to the cause of their country."

At Cadix the first important blow was struck against the French. Their fleet, consisting of 11 ships of the line and 18 frigates, remained put out to sea because Lord Cochrane with a British squadron guarded the entrance of the bay. The Spaniards constructed batteries which commanded the French ships, and a well-directed volley of guns being poured, opened a breach in their ranks. A

negotiation terminated in the unconditional surrender of the vessels five days afterwards

Peace was immediately concluded between England and Spain, and preparations made for sending aid to the Spaniards. Meanwhile, Napoleon, who saw the importance of the struggle, was not idle. Reinforcements were despatched into the Peninsula with all possible speed, General Dupont's force was moved towards the Sierra Morena and Andalusia, and was to overrun Seville and Cordova, and Marshal Moucey was detached into Valencia, with orders to put down the violent insurrections which had arisen in that province.

The news of the revolt in Spain was received with the utmost joy in Britain. The hearts of the British beat in unison with those of the Spanish, as they heard of province after province rising against the invaders, and boldly hoisting the flag of freedom. "Never," says Southey, "since the glorious morning of the French Revolution, before one bloody cloud had risen to overcast the deceitful promise of its beauty, had the heart of England been affected by so generous and universal a joy." The hands of the aristocratic party, who in their resistance to France had long been formidably opposed, were now strengthened by the adherence of great masses of the British people, and of the genuine lovers of freedom, who saw a great nation endeavouring to throw off the chains of slavery. A national resistance had sprung up against the iron bondage of Napoleon, and England, ever ready to aid a just cause, resolved to cast in her lot with the Spanish patriots. "Never was the fellowship of our sentient nature more intimately felt, never was the irresistible power of justice more gloriously displayed, than when the British and Spanish nations,

with an impulse like that of two ancient heroes throwing down their weapons and reconciled in the field, cast off at once their aversions and animities, and mutually embraced each other to solemnise this conversion of love, not by the festivities of peace, but by combating side by side, through danger and under affliction, in the devotedness of perfect brotherhood." Party-spirit at home was forgotten; and Mr Sheridan, from the opposition benches, in a generous and noble speech, exhorted the ministers to activity in the struggle as one calculated to advance the true glory and interests of the country; declaring that "never before had so happy an opportunity offered for Great Britain to strike a bold stroke for the reverse of the world. Now was the time to stand up boldly and fairly for the deliverance of Europe; and if the ministry would co-operate effectually with the Spanish patriots, they should receive his cordial support." He concluded by saying "Let us mix an little interests with this mighty contest; let us discard or forget British objects, and embrace the principles of generous support." Mr Canning after declaring the delight with which he had listened to the sentiments of his honorable friend, and the determination of his Majesty and Ministers to act vigorously to the cause said, "I have no nation in Europe starts up with a determined opposition to a peace which, whether peace or war, is the enemy of all other people; that nation, whatever its former relations might be, becomes free party the enemy of Great Britain. In carrying the end which may be required, Government will be guided by three principles,—to direct the conduct of the war."





semblages, and took away their arms; they always offered resistance, but in vain. The division of Verdier beat them at Logroño, and put their chiefs to death after the combat. The cavalry of Laralle fell upon a body of Spaniards at Torquemada, and put a vast number to the sword; after which exploit, they burned the town. There was something like a Spanish force at Segovia; General Erlere defeated it, and took thirty pieces of cannon. At Cabezon there was a battle between the Spanish troops and Corda, and the French divisions of Generals Morle and Laralle. Here again they were beaten, but their artillery, were broken in upon by the brigade of cavalry under General Laralle, disarmed of seven thousands of muskets, and a vast number cut to pieces. By these active operations, and by the unpeyting and unparping severity with which the French used the sword, these provinces were awe'd, and for a time still'd; and the powerless and unhappy peasantry saw the fierce horsemen of the enemy ride about to collect money and provisions, which they furnished in fear. Corda, however undismay'd by his defeat, collected another army and his fugitives at Benavente and was joined by Blake from Astorga; advancing with 25 000 infantry a few hundred cavalry and from twenty to thirty pieces of artillery he took up a position at El Bera, and again ventured on a battle. Here he was attacked by Marshal Bessieres, at the head of 15 000 men with 18 guns. The Marshal had two divisions of infantry one of light cavalry and his reserve was composed of four battalions, and a small body of horse grenadiers; all of the Imperial guard. The Spaniards were signally defeated, but they were not disgraced; when their front line was broken, and their bayonets



also full of churches and convents, strongly built, and surrounded by high thick walls. A broad street, called the *Conce*, bent almost into a semi-circle, concentric with the wall, and terminated at each end by the Ebro, divided the city into an outer and inner part. It occupied the ground on which the Moorish walls had formerly stood, before the city attained its present size. This street was the scene of that heroic resistance in 1808, which kept the French at bay after the walls and one half of the place had fallen into their hands. On the 2d of August, rather more than a month after the commencement of the siege, the convent of St. Eulalia which formed part of the wall was breached; and on the 4th it was stormed, and the interior troops carried all before them as far as the *Conce*, and at night were in possession of one half of the city. The French General now considered the city as his own, and summoned it to surrender by a note containing only these words, Head-quarters, St. Eulalia, Capitulation. The emphatic reply is well known, and will become proverbial. Head-quarters, Saragossa, war to the last point.

"The contest which was now carried on, is well supplied in history. One side of the *Conce*, a street about as wide as Pall-Mall, was possessed by the French, and in the centre of it their General lodged. His orders from the French Government. The opposite side was maintained by the Aragonese, who threw up batteries at the ends of the cross-streets, within a few paces of those which the French erected against them. The intervening space was presently heaped with dead either slain upon the spot, or thrown out from the windows. At last the exhaustion of the garrison began to tell; the French were superior in numbers, and

renew their efforts for completing the conquest. One cry was heard from the people, whenever Palafox, the governor, rode amongst them, that if powder failed, they were ready to attack the enemy with their knives—formidable weapons in the hands of desperate men. Just before the day closed, Don Francisco Palafox, the General's brother, entered the city with a convoy of arms and ammunition, and a reinforcement of 3,000 men, composed of Spanish guards, Swiss, and volunteers of Arragon, a succour as little expected by the inhabitants, as it had been provided against by the enemy.

"The contest was now continued from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room, pride and indignation having wrought up the French to a pitch of obstinate fury, little inferior to the devoted courage of the patriots. During the whole siege, no man distinguished himself more remarkably than the curate of one of the parishes within the walls, by name P. Santiago Sassé. He was always to be seen in the streets, sometimes fighting with the most determined bravery, at other times administering the sacrament to the dying, and confirming with the authority of faith that hope, which gives to death, under such circumstances, the joy, the exaltation, the triumph, and the spirit of martyrdom. Palafox reposed the utmost confidence in the brave priest, and selected him when any thing peculiarly difficult or hazardous was to be done. At the head of 40 chosen men, he succeeded in introducing into the town a supply of powder, so essentially necessary for its defence.

"This most obstinate and murderous conflict was continued for eleven successive days and nights, none indeed by night than by day, for it was almost certain death to appear by day light within



such councils, but that their heroic resolution might be communicated to the people. It was resolved, that in those quarters of the city, where the Arragoneses still maintained their ground, they should continue to defend themselves with the same firmness. Should the enemy at last prevail, they were then to retire over the Ebro into the suburbs, break down the bridge, and defend them till they perished. When this resolution was made public, it was received with the loudest acclamations. But in every conflict the citizens now gained ground upon the soldiers, winning it inch by inch, till the space occupied by the enemy, which on the day of their entrance was nearly half the city, was reduced gradually to about an eighth part. Meanwhile intelligence of the events in other parts of Spain, was received by the French, all tending to dishearten them. During the night of the 13th, their fire was particularly fierce and destructive, in the morning, the French columns, to the great surprise of the Spaniards, were seen at a distance, retreating over the plain, on the road to Pampeluna.”\*

The French continued to meet with reverses in different quarters of the Peninsula. The peasantry of eight districts of Catalonia rose in arms, defeated General Swartz at Pruck, and afterwards routed Chabrian's division. General Duhesme had been repulsed from Girona, and Moncey from Valencia, but that General afterwards defeated the Spaniards at St. Felipe, and Caulincourt put down the resistance of the inhabitants of Cuenca. In Andalusia, General Dupont, who had plundered and sacked Cordova and Andujar, was forced to capitulate at Baylen, with 14,000 troops, to the Spaniards, headed by Castanos and Reding.

\* Southey's History of the Peninsular War

The result of this last mentioned battle so disgraceful to the French, was most remarkable. It was more important in its consequences than any since the commencement of the revolutionary war. It was the first instance of a large body of the invaders laying down their arms. A skilful series of movements had disabled one of their ablest Generals. It raised the spirits of all Spain, and convinced them that the French were not invincible; yet it had this unfortunate tendency that of inspiring the Spaniards with too much rash confidence. A number of the nobles and grandees, hitherto neutral, now joined the patriotic cause; the capital, and the chief towns of the kingdom, with the exception of the frontier fortresses, fell into the hands of the insurgents. Napoleon, when he heard of this capitulation, was dismayed; he wept; since the battle of Trafalgar had affected him so much; his Ministers, alarmed at his depression, thought he had become suddenly insane. Is your majesty now ill?" Asked the Minister for Foreign Affairs. "No." "Has Austria declared war?" "Would to God that was all!" "What then has happened?" The humiliating terms of the capitulation were recounted by Napoleon, he said, "That an army should be beaten is nothing; it is the daily fate of war and is easily forgotten; that that it should submit to dishonourable capitulation is a stain on the glory of our arms, which can never be effaced. Women suffered no honour are tolerable. The moral effect of the capitulation will be terrible. What! they had the bravery to commit that the butcher of our soldiers should be marched like those of others? Could I have predicted that of General Duroc, a man whom I loved, and who was proud to become a martyr!"





but not before succour had reached the town. In a few days the French heavy battering cannon made a breach, the troops marched to the assault, but were attacked by a body of 10,000 men in the rear. Afterwards the besieged made a vigorous sally against their lines, penetrated the batteries, spiked the cannons, and set fire to the works. Dabrowski could not have made good his retreat had he not sacrificed all his artillery and stores. These successes added to the enthusiasm of the Spaniards: newspapers were established advocating the popular cause; the blood so profusely shed in the massacres of the invaders, could not quench the sacred flame of freedom.

Stirring events were also going on in Portugal; there the resurrection of Castilian independence had the most powerful effect. Junot vainly failed to parry the gathering storm. The news of the massacre of Madrid, was the signal for rebellion at Oporto; which was not suppressed without much trouble. Junot immediately dispatched 3,500 Spanish troops to the capital but he could not prevent the peasants in the neighbourhood of Oporto from again raising the standard of revolt. A junta was formed, and the Bishop, a zealous patriot, made president. General Lemos was ordered to proceed from Almeida, to check the insurrection in the province of Entre-Douro-e-Minho, which had a most formidable appearance; but he was defeated in the proximity of Aveiro with great slaughter. He was compelled to retreat to Lisbon. In the south, the troops raised at several bodies of the French; in the east, the rebellious of the town of Tui, were only put down by a bloody internal assault. Junot's return to the capital was necessarily the end of the play in the drama where a junta and

provisional government had been formed at Evora. The propinquity of this town to Gibraltar was so alarming, that a powerful expedition of 7,000 infantry, 1,200 cavalry, and eight guns, was dispatched against it, under the sanguinary Loison, who had been trained to barbarity in the Egyptian campaigns. A battle was fought, in which the combined Spanish and Portuguese forces were defeated. The French entered the town, and a bloody slaughter ensued, neither age nor sex being spared, the French boasted that they had lost only 290, while 8,000 of the insurgents had been put to death. But the hour of retribution had come, and Loison was roused amid his fancied security, by the intelligence that a British army had been seen off the Portuguese coast.

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## CHAPTER VI

English expedition sails from Cork—Sir A. Wellesley proceeds to Corunna—Issues a Proclamation—Landing in Mondego Bay—Junot's proceedings—Combat at Rolica—Reinforcements—Battle of Vimiera—Sir A. Wellesley superseded by Sir H. Burrard—Sir H. Dalrymple—Convention of Cintra—Court of Inquiry—Napoleon's Efforts.

THE English government, as soon as it perceived that the Spanish insurrection was no transient display of enthusiastic feeling, but the commencement of a severe struggle, had resolved to send a force to the Peninsula. Troops to the amount of 10,000 men, at first intended for a South American expedition, had been collected at Cork, the command was given to Sir Arthur Wellesley, whose military genius government seemed now to appre-

elton. Two smaller divisions were afterwards prepared at Ramsgate and Margate; and Sir John Moore, who with 12 000 men had been sent to Göttingen to offer assistance to the King of Sweden, against Russia, was likewise ordered to follow the expedition as a reinforcement. Yet though Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed from Cork as commander-in-chief, he was, on his arrival in Portugal, destined to be superseded by a senior officer, Sir Harry Burrard; who again was only to lead the troops until the arrival of our new India-Company from Gibraltar; arrangements both unjust in themselves, and calculated to produce unfortunate consequences.

"When Sir A. Wellesley received the command of the expedition from Cork, government gave him no reason to believe that he was to be superseded to the supreme direction of it. The first intimation he had of that intention was by a letter from Lord Castlereagh, dated 1<sup>st</sup> July 1807, which was received by him some six days afterwards. Many officers who had followed him to India, and achieved the victories which he had in India, would have at once resigned the command, in such a case; but Sir A. Wellesley, with the single-hearted feeling and patriotic devotion of true greatness, sent the following answer to Lord Castlereagh, bearing date 11<sup>th</sup> July, and Burghersh has approved me of the strange resolve he thus took to command the army. All that I can say on the subject is, that if I am not needed or sent, I shall resign my post to some other person; and you may depend on it that I shall not bury the principles which have ever been my basis, in order that I may acquire a credit at the expense of the government, which will determine for me to

what way they will employ me hereafter, whether here or elsewhere' When asked by an intimate friend, after his return, how he who had commanded armies of 40,000 men, received the order of the Bath, and the thanks of Parliament, could thus submit to be reduced to the rank of Brigadier of infantry, he replied, 'For this reason—I was *nimute-wallah*, as we say in the East, I have ate of the king's salt, and therefore consider it my duty to serve with zeal and promptitude, when or wherever, the king or his government may think proper to employ me' Nor was this disinterested and high-minded patriotism and sense of duty without its final reward inferior men would probably have thrown up the command, and rested on the laurels of Seringapatam and Assaye, but Wellington pursued the path of duty under every slight, and he lived to strike down Napoleon on the field of Waterloo"\*

The expedition sailed from Cork on the 12th of July, General Wellesley preceding it in a fast-sailing frigate, to procure the necessary information for regulating its destination. He landed at Corunna on the 20th, and entered into communication with the junta of Galicia, by whom he was told of the unfortunate defeat of Rio Seco, but though they declared their willingness to accept stores and arms, the self-confident junta declined the aid of troops. Money and arms, they said, were all they wanted, they had still men in abundance. They even offered to send an army into the north of Portugal, to assist in driving away the French, and recommended that the British forces should be landed on the banks of the Douro. At Oporto, General Wellesley had a conference with the au-

\* Despatches.

authorities and bishop, who urged that the landing should be effected nearer to Lisbon, where the main body of the French lay under Junot. Sir Arthur deeming this his best plan resolved immediately to prepare for it. The bishop likewise procured the co-operation of a Portuguese force of 3,000 men, and cattle for draught and food. His lord received intelligence of Dupont's surrender he resolved to disembark in Mondego Bay; a bold resolution, since Junot's force was a third superior to his own.

Before landing he issued the following proclamation to the people of Portugal, eminently descriptive of the true nature and objects of British interference:—"The English soldiers who land upon your shores, do so with every sentiment of friendship, faith, and honour. The glorious struggle in which you are engaged is for all that is dear to man, the protection of your wives and children, the restoration of your lawful prince the independence nay the existence of your kingdom, and the preservation of your religion; objects like these can only be obtained by distinguished examples of fortitude and constancy. The noble struggle against the tyranny and usurpations of France will be jointly maintained by Portugal, Spain, and England; and in contributing to the success of a cause so just and glorious, the views of his Britannic Majesty are the same as those by which you yourselves are animated."

At Mondego Bay the whole fleet assembled on the 31st of July. Next morning the disembarking commenced; and in spite of a strong west wind and heavy surf which caused the loss of several boats and a number of lives, was completed by the 5th when General Spencer's brigade came up.

On the 8th at night, the united forces, amounting to 13,000 men, bivouacked on the sea shore, and next morning, the advanced guard began their march towards Lisbon. Previously Sir Arthur had held a conference with the Portuguese generals, with whom however he found it impossible to fix a satisfactory plan of co-operation, they were so exorbitant as to demand that their army, 6,000 men, should be fed by the English general, as a compromise he was obliged upon their own terms, to incorporate a battalion of infantry and 250 horse. The British were every where hailed with joy by the inhabitants.

Junot had been compelled by the insurrection to disperse his troops, amounting to 25,000 men, throughout the country to garrison the fortified towns, and put down various bands of insurgents. He himself was at Lisbon with the main body; but could not advance to meet the English, because of a strong tendency to insurrection manifested by the inhabitants, he was therefore compelled to detach Laborde, one of the ablest French generals, with 3,000 foot and 500 horse, to check the British, while calling in his various detachments, he ordered them severally to effect a junction with Laborde. The obvious course of the English commander was to prevent this, an object which the skill and celerity of his movements enabled him to effect in the most important instance.

By various reinforcements Laborde's force had been increased to nearly 6,000 men, he was in the direct line between the British army and Lisbon, Loison with 8,000 troops, was hurrying by forced marches to meet him, from the south. But the rapidity with which the British advanced, driving Laborde before them, disconcerted their plans.

Leiria, where Laborde and Lefebvre were to have met, had been already seized by the English. Lefebvre retreated to Santarém, to recruit his exhausted troops.

Thus General Wellesley having a preponderating force, was enabled to attack Laborde at Rolica; which he did on the 17th of August. The heights of Rolica, though steep and difficult of access, yet want the sterner and more imposing features of mountain scenery; here and there their face was indented by deep ravines, worn by the winter torrents, the precipitous banks of which were in different parts wooded; below were groves of the cork tree and oak; in the middle rose Obidos, with its ancient walls and fortress, and stupendous aqueduct. On the east the lofty Mont Junco was to be seen, and to the west was the Atlantic. "All was yet still and peaceful, as when the goatherd tended his flock on the hilly pastures, and the peasant went forth to his labour carolling his mathe song in the sun-rise."

Laborde occupied a strong position. His force including 800 cavalry and five guns, was drawn up on an elevated plateau, at the upper end of the valley; detachments were stationed on both sides of the hills which closed the valley so as from the rocky thickets and dense underwood, to open a formidable fire upon the assailants. General Wellesley divided his force into three columns; the right of Portuguese and 50 horse under Colonel Trant, was to turn the mountains in the rear; the centre he led in person, to attack the French in front; the left under General Ferguson to ascend the hill that fronted Obidos, and menace the French right, by turning it in the mountains.

"As the centre advanced, preceded by nine guns,

the corps on the right and left proceeded simultaneously forward in the hills, and the aspect of the body in the plain, 9,000 strong, moving majestically forward at a slow pace, in the finest order, and constantly closing again, after the array had been broken by trees or houses in the line of its advance, strongly impressed the French soldiers; most of whom, like the British, were that day to make their first essay in real warfare, against an antagonist worthy of their arms. No sooner did Laborde see his risk of being outflanked on either side, than he fell swiftly back in admirable order, and took up a second position, much stronger than the former, in a little plain projecting into the valley, higher up in the gorge of the pass, and shut in by close rocky thickets on both sides. Hither he was rapidly pursued by the British, the right centre and left still moving in the same order. Never in the whole progress of the peninsular campaigns, did war appear in a more picturesque and animating form than in the first engagement of the British soldiers. The loud shouts of the advancing columns, re-echoed from the surrounding hills, and answered by as confident cheers from the enemy; the sharp rattle of the musketry among the woods, which marked the advance of the assailants as they drove before them the French light troops, the curling wreaths of smoke which rose above the foliage, and were wafted by the morning air up the sides of the mountains, amidst the rays of a resplendent sun, formed a scene which resembled the mimic warfare of the opera stage, more than the opening of the most desperate strife recorded in modern times.\* At every point at which cannon

\* *Alfred's History of England*.



among the British. Undismayed, however the columns moved on. The 29th regiment, though suffering from attacks which they could not repel, kept on their course unbroken; Colonel Lake, their commander, fell, as the head of the column surmounted a hill, and became exposed to a destructive fire from the vineyards occupied by the enemy. The grenadier company of the 29th, was in the act of forming, when a French battalion charged, after pouring in a volley and overpowered for a moment this small and unprotected body. But the rest of the regiment came up, and aided by the 9th, the column of which was likewise killed, drove back the enemy and maintained themselves in the position. Generals Hill and Ferguson, now formed on the heights; and Laborde abandoning the ground as untenable, retired to Zambujeiro from which however, he was driven in a gallant manner by General Spencer. In this combat, both parties had an equal number of men killed and wounded. The British gained nothing from their numerical force as they could not bring a greater number into action than the amount of the enemy's force. The French effected their retreat in good order; for as Sir Arthur Wellesley had only a few cavalry and troops and cannon could not be brought with sufficient speed up the passes, he was unable to follow the enemy at once. The engagement closed at five o'clock in the forenoon.

Sir Arthur Wellesley took up a position a mile in advance of the scene of action. The following day it was announced that General Anstruther and Acland's divisions were off the coast; and that Junot had drawn all his disposable forces from Lisbon to hazard the chance of a decisive battle. The army therefore proceeded to the sea coast to pre-

fect the landing of the reinforcements. Junot meanwhile advanced at the head of 14,000 men, including 1,200 horse, and 26 pieces of cannon. By the 20th, the brigades of the two generals were landed; the English army now mustered 16,000 troops, but this superiority was counterbalanced by the strength of the enemy's cavalry and artillery, the British having only 18 guns, 180 British, and 200 Portuguese horse. Sir Arthur Wellesley had intended to turn the strong position of Torres Vedras, and gain Mafra with his advanced guard, while the main body seized the heights, and intercepted the French retreat to Lisbon, but this plan Sir Harry Burrard, who was now off the coast, (and who was more cautious than enterprising) disapproved. Sir Arthur Wellesley went on board his vessel, and urged in vain, the adoption of offensive measures, he returned to the camp in disappointment, unconscious that next day he was to have an opportunity of engaging the enemy. At midnight, a German officer of dragoons, announced that Junot, with 20,000 men, was within a league of the camp. Patrols were immediately sent out, and the pickets and sentinels enjoined to be on the alert, but the rest of the army was undisturbed.\*

"Vimiera is a village prettily situated in a valley

\* "No general ever received reports with such calm caution as Sir Arthur Wellesley. Suddenly awakened, he would receive an alarming account from the front, with a quiet, and to many a bustling, intelligent officer a provoking coldness, and turn again to his sleep, as before. Few, if any, are the instances during the war, of his putting the troops under arms by night, or disappointing them unnecessarily of one hour of repose. An hour before dawn, the British, when near an enemy, are always under arms. The sun rose upon them on the 21st of August, but discovered no hostile force in motion."—*Sherer*

stretching in a north-westerly direction from the interior and about three miles distant from the sea. On either side rise hills, and to the north, a range of abrupt heights overhangs the plain; over the summit of which is the great road to Lisbon; on the south-east is a sort of high table-land, covered in the ravines with myrtle, in the open part bare; over which the approach on the side of Torres Vedras passes. A still loftier mass of height overlooks these in the rear, and lies between them and the sea." On this rugged ground, the British lay, on the night of the 20th. Soon after sun-rise a cloud of dust was observed on the high road; columns after columns were seen relieved against the sky on the top of the opposite eminences; arms and banners glittered in the sun. The French were manifestly bearing down in formidable strength upon the British left. So soon as they descended the height they were lost to the eye, and the advanced guards were upon the English videttes almost as soon as they were seen.

But Sir Arthur Wellesley judging their object, from the line of road which they took, strengthened the left, which was his most vulnerable point, by four brigades. The French immediately communicated their forces on their own right. Laborde with 6,000 men, moved towards the British centre; Drouot with 5,000 against the left; Kellerman, with 3,000 and Mergaron with the cavalry were in readiness as a reserve wherever their aid might be required. The left of the British was commanded by Generals Ferguson, Nightingale, and Bower; the right by Anstruther and Lane, strongly placed in the valley in front of Vimeira. Auckland's brigade was placed intermediately between the left and the centre; and Hill's, formed in a strong co-

lumn, and composing the right, rested on the top of the heights, which bounded the valley to the south.

Junot's army moved in two divisions, commanded by Laborde and Loison. The first of these advanced impetuously against the British centre, coming in contact with the 50th regiment, its light companies were driven in, and the French, confident of victory, loudly cheering, mounted the hill to the north-east of Vimiera. No sooner, however, did they reach the summit, than the British artillery opened a destructive fire upon them from the edge of the steep, and the troops were terrified by the effects of the shrapnell shells, then first used against them, which after striking down whole files of men in front, went off with most destructive explosion in the rear. Still breathless from the ascent, they were put to flight by a volley from the 50th within pistol-shot, followed by a charge with the bayonet. An attack on General Fane's brigade was as decisively repulsed, and a body of French advancing on the village, by the church, were opportunely attacked in flank by General Ackland, then proceeding to take up his position on the heights. The squadron of dragoons commanded by Colonel Taylor, charged and completed their discomfiture, but the few British horse being set upon by Margarou's cavalry, were obliged to retreat, leaving their gallant leader dead on the field. While the French were thus beaten in the centre, a severe conflict raged in the hills to the left, where a road winds up the steep to the north of Vimiera, here, under Brennier and Solignac they were losing ground, and Junot ordered Kellerman to support them with the whole reserve of infantry. The French proceeded unpetuously, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, and

were met by Ferguson's brigade on the top of the ridge. Several terrible volleys of mousetry were exchanged by these brave antagonists, almost within pistol-shot; but at length the brigade supported by a reinforcement which nearly doubled their numbers, rushing fiercely on drove the French before their bayonets down the steep with the loss of all their artillery. "Such was the execution of the bayonet on this occasion, that the whole front line of one of the enemy's regiments went down like grass before the scythe, and three hundred men lay dead as they had stood in their ranks." Janet made a last bold attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day by ordering Breunier's and H. Herman's troops again to advance. The men having been formed behind rocks and woods which screened them from the notice of the British, advanced in good order and came upon our troops as they were in loose array some of them even lying on the ground, and drove them back, recovering the guns; but this success lasted but a moment, the British again rallied upon the heights in their rear and facing about poured in a deadly volley then charging with loud hurrahs, not only again captured the artillery but took prisoner the French general, and again drove his troops in confusion down the hill. Sullivan was dangerously wounded, and his brigade driven off the ground in a different direction from Breunier's, would have been captured, had not an unexpected order from Sir Harry Burrard, compelled General Ferguson to halt at the moment of success. The broken French, in consequence of this, had time to rally; they fell back to the north of their position in the morning—the heights on the opposite side of the valley leaving in possession of the British thirteen pieces of cannon, and a large quantity of ammuni-

tion, and 400 prisoners. The English lost 800 men in killed and wounded ; of the French 2,000 were left dead on the field.

Had Sir Arthur Wellesley been left to himself, this hard fought battle would have been the earnest of decisive success. Three brigades of his army and the Portuguese, had not fired a single shot, and two other brigades had scarcely at all suffered ; the whole army was in the highest spirits and order ; " the shouts of victory, the triumphant clang of trumpets, was heard along the whole line , and from the direction which the broken French had taken after their defeat, they were entirely cut off from the retreat to Lisbon , while the British, who had repulsed their oblique attack, and driven them off in a north-easterly direction, were masters of the great road by Torres Vedras to the capital " Activity and energy promised to be followed by the happiest effects , Sir Arthur Wellesley was most anxious to follow up the advantages thus placed within his reach, and had it rested with himself, would have turned them to the best account. He proposed to pursue the retreating columns of the enemy with 14,000 British and Portuguese troops, and drive them back in a north-easterly direction away from the capital , while the rest of the troops, should push on for the defile of Torres Vedras, and cut off the French retreat , all of Junot's artillery that remained, and probably the greater part of his army as prisoners, with the possession of Lisbon, would have been the precious reward of this movement , but the clear discernment, the cool judgment, and enterprising plans of Wellington, were now superseded by the tame caution of Sir H Burrard. That officer, who had landed during the battle, had, with honour to himself, delicately

refrained from assuming the command of the army till its close. Considering, however, that the responsibility of ulterior operations devolved upon himself, he gave orders to halt on all points, and await Sir John Moore's reinforcement. Sir Arthur, with military frankness strongly remonstrated against this injudicious proceeding, pointing out the incalculable importance of instantly following up the beaten Junot, and interposing between him and the capital. But Sir H. Burrard a formal disciple of the old school, could not be induced to move. The French resumed their march, struck with astonishment at being unpursued. That very night, Junot, by a forced and circuitous route regained Torres Vedras, thus securing his retreat to Lisbon. Sir Arthur seeing the result, exclaimed with affected gaiety and real bitterness and disappointment, to his staff "Gentlemen, nothing now remains to us but to go and shoot red legged partridges."

On the morning after the battle Sir H. Burrard's brief and unhappily used authority was at an end by the arrival of Sir Hew Dalrymple. He held a consultation with Sir Arthur and Sir H. Burrard, and had resolved on the 23rd to move against Junot at Torres Vedras, when he received information that a French flag of truce was waiting at the camp; and Helderman arrived, the bearer of a proposition from Junot that an armistice should take place with a view to the evacuation of Portugal. Alarmed by the thought that Sir John Moore's reinforcement was about to land; that Lisbon with a hostile population of 100 000 was in the rear; its forts and defenders incapable of landing a surge against 30,000 British, and that a retreat through the mountain hills of Portugal with the captured primary horsemanship, would be premature.

tive of the greatest loss, he had no other alternative before him. A great advantage then would be gained, should he obtain an arrangement by which his army might be safely transferred to France, with a view to the renewal of hostilities in the north of Spain. He perceived also that the British did not know how to profit by the advantage which they had gained, and thought he might obtain good terms from those who did not seem to know their own strength. He selected the able and acute Kellerman for this mission,—who, by his knowledge of English, discovered from hints dropped in conversation, that Burrard and Dalrymple did not share Sir Arthur Wellesley's confidence in the result of the army's advance,—and, by dwelling largely on the means of resistance still in the power of the French, and their determination even to be "buried beneath the ruins of Lisbon," rather than have their honour tarnished, paved the way for the favourable reception of the terms he was about to propose, the substance of which was, that the French should not be considered prisoners of war, but sent home by sea, with their artillery, arms, and baggage, and liberty to serve again, that their partizans in the country should, without molestation, be permitted to depart with their effects, and that the Russian fleet in the Tagus, should occupy Lisbon as a neutral harbour. To the last article in particular Sir Arthur Wellesley strongly demurred, and Sir Charles Cotton, the British Admiral, positively refused to agree to it. It has been said, that in a military point of view, all the three British Generals concurred in approving the convention of Cintra. Burrard and Dalrymple must necessarily have been imperfectly acquainted with the state of the case,—and Sir Arthur Wellesley, having seen his opinion over-ruled and



rejected at the moment when fortune was at its flood, and the chances of success impaired, may have considered that, as the war might now be indefinitely protracted, the liberation of Portugal, with its sea-coast, ports, and fortresses, and of the eastern line of frontier opening a communication with Spain, might be not disadvantageously purchased at the expense of the articles ceded to the French. And no one can doubt that these were unquestionably most important advantages.

But whatever may have been the expediency of this treaty it is most certain that the greatest dissatisfaction and disappointment were felt and expressed, not only by the Portuguese but still more at home, when the news arrived; the substantial good which might accrue from the measure was set aside, and loud outcry of indignation arose from all quarters of the kingdom; it was said that the honour of the British nation, and of its allies had been sacrificed, and that we had been "fooled out of what we had gained by the sword, in negotiations." It was seen that the interference of Sir H. Burrard had prevented Sir Arthur from following up the victory he had won, and so caused an arrangement to be necessary which, it was thought, wore a disgraceful appearance; a court of enquiry was demanded, the result of which shewed that the superior officers had erred, from an access of caution inducing an erroneous view of matters; yet they were never again employed in the public service; and their alleged delinquency even for a time cast a shade upon the acknowledged merits and military genius of the victor of Avaya from which his great services and influential family connections did not wholly defend him.

In carrying the articles of the convention of Clu-

tra into effect, difficulty, arising chiefly from the injustice and rapacity of the French, was attached to all the contracting parties. Notwithstanding the proximity of the British forces, who approached close to Lisbon, and though the French troops were constantly in masses, it was found impossible to prevent the indignation of the populace from finding vent in various acts of aggression, crowds of the peasantry flocked into Lisbon, waving in their hats the motto, "Death to the French!" and at night, repeated skirmishes took place between the mob and the French posts. Much trouble also arose from the immense loads of plunder of all kinds, which the French, from the highest general to the lowest soldier, were compelled to disgorge. They had packed up the whole furniture of the palace, rifled the museum, libraries, arsenals, and other public buildings, robbed the churches of their plate, and laid hold of all the money in the public offices. Junot even demanded five vessels to carry off his personal seizures. The French commander was at length compelled by the British, to issue a general order for the restitution of all the property, and there was then exhibited a specimen of the wholesale system of plunder and spoliation carried on by the French. They succeeded however in carrying off with them a considerable part of their booty.

Before proceeding briefly to narrate Sir John Moore's campaign, we must give a short sketch of Spanish affairs during Sir Arthur Wellesley's absence in England. The French had been defeated in various quarters, and a centre and superior junta had been formed with the concurrence of the local authorities. Joseph Bonaparte, the King of Spain and the Indies, had arrived at Madrid, but was

forced to retreat in ten days, after ridding the palace, and carrying off the crown jewels. Aranjuez was made the seat of government, and the patriots made vigorous efforts for carrying on the war. There were now in Spain 60,000 French troops, strongly posted, having the Ebro in their front, the river Arragon on their left, and the Bay of Biscay on the right. To meet these the Spaniards strove to organize three armies, one on the right under Palafox; a second under Castaños, celebrated for his deliverance of Andalusia; the left under Blake who had acquired fame at the battle of Moya Seco; the whole nominally amounting to 120,000 men, but never actually half that number. Even these, with the exception of 10,000 disciplined troops under Blake, were either raw recruits, or had been enervated by an idle and listless life at home. The officers, though many of them brave were almost all inexperienced. The commissariat was in a wretched state and the troops therefore moribund and discontented only kept together by hatred of the invader, the goodness of their cause and the patriotic spirit of the people.

One immediate effect of the convention was most unfortunate. Not only did it render the Spaniards somewhat distrustful of us, but much valuable time was lost; the transports which should have conveyed the British troops to those places where they might co-operate most advantageously with the Spaniards being employed in carrying the French home in terms of the treaty. On the 30th of August, the convention was signed; it had been determined that a British army should be sent to the north of Spain; but it was not till the 6th of October that Sir John Moore was appointed commander and ordered to form a junction in Galicia, at

Leon with 15,000 men, who were sent to Corunna, under Sir David Baird. Sir John Moore's advanced guard did not enter Salamanca till the 15th of November. The first news he heard was, that the Estramaduran army of reserve under Count Belvidere, had been put to flight at Burgos.

Meanwhile Napoleon had not been idle, his operations commenced almost before the British troops had begun their march from Portugal. His object was, to defeat Blake's army before the English could join it. In the first action, Blake succeeded; though his men had suffered the most dreadful privations, having been without clothing, shoes, and scarcely any food, among the snowy mountains of Biscay. But the French bringing up fresh troops, at length defeated him.

In the meantime Soult and Bessieres attacked the army of Estramadura, which did not muster more than 12,000 men, composed chiefly of recruits and volunteers, among the latter were the students of Leon and Salamanca, who almost all fell in their ranks, and by their death spread mourning through many respectable families in Spain. There remained only the army of the right, pressed by Lannes and Mincey in the front and on the left, while Ney menaced the rear. Castanos was defeated with great loss at Tudela; but Ney being occupied in plundering Soria, did not reach Agreda till the day after the remnants of the Spanish army had passed through it in their retreat; this last defeat of the Spaniards happened ten days after Sir John Moore entered Salamanca.

"Sudden and prompt in execution, Napoleon prepared for one of those majestic efforts which have stamped this age with the greatness of antiquity. His armies were scattered over Europe.

In Italy and Dalmatia ; on the Rhine, Danube and Elbe ; in Prussia, Denmark, and Poland, his legions were to be found. Over that vast extent, above 500,000 disciplined men maintained the supremacy of France. From these lands he drew the imperial guards, the select soldiers of the war ; the nation he governed, and the terror of the other continental troops. The veterans of Jena, Austerlitz, reduced in numbers, but of confirmed hardihood, were collected into one corps, and marched towards Spain. A host of cavalry unequalled for enterprise and knowledge of war was also directed against that devoted land ; and a long train of gallant soldiers followed, well 200 000 men, accustomed to battle, had penetrated the gloomy fastnesses of the western mountains ; 40,000 troops of inferior reputation, drawn from the interior of France, from Naples, Tuscany and Piedmont, were assembled at Perpignan. The march of this multitude was incessant ; and as they passed the capital, Napoleon, neglectful of nothing which could excite their courage, and swell their military ardour addressed to them one of those nervous orations that shoot like fire to the heart of a real soldier. In the tranquillity of peace it may seem inflated, but on the eve of battle it is thus a general should speak.

" Soldiers ! after triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers ! I have need of you ! the hidden presence of the Leopard contaminates the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In prayer he looks by before you. Let us bear our triumphal eagles to the pillars of Hercules ; there also we

have injuries to avenge Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies; but have you yet equalled the glory of those Romans, who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious upon the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and upon the Tagus! A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labours A real Frenchman could not, ought not to rest, until the seas are free and open to all Soldiers! all that you have done, all that you will do for the happiness of the French people, and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart'—Thus saying, he caused his troops to proceed to the frontiers of Spain \*\*

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## CHAPTER VII.

Napoleon's advance to Madrid—Sir John Moore's Expedition—Retreat—Sufferings and Insubordination of the Army—Battle of Corunna—Death of Sir John Moore—Operations of the Spaniards—Defence of Saragossa—Soult advances into Portugal.

Napoleon entered Spain on the 8th November, and the influence of his presiding genius was soon apparent in the defeats which the Spaniards experienced from the French generals Belvidero had been routed, and Blake's army, after a series of combats, almost annihilated at Reynosa on the 13th,—a defeat which involved the loss of the greater part of the Spanish veteran soldiers who had been conveyed from the Baltic. With the remnants of his army Blake fled to the Austurian mountains, and in conjunction with Romann, at-

tempted to re-organise the fragments. Bonaparte rapidly approached the capital, defeating with ease the Spaniards under General St. Julian. As the French approached Madrid, the central junta fled; and Moria, who remained in command, if no traitor at least shewed little zeal or energy in his country's cause. The city in a state of alarm and anarchy was summoned to surrender by Napoleon on the 2nd December: no answer was returned; but when the French batteries were opened, and the Retiro carried by Villatic and others, a capitulation was agreed to, and on the 4th the surrender was made; though loud professions had been made at first of resistance against the French and each individual seemed to burn with patriotic ardour. No sooner were the terms completed, than a body of nobles, clergy and public authorities, waited on the Emperor at Chamartin, with an address. Resistance from the Spaniards seemed now for a time to be at an end; and a single British army numerically weak and unsupported, was the only opposing force in the Peninsula. The French army was divided throughout the provinces, to complete the conquest effected in the capital; an arrangement which might well be made seeing that after deducting the number of troops required for garrisons and communications, a force of no less than 100,000 men was disposable for active operations.

Sir John Moore who was placed at the head of the British army, enjoyed a very high military reputation; his talents were universally acknowledged, his courage had been repeatedly tried, and he was endeared to his followers by goodness and kindness of heart. I appreciate his merits, we must take into account the difficulties which he

was fully conscious he had to encounter : he was aware of the weakness and disorder of the Spanish armies, and the imbecility of the government ; no general plan of operation had been forwarded to him judging from the apparent apathy of the people, and not having had means of forming a full estimate of their character, he believed that the French would require " little more than a march to subdue the country " we must add likewise that the sense of these difficulties, acting upon a naturally grave temperament, made him doubt the ultimate success of the struggle " The probability," said he in a letter to one of his brothers, " is that the French will succeed, and if they do, it will be from no talent having sprung up after the first effort, to take advantage of the enthusiasm that then existed The Spaniards have not shewn themselves wise or prudent. Their wisdom is not that of action, but still they are a fine people ; a character of their own, quite distinct from other nations, and much might have been done with them Pray for me that I may make wise decisions, but if bad ones, it will not be from want of consideration " There is no doubt that the early vigour of the Spaniards had in many cases subsided into an inert hatred of the French disaster had pressed heavily upon them, they were destitute of experienced troops, and had scarcely any artillery, they were almost without generals of talent, and magazines, and their leaders were divided and at variance. The supplies from England had been in many cases misapplied,—and they were quarrelling about their distribution, when they ought to be using them against the enemy.

Sir John Moore arrived in Spain too late to save



the Spanish armies from defeat; and while he remained six weeks at Salamanca, uncertain how he should act, the course of events went so rapidly on as still more to increase his indecision. After defeating Blake it was evident that Napoleon would advance on Madrid; Sir John plainly saw that there were just two courses open to him, either to march to the defence of the capital, or retreat and assume a defensive position; his own inclination was in favour of the latter for it appeared impossible that an army which did not exceed 30,000 men, could contend against Napoleon's forces, which were more than six times that number.

Mr Frere, the English ambassador was Sir John Moore's only medium of communication with the head junta, whose influence, however was scarcely more than nominal, except in their own immediate neighbourhood. Of an ardent temperament, and trusting too implicitly to the representations of the junta, Mr Frere unconsciously represented to Sir John Moore matters as they really were not, and urged movements in advance, which Moore feared would be pregnant with disaster and destruction. Frere exhorted him to take the Spartan resolution of advancing at once to defend Madrid, a proceeding obviously most rash. Anxious, however to discharge his duty in the best manner possible urged by his own feelings, and the importunities of the Spanish government, General Moore resolved by an effort against the north-western part of the French army both to prevent them from pressing upon Romana, who was endeavouring to re-unit the remnants of the Gallician army; and also to hinder them from marching to the south to complete the conquest of the Peninsula. Yet General Moore perceived that by this bold measure, he ran the

risk of drawing upon himself a predominant force of the enemy, before whom a retreat would be both difficult and perilous. He ordered Sir David Baird, whose retreat from Corunna had already commenced, again to occupy Astorga, and determined to advance, though he added at the same time, these ominous words, "I mean to move bridle in hand, for if the bubble bursts, and Madrid falls, we shall have a run for it."

An intercepted dispatch from Napoleon, first acquainted Sir John with the fall of the capital, and also of the unsuspecting security in which Soult's troops lay in the valley of the Carrion. Moore resolved to strike a blow at him. Notwithstanding their disappointment, in consequence of the retreat of Romana, the English forces still pushed on. On the 20th, a junction was formed with Sir David Baird, and next day the troops reached Sahagun, near which Lord Paget, (since Marquis of Anglesea) with only 400 horse, fell in with, and after a short but brilliant action, defeated 700 French cavalry, thirteen officers, and 150 men being made prisoners. Soult, seriously alarmed, called in his detachments from all quarters, and prepared for an attack.

Napoleon heard of Moore's advance on the 21st, the evening of the following day 50,000 men under his own immediate orders, were collected at the foot of the Guadarrama pass. The French troops at Talavera were also in full march upon the British. Moore was compelled to retreat, or Ney's advance would have rendered the situation of his army desperate, for he was now nearly girdled in by large masses of the Emperor's troops. It was only by twelve hours that Moore saved the passage of the Esla, and escaped finding Napoleon in his front. Sir John

himself with the rear-guard, was threatened by a large body of Ney's horse, but Lord Paget, with only two squadrons, drove them back by a successful charge. By this timely retreat, the British reached Benavente before the enemy. The Emperor returned to France, but the pursuit was carried on as vigorously as before.

"Since the commencement of the retreat, the soldiers had been in a state of discontent and disorder and the authority of the officers was almost unheeded. Ravages and plunder marked their way; and the castle of Benavente, almost unequalled in Europe for extent and splendour was rudely dismantled; its insulated pavements and Jasper columns, broke and destroyed by fire and the choicest works of Spanish art, torn down from the walls to serve for fuel. From Astorga to Logo the English line of march was a scene of the greatest suffering, and the most reckless licence. The route was a miserable road, and an exhausted country. They were half famished—showers of rain and sleet drenched them to the skin, and even at night they could not always procure shelter from the elements. No description can equal the horror of this dreadful retreat. Along the snow-covered road lay the dead and the dying—left behind by the columns, which were compelled to push on with accelerated speed. The rear-guard indeed gallantly kept the enemy back; and whenever the *cuerpo morisco*, about, drove them away with slaughter; but the rest of the troops, wanting this excitement, sunk in over-luxury under the rigour of the season, or lay down, the victims of intemperance; when the rear-guard closed up the array they had to save their way through a motley crowd of English and Spanish soldiers, stragglers, and marauders, who relied on

of the houses in disgusting crowds, or lay stretched on the road side, an easy prey to the enemy's cavalry, which thundered in close pursuit. The condition of the army daily became more deplorable; the frost had been succeeded by a thaw, and the rain fell in torrents, the roads were almost broken up, the horses foundered at every step, the few artillery waggons which had hitherto kept up, fell one by one to the rear, and being immediately blown up to prevent them falling into the enemy's hands, gave melancholy token, by the sound of their explosion, of the work of destruction which was going on. Sir John Moore was constantly with the rear, doing his utmost to arrest the disorders, and protect the retiring columns. At Villa Franca, a sharp skirmish ensued with the rear-guard, in which, though the French cavalry were at first successful, they were ultimately repulsed by a heavy fire from the British light troops, with the loss of several hundred men, including General Colbert, who fell while gallantly leading on the van-guard. Such was the general wreck, however, in other quarters of the British army, of presence of mind, or forethought, that at Nogale, the military chest of the army, containing £35,000 in dollars, having stuck fast in the mud, was rolled in the cask that contained it, over a precipitous descent, and became the prey of the peasantry who picked it up at the bottom. All subordination was now at an end, the soldiers, exhausted by fatigue, or depressed by suffering, sunk down by hundreds, by the way-side, and breathed their last, some with prayers, others with curses on their lips, and the army, in frightful disorder, at length reached Lugo, late on the evening of the 6th of January."

At Long Sir John Moore halted, and issued a proclamation, in which he strongly reprobated the subordination of the soldiers, announcing at the same time his intention of giving battle to the enemy. He posted his army strongly along a ridge of low hills, flanked on both sides by steep rocks. No sooner was his resolution of fighting known than a magic change seemed to have passed upon the troops. Disorder for the time ceased; the ranks were filled, and stragglers came up, each face was lit up with joy each hand was busy in examining locks, loading flints, and sharpening bayonets. About mid-day the French columns appeared advancing but for several hours the lines gazed at each other without hostile movement on either side. Evening came on, and the troops returned to their quarters.

Next morning the enemy opened a cannonade from four guns, supported by a few squadrons of cavalry but were answered by the British with such effect that one of their guns was dismounted. A column of French advanced, but after pushing in the English out posts, was so successfully repulsed by the light troops under Sir John Moore's immediate direction, that 400 men were killed. The whole of the next day the two armies were arranged in battle-array facing each other but Scott showed no wish to attack; and Sir John Moore satisfied with having rallied his troops, and kept the enemy in check, continued his retreat during the night, leaving his camp fires burning to deceive the enemy. The British gained so much ground by this manoeuvre that it was not till next evening the French could approach the rear. Our troops had a most dismal march, the cold was piercing and heavy sleet fell during the dark and tempestuous

night. Jaded and fatigued, and many of them without shoes, they marched knee-deep in mud. No discipline could be preserved, and the number of stragglers was very great. It was ten next morning before they reached Valmeda. The troops were so exhausted that a halt was absolutely indispensable, the men lay on the ground for several hours, exposed to torrents of rain. This brief repose was broken several times by cries that the enemy was coming up, and at each alarm the troops were ordered to fall in. From Betanzos, which they reached next day, the army arrived at Corunna, with little molestation from their pursuers. "As the troops successively arrived at the heights where the sea was visible, and Corunna, with its white walls and towers, rose upon the view, all eyes were anxiously directed to the bay, in hopes that the joyful sight of a friendly fleet of transports might be seen, but the wide expanse was deserted, and a few coasters and fishing boats were alone visible on the dreary main."

They had no alternative now but to fight for the means of embarkation, for the enemy was behind them and the sea in front. Each brigade as it arrived, was successively placed in the town, and every means adopted in conjunction with the inhabitants, to strengthen the land defences. Next day, two powder magazines, containing 4,000 barrels, were blown up with a terrific explosion. "Corunna shook as if convulsed by an earthquake. Huge masses of rock were cast from their pedestals. The calm waters in the bay became furiously agitated. A vast column of smoke and dust arose perpendicularly and slowly to a great height, and then bursting with a roaring sound, a shower of stones, and fragments of all kinds, reverted to the earth, killing

several persons who had incautiously remained near the scene of peril. A stillness only interrupted by the lashing of the waves on the shore succeeded, and the business of war went on."

When the transports arrived, immediate preparations were made for embarkation. The cavalry horses were destroyed, and all the artillery conveyed on board, with the exception of eight British and four Spanish guns, reserved for immediate use.

The bulk of the army now reduced to 14 000 men, was drawn up with great care by Sir John Moore on a series of heights which circled in the form of an amphitheatre around the village of Elvina, at the distance of more than a mile from Corunna. These were commanded by a lesser range to which Marshal Soult, with 20,000 men was already posted. The French were well supplied with artillery which swept the ground occupied by their gallant adversaries; their guns commenced a hot discharge under cover of which, three heavy columns advanced to the attack. These, throwing out clouds of light troops, and driving in the English advanced posts, got possession of Elvina, in front of the centre. As they drew near they deployed into a line which greatly extended beyond the British left, but the 4th regiment had the bravery and steadiness to advance throwing back its right wing and engage with the enemy showing a front to them in two directions. Baird's division in the centre was warmly engaged with Marmont's troops who, having carried Elvina, were breaking through the enclosures which lay between his houses and the British. The action was now general along the whole line; the opposing centres exchanged repeated volleys with fatal effect; a splendid bayonet charge from the 30th and 42nd regiments, drove

the enemy back again through the village, and a considerable way up the opposite slope. The pursuers, however, went too far, and being unsupported, were severely checked ; while entangled among the enclosures and walls behind the village, they were attacked by fresh French troops, and again driven through its streets, leaving Major Napier wounded and a prisoner. Moore instantly rode up, addressed the 42nd in the memorable words, "Highlanders, remember Egypt !" and bringing up a battalion of guards to strengthen them, led them forward to the charge. After a desperate struggle, the enemy was repulsed at the bayonet point, but this was Moore's last exploit, a cannon shot struck him, as the tide of battle was just turning in favour of the British. Sir David Baird also, was carried from the field severely wounded.

The enemy made fresh attempts, an attack on the British centre was successfully repulsed, and the ground being more elevated, the guns were brought to play with good effect. On the left, the enemy having got possession of a village, kept up a fire, but was driven out by Colonel Nicholls, at the head of a few companies. Day was closing, the enemy had lost ground at all parts of the field, though the firing still continued at intervals, and night put an end to the sanguinary contest.

It was while leading the gallant 42nd to the charge that Sir John Moore received his death wound. The shot struck him from his horse, but his countenance remained unchanged, and without even a sigh, he sat upon the ground and watched the progress of the battle. "His eye was steadfast and intent, and it brightened as he saw that all went bravely and well." He reluctantly allowed himself to be taken to the rear. Then was the



dreadful nature of the wound seen ; the shoulder was shattered to pieces ; the arm hanging by a fibre of skin, and the breast and lungs almost laid open. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket to carry him away, the hilt of his sword entered the wound ; Captain Harding would have taken it off, but Moore stopped him, saying " It is as well as it is ; I had rather it should go out of the field with me ! " It was a long way to the town and the torture of the motion was great, but the expression of his countenance was calm and resolute. As he approached the ramparts, he several times made the bearers stop, and turn him round, that he might see the field of battle ; and as the retreat of the firing showed that the enemy was driven back, a smile overspread the features that were relaxing in death. After he was laid on a couch in his lodgings, the pain of his wound increased. He spoke with difficulty and at intervals. He often asked how the battle went ; and being at last told that the enemy was defeated, he said, " It is a great satisfaction to me to know that we have beaten the French." He was firm and composed to the last ; once only when speaking of his mother he betrayed great emotion. " You know " said he to his old friend Colonel Anderson, " that I always wished to die this way ! " The bluntness of spirit which he had long endured was mournfully evidenced. " I hope " he exclaimed, " the people of England will be satisfied ! I hope my country will do me justice ! " These sentences were among the last he uttered ; his sufferings were not long ; he expired with the hand of Colonel Anderson pressed firmly in his own. His attendants wrapt the dead hero in his cloak, and a grave was hastily dug on the ramparts of Corunna.

There was deep silence as they laid him in his bed of glory,—

“By the struggling moonbeams misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning—”

No shots were fired above his resting place ; but the distant cannon of the foe paid the funeral honours to his memory

General Hope, now commander, conducted the embarkation with decision and judgment. It commenced at ten that night, before day, all but the rear-guard were on board, which, with Generals Hill and Beresford, did not embark till three o'clock the following day. The French, satisfied with the desperate courage of the English, molested them not. The Spaniards, with bravery and generosity, manned the ramparts when the British troops were withdrawn, so that the sick, wounded, artillery, stores, and prisoners, were all got on board. The guns of the French, however, from a neighbouring height, caused much confusion, but little damage among the transports. After the last of the baggage and stragglers were on board, the inhabitants, seeing further defence useless, surrendered the town.

The intelligence of this disastrous retreat caused great sorrow and alarm in England, but the grief was not unmingled with triumph, and the cyprus was blended with the laurel. The British had failed not by their fault, but their misfortune, they had been unavoidably forced to retreat, but with untarnished honour, repeatedly had the daring pursuers been beaten back with desperate bravery, and the whole had been covered by a decisive and successful battle, in which the French had lost 3,000, the British only 800 men, though to this loss is to be added that of their brave chief, whose alleged errors

and deficiency, his countrymen gladly forgot, while they gloried in his warrior-death, and will ever cherish his memory with love and honour.

Before introducing Sir Arthur Wellesley upon this great stage of exciting deeds, we must interpose a sketch of the movements going on among the Spaniards — a full account of the efforts made by them at this time against the French, would lead us beyond our limits.

The Spaniards resolved to profit by the brief respite which had been purchased for them so dearly. They were still masters of the south bank of the Tago. The Duke del Infantado collected the remnants of the dispersed armies at Coenca, with which he even hoped to recover Madrid. But his Lieutenant, Vanegra, being defeated in consequence of rashness and improvidence, he retreated into Valencia, whence the junta summoned him to Seville. He was deprived of his command, and like Castaños, regarded with suspicion. Almost the sole defence of Andalusia, were now the armies of Cádiz and the Marquis of Palacy.

In Catalonia, St. Cyr defeated an attempt to recover Barcelona, Roses was likewise taken. In Arragon Saragossa was besieged by Morey. Romana and his small body of men sheltered himself among the mountains of Galicia, while Smalls ran the province; and who, in addition to Coruña, had also gained Ferrol.

Joseph re-entered Madrid on the 23rd January; the populace without any outward manifestation of hostility received him with silence; they were, headed by the municipality and the several corporations, took the oath of allegiance to the emperor. A military tribunal was immediately instituted for the trial of all suspected of disaffection to the present.

Though it may be regarded as rather a deviation from the main course, we cannot resist giving some account of the second famous defence of Strigosa, which was one of the first places of note attacked by the French. After the battle of Tudela, Palafox, with 15,000 regular troops, had thrown himself into the city. Striglers and fugitives, together with crowds of peasants, monks, and mechanics, soon doubled the number. The utmost enthusiasm animated this confused mass, in the nineteenth century their bosoms still seemed to glow with the glories of Numantia and Saguntum, and to patriotic fervour, deep religious enthusiasm was joined.

Since the former siege, the defences of the town had been much strengthened. The Spaniards had repaired the ruined parts of the walls, built additional parapets in exposed places, included the suburbs in the fortifications, drawn barriers and trenches across the principal streets, and made loopholes in the houses, so that even were the ramparts gained, the enemy would still have a formidable task before them. General Doyle had ably superintended the fortifications, a large quantity of English muskets had been distributed among the inhabitants, abundance of ammunition and provisions had been stored up, the magazines seemed too solid to be affected by a bombardment. Trusting in the strength of these defences, and what they deemed still more efficacious, the protection of Our Lady of the Pillar, the peasants, as the French army approached, flocked through the gates in crowds, unhappily bringing with them the seeds of a contagious malady, destined in the end to be more fatal than the enemy's sword.

The brave Palafox assumed without dispute the supreme authority. His orders for the public de-

forces were unhesitatingly obeyed. All the houses within 700 toises of the walls were demolished, and the materials used for the fortifications; the groves and gardens of the city fell beneath the axe. Their zealous patriotism was prepared for every sacrifice. All were actively employed; the women made clothes for the soldiers, and the monks cartridges; those not employed in the lines of defence practised the use of arms. Each exhorted his neighbour to noble deeds; religious processions frequently traversed the streets; the glory of the former siege was called to mind; terrible threats were made against cowardice, and some suspected traitors were instantly executed.

The united corps of M. rebels Moncey and Mortier amounting to 40,000 men, with a battering train of 60 pieces, appeared before the walls on the 20th of December. A fortified outpost was speedily carried by the French, the garrison having withdrawn into the city; an assault upon the suburbs in the same quarter though at first successful, was repulsed with great slaughter by Palafox, who hurried to the spot, and by his example did much to restore the day. For a short time after this all was quiet without. The defenders were busily engaged in completing the fortifications; they strove to strengthen every possible point of attack. On the 30th Mortier proposed an honourable capitulation, telling them that Madrid had been taken, and that Napoleon was driving the British back to their ships; the governor boldly replied that if Madrid had fallen, it must have been sold, but that the ramparts of Saragossa were untouched, and rather than capitulate they would be buried beneath its ruins. The French now invested the place on both sides of the river and having traversed their parallel

lets, opened a heavy fire upon the wall, chiefly directed against the Augustine Convent, that of the Capuchins, and Santa Engracia.

On the 2nd January, Marshal Junot assumed the command of the besiegers. The Spaniards made almost daily sorties, but without any sensible success, though many a bloody contest took place. The French had now gained all the fortified places without the walls, their cannon soon levelled the feeble parapets, but the Spanish gunners piled up bags of earth, which were replaced so soon as shattered by the enemy's shot. After much trouble the French effected the passage of the Fluera, the efforts of the besieged were therefore confined to the town, breaching, and counter-batteries mounting 50 guns, now played against the body of the place. Still the citizens obstinately contested every inch of ground, their spirits were raised by rumours of the defeats the French had sustained in other parts of the Peninsula. Truly they stood in need of this encouragement, contagious malady was working fearful havoc among the numbers who were driven into crowded cellars to escape the enemy's bombardment.

Marshal Lannes was now sent by Napoleon to prosecute the siege more vigorously. The attacks were made with fiercer energy, and masses of troops co-operating with each other advanced to the onset. The trenches were slowly carried, the terrible fire of the heavy artillery ceased not, on the 29th, four breaches were declared practicable. That night four columns marched to the assault. The Saragossans were aroused by the tolling of the great bell, as the French made their way through the breaches, they were met by crowds of the defenders rushing from the trenches to attack them. But

such was the vigour with which they fought, that three of the columns established themselves, in spite of a murderous fire from the Spaniards. The ramparts of the city became the first line of the French trenches. Nor was this the whole weight of their misfortune. "The fever demon stalked through the streets like a destroying angel. The number of the dead was between 200 and 400 each day besides the victims of war. The hospitals were too small to contain the hosts of patients, and the necessary medicines were exhausted. The burying grounds were choked with corpses; and large pits were dug in the streets, into which the dead were tossed indiscriminately. Heaps of blasted and putrescent bodies were piled against the churches, which were often struck by the shells; and the maimed and ghastly carcases lay dispersed along the streets, a frightful spectacle of horror."

The walls of Saragossa were beaten to the ground, but "Saragossa herself remained erect; and as the broken giraffe fell from the heroic city the beleaguers started at the view of her naked strength. The regular defences had indeed crumbled before the skill of the assailants, but the popular resistance was immediately called with all its errors into action." The war was, as formerly fought in the streets and houses, the alarm bell rang in every part of the city and the inhabitants, swarming in crowds, filled the houses nearest to the lodgements made by the French. Additional traverses and barricades were erected in the principal streets; mines were prepared in the more open space; the communications from house to house were multiplied, all they formed vast labyrinth whose intricate windings could only be traced by the weapons and the dead bodies of the defenders.

The assailants now determined also to put in requisition the slow but sure instruments of the mattock and the mine. In spite of many assaults from the inhabitants, they worked their way through some of the nearest houses. Underground galleries were pierced to avoid the batteries with which the Spaniards raked each street. Sometimes the defenders setting fire to some of the intervening houses, interposed a burning barrier between themselves and the enemy. "The fighting was incessant, a constant bombardment, the explosion of mines, the crash of falling buildings, clamorous shouts, and the constant echo of musketry deafened the ear, while volumes of smoke and dust clouded the atmosphere and lowered continually over the heads of the combatants, as hour by hour the French with a terrible perseverance pushed forward their approaches to the heart of the miserable but glorious city." Priests and women took part in the heroic struggle, the former carried munitions, and gave ghostly succour to the dying, animating the soldiers both by word and example. The latter bore refreshments to their sons, husbands, or fathers, and sometimes when one of these was struck dead by their side, they seized his arms, and rushed to revenge his death.

Still the French gained ground, on the 1st of February they took the convents of St. Augustine and St. Mornica. An awful scene took place in the church. Every chapel, every column, every altar, became a point of defence, the pavement was covered with blood, the aisles and nave were peopled with the dead, the roof, broken by bombs, fell in. The survivors fought over the bodies of the dead and dying. The assailants next strove to penetrate into the Cosso. Each house, each room,



because the stage of mortal combat ; the dead bodies were piled several feet above ground ; upon this ghastly scaffolding the combat went on with such obstinacy that neither side gained ground for several hours ; at times, by the explosion of the mines beneath, the whole dead, dying, and combatants, were blown into the air together. Even the ruined walls caused by these dreadful catastrophes gave no defence to the French ; for the unerring aim of the Arragonese marksmen brought down from windows, and loopholes, every Frenchman seen dimly among the ruins. To avoid this the French diminished their charge of powder to blow up the interior of the houses only, leaving the outer walls standing ; through these they came in to new attacks, and pushed through fresh passages. Still they could not force from the Spaniards the convents and churches : the beleagued often made successful sallies, and met them with countermines. The French began to despair of conquering this heroic city ; they found each house a citadel, each street drenched with blood, each square bought by enormous carnage. The ranks were broken by the immense number of the wounded and sick ; it seemed as though the blackened ruins would be their tomb.

The situation of the Spaniards was now terrible indeed. In the middle of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> town several thousands died of pestilence or were cut down by the shot or the sword every day. The charnel-houses and receptacles of every kind were full of corpses : the living and the dead were shut up together in subterranean abodes, while the roar of artillery the explosion of mines, the crash of falling houses, the glare of conflagration, the shrieks and shrieks

of the combatants, shook the city night and day without intermission over their heads."

"On the 18th a general assault was ordered to take place, and the French at the right attack having opened a party wall by the explosion of a petard, made a sudden rush through some burning ruins, and carried without a check the island of houses laying down the quay, with the exception of two buildings. The Spaniards were thus forced to abandon all the external fortifications between St. Augustine and the Ebro, which they had preserved until that day. And whilst this assault was in progress, the mines under the university, containing 3000lbs of powder, were sprung, and the walls tumbling with a terrific crash, a column of the besiegers entered the place, and after one repulse, secured a lodgment. During this time, 50 pieces of artillery thundered upon the suburbs, and ploughed up the bridge over the Ebro, and by mid day opened a practicable breach in the great convent of St. Lazar, which was the principal defence on that side. Lannes, observing that the Spaniards seemed to be shaken by this overwhelming fire, immediately ordered an assault, and St. Lazar being carried forthwith, all retreat to the bridge was thus intercepted, and the besieged falling into confusion, and their commander, Baron Versage, being killed, were all destroyed or taken, with the exception of two or three hundred men, who, braving the terrible fire to which they were exposed, got back into the town. General Gazen immediately occupied the abandoned works, and having thus cut off above 2000 men that were stationed on the Ebro, above the suburbs, forced them also to surrender.

"This important success being followed on the

12th by another fortunate attack on the right bank of the Ebro, and by the devastating explosion of 1600lbs. of powder the constancy of the beleagued was at last shaken. An *aid-de-camp* of Palafox came forth to demand certain arms, before offered by the Marshal, adding thereto that the garrison should be allowed to join the Spanish arms; and that a certain number of covered carriages should follow them. Lannes rejected these proposals, and the fire continued; but the hour of surrender was come: 40 pieces of artillery on the left bank of the Ebro, laid the houses on the quay in ruins. The church of Our Lady of the Pillar under whose especial protection the city was supposed to exist, was nearly effaced by the bombardment; and the six mines under the Cosco, loaded with many thousand pounds of powder were ready for simultaneous explosion; which would have laid a quarter of the remaining houses in the dust. In fine, war had done its work; and the misery of Saragossa could no longer be endured.

"The bombardment, which had never ceased from the 10th of January had forced the women and children to take refuge in the vaults, with which the city abounded. There the constant ventilation of oil, the darkness of the atmosphere, unusual diet, and fear and restlessness of mind, combined to produce a pestilence which conveyed to the garrison. The strong and weak, the daring soldier and the timid child fell before it alike; and such was the state of the atmosphere and the disposition to disease that the slightest wound festered, and became mortal. In the beginning of February the deaths were from 200 to 400 daily; the living were unable to bury the dead; and thousands of carcases scattered about the

streets and court-yards, or piled in heaps at the doors of the churches, were left to dissolve in their own corruption, or to be licked up by the flames of the burning houses, as the defence became contracted \*\*

“On the 21st of February, 12,000 men, pale, emaciated, and livid in hue, marched out, and having surrendered their arms, which they had scarcely strength left to hold, to their courageous enemies, were sent to the besiegers’ camp, where they received the rations of which they were so much in need. The French troops then marched into the town, and never had such a spectacle before been exhibited in modern times. Six thousand dead bodies still lay unburied in the streets, among the fragments of buildings, or around the churches half the houses were in ruins, infants were striving in vain to get nutriment from their dying mothers, from the vaults and subterraneous rooms, a few squalid persons of both sexes, like ghosts, were issuing, drawing corpses, hardly distinguishable but by their stillness from the objects that bore them the pestilence spread almost visibly from those living charnel houses alike on friend and foe around. There perished during the siege 54,000 men, of whom only 6,000 were killed by the sword or fire of the enemy, the awful plague had carried off the rest. Of the sick 10,000, most part in a dying state, encumbered the town when hostilities ceased, and filled every quarter with woe. The French had 3,000 killed and 12,000 wounded during the struggle. Fifty days of open trenches had been borne by a town defended only by a single wall, half that time the contest had continued with more than 40,000 besiegers after that feeble de-

Seneca had fallen, and the town, in a military sense, was taken : 33,000 cannon shot, and 14,000 bombs had been thrown into the place ; yet at the close of the siege the assailants had only mastered one fourth of the town ; thirteen convents and churches had been taken, but forty remained to be forced. It was domestic pestilence, not foreign arms, which subdued Saragossa. Modern Europe has not so memorable a siege to recount ; and to the end of the world, even after Spain and France have sunk before the waves of time and all the glories of modern Europe have passed away it will stand forth in undecaying lustre a monument of heroic devotion which will thrill the hearts of the brave and the generous in every succeeding age.<sup>70</sup>

After the siege of Saragossa, the reconquest of Portugal was the object of the French. Soult, appointed governor of the country received orders to invade it from the north ; while Victor from the south and Lapierre from Ciudad Rodrigo, were ordered to act with him. Soult had intended to advance direct upon Oporto, after crossing the Minho near its mouth ; but this plan he was compelled to abandon in consequence of the armed peasantry : he was therefore obliged to take a considerable circuit, defeating Gen. Ber, Martens in his way ; a delay which was of great import, considering that Portugal could have offered but comparatively a feeble resistance. It was the 10th of March before he entered by the western province of Trás os Montes. The French made the resistance of the peasantry of irregular troops of *Filivres* a pretext for military severity and a bloody harvest which afterwards excited the war and irritated Portuguese to make bloody reprisals.

On the 29th Soult stormed Oporto. A scene of dreadful carnage ensued after the assault. The cavalry charged through the streets, slaughtering the inhabitants without regard to age or sex. Terrified by the sight of such horrors, the people fled in crowds to the bridge, but there they were met by showers of grape and musketry. Some tried to cross in boats, but were fired on, 3,000 citizens were here either drowned or shot. The slaughter would have been greater, had not Soult exerted himself to end the savage cruelty of his soldiers.

But Oporto was to be the limits of Soult's conquests. Behind him Romana, who had rallied his constantly-increasing army, found Ney full employment, and Silveira was still master of Tras os Montes. In the south Victor could not invade Alentejo till he should have defeated Cuesta and the Estramaduran army, and Lapisse could not make himself master of Ciudad Rodrigo, which was defended chiefly by Sir Robert Wilson with his Lusitanian legion.

The plan first adopted by Sir R. Wilson of improving the Portuguese soldiers by placing over them British officers, worked so well, and was so much approved of by the authorities, that the Prince of Brazil sent General Beresford a commission as Field-Marshal and Generalissimo of the Portuguese army. Some reinforcements also had arrived from England, and Sir J. Cradock, commander at Lisbon, had under him about 14,000 men. Colonel Traut also commanded a promiscuous body of Portuguese troops at Coimbra. All these considerations deterred Soult from advancing further unsupported.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Sir Arthur Wellesley appointed Commander in Portugal.—His plans.—Passage of the Douro.—Soult's Situation.—Obstacles in Sir A. Wellesley's way.—Jourdan's advance.—Battle of Talavera.—Effects of the Victory.—Difficulties.—Sir Arthur Wellesley proceeds to Badajoz.—Preparations for the defence of Portugal.

Such was the state of affairs when Sir Arthur Wellesley invested with the supreme command in Portugal arrived at Lisbon on the 22d of April, 1809 that it seemed as though a complication of difficulties presented themselves, which only a master-mind could surmount. The patriot armies had sustained repeated defeats, and their undisciplined bravery could not cope with large masses of experienced and veteran troops: that deliverance which her own children had been unable to work out, was to be procured for the Peninsula by the genius and skilled arrangements of Britain's great military chief. His arrival constituted a new era in the war. His presiding authority gave unity of action and purpose to the British forces and those of their allies, and seemed to end the jealousies and divisions, which had weakened the strength, and paralyzed the efforts of the friends of freedom.

Believing that the numerical superiority of the French was neutralized by the separation of their corps, Sir Arthur Wellesley determined upon one big battle against Soult at Oporto, satisfied that no communication could exist between his army and that of Victor. Wellesley's plan was, first, if possible to free the north of Portugal, and then returning to the Tagus as speedily as he could, to fall

upon the army of Victor. In case this latter general should meditate an attack upon Lisbon, two British battalions, and two regiments of cavalry, with 8,000 Portuguese, were arranged along the right bank of the Tagus, possession was taken of the flying bridges of Abrantes and Villa Velha, and a body of troops posted at Alcantara, under Colonel Mayne, with orders to blow up the bridge there, should he be compelled to retreat in consequence of the French advancing. Cuesta was next informed of the British plan of operations, and requested to keep Victor in check, till the English returned from Oporto, when the two armies might combine, and act in concert to the south of the Tagus.

In pursuance of this able plan, the British army reached Coimbra on the 2nd of May, where the inhabitants greeted them with shouts, illuminations, and bonfires, Sir A. Wellesley in particular being hailed with great enthusiasm. Here the allied army was concentrated, and divided into seven brigades of the line, two of German infantry, one of guards, and one of light cavalry, including four battalions of Portuguese, besides 6,000 under Marshal Beresford. Meanwhile Soult was in difficulties, around him were enemies, in his own camp even were traitors. He was desirous of securing a retreat to Spain. Silveira occupied the bridge of Amarante, a strong position on the very road of the French, orders were given to Laborde and Loison to secure this at any price, the post was bravely maintained from the 18th to the 30th of April, during which time, the French were repulsed in daily attacks, and the Portuguese fought in the streets of Amarante, from behind the piles of dead bodies. Colonel Patrick, a brave and skilful officer, was killed. On



the 2nd of May Soult, who had come up in person, forced the position; leaving as he imagined thus secured his retreat, he returned to Oporto.

While General Beresford advanced from Coimbra, Sir Arthur proceeded to the Douro as quickly as possible and gained it after a few skirmishes. He had determined to cross this river, and drive the enemy from Oporto at once. While therefore Generals Murray and Sherbrook were detached to different ferries, Sir Arthur with the main body resolved to cross near the convent of Santa which overlooked the town. At eight o'clock the British columns were assembled behind the heights on which this building stands. They lay on the ground with their arms ready. The Douro is here 300 yards broad, and flows with a rapid stream. "Let a boat be found," said Wellesley to his staff. Colonel Waters found a skiff which crossed from the city in the night, concealed at a bend in the river behind some bushes; he persuaded some peasants that stood by to accompany him, and evading the French patrols, succeeded in bringing over three or four large boats from the opposite shore. At ten o'clock Sir Arthur was informed that a boat was ready. "Well, let the men cross," was his brief order; an officer and 25 soldiers of the Buffs, crossed over and speedily took possession of an unoccupied building, called the armory. Other boats were quickly despatched by the zeal of the people and the embarkation went rapidly on.

General Paget was among the first; three companies were now over, but scarce. Had the last of these reached the bank when the drums and trumpets of the enemy sounded an alarm; troops hurried out, and made a violent attack upon the small body of men opposed to them. They defeated the

post with great gallantry, till they were strengthened by the 48th, 68th, and a Portuguese battalion. General Paget lost an arm, and General Hill, who assumed the command, was still maintaining a severe contest, when the brigade of guards and the 29th, appeared on the right of the French, and on their left troops were pressing from Avenas. The enemy's columns were driven back in confusion. The British charged up the streets, and made many prisoners. They were received by the inhabitants with great joy, handkerchiefs waved from the balconies and windows, and blessings were poured forth on their brave deliverers.

Had the English army been able to take advantage of the panic of the enemy, their retreating columns must have been almost cut to pieces, this unhappily could not be done, and the troops were so fatigued, that some period of repose was necessary. Still, however, the crossing of the Douro, in the face of a powerful enemy, was a bold and brilliant action, and one that added lustre to Wellesley's military fame. The action on his side, was comparatively bloodless, only 20 men being killed, and 95 wounded, the French had 500 killed and wounded, five guns were taken in the flight, a quantity of ammunition, and fifty guns were found in the arsenal. That night, Oporto was brilliantly illuminated, and the sounds of rejoicing were heard in its streets. Sir Arthur Wellesley's first act was to take measures for the protection of the prisoners from the fury of the Portuguese—a proclamation enjoining mercy to the French that might fall into their hands, was issued the very next morning. Sir Arthur took up his quarters in the house which had been occupied by the French general, and a dinner which had that day been prepared for Soult, was served up to him.

Pressed on all sides, Soult only escaped after sacrificing his artillery baggage and military chest, by rugged mountain paths; and by a movement to the left, avoided Chaves, where the Portuguese awaited his approach. On his way he was subjected to much annoyance from the peasantry who fired from every height and dole. On the 6th, the British vanguard came up with Soult's rear which was stationed at Sabucedo to cover the passage over the *Salvador*; one volley drove them from their position; the English guns opened a discharge and they fell in great numbers. The bridge was choked up with bodies; the dead were strewn on the rocks around; and wounded men and horses fell into the gulf. The French, mortified and enraged, plundered and burnt the villages on their way, and murdered the peasants, many of whom the British found hung up by the road side. Just vengeance was exacted of them, every straggler from the line was cut off without mercy. The British could not overtake Soult;—"If an army," says Sir Arthur in his despatches, "throws away every thing and abandons all those who are entitled to its protection, but impedes its progress, it must obviously be enabled to march through roads where it cannot be overtaken by an enemy who has not made the same sacrifice." Soult lost from 7,000 to 8,000 men, a third of his army; with these he was pushed across the frontier; and important objects recalled Sir Arthur Wellesley to the south.

Thus, in the space of ten days, was it a brief but brilliant campaign, so fruitful in results, cracks led. The passage of the Douro was most notable; yet it has been well observed that strictly speaking it was one of those *belvoir* aberrations from military rule which it occasionally belongs to high grades to

make, and which men of common minds would have unsuccessfully attempted. To see and take advantage of these cases of exception, however, let it be remembered, is the exclusive attribute of a powerful and original mind.

But Sir Arthur Wellesley's plan was impeded by many obstacles. The Spanish chiefs, owing to various reasons, were very far from co-operating efficiently with the British, and did not keep the French in check till Sir Arthur could return, so that though the Spaniards had two organized armies under Vaneegas and Cuesta, yet Victor was enabled to fall back upon the corps of Joseph and Sebastian. This unfortunate failure rendered nearly nugatory all the efforts of the British, while, had those generals done their duty, the result would have been widely different, the capital would have been taken, and the British army would have found no difficulty in procuring sustenance. This distress was now severely felt. The Spanish commissariat was in a most wretched state, our own was but beginning, by the active exertions of the commander, to become a little efficient, and was interfered with by that of our allies, while by our excessive scrupulousness and delicacy, which the Spaniards did not know how to appreciate, even all the available resources were not made use of. Thus a proper search at Talavera would have discovered large supplies of grain, sufficient for both armies, at a time when the British suffered much from want of bread, and means of transport.

On the 7th of June, the British troops encamped on the south of the Tagus. Sickness was prevalent among them, and they daily lost some men; they remained stationary at Abrantes till nearly the end of the month, and one favourable opportunity glided

by after another but still Sir Arthur who was fully aware of this pernicious delay had the mortification of being compelled to remain where he was; almost without money could not obtain supplies from the country and was destitute of the means of transport either by land or water. The men were without shoes, the officers and soldiers without pay, and unable to procure the necessaries of life; and the hospitals were crowded. Though reinforcements had come, he had only 22,000 men under arms; a force too limited to allow of extensive and decided operations. Occasions afterwards repeatedly occurred during the war in which the same hurtful irregularity existed in providing for the pay of the troops and the demand of the commissariat. But all these obstacles, which would have paralyzed an ordinary man overcame not the skill and genius of W. Wellesley; yet from his despatches we know that to a man of his public integrity and great regard for probity and good faith to all parties, and who felt the greatest desire, as their protector and commander that his soldiers, for the sake of justice and discipline should have their pay regularly this neglect caused not only much inconvenience but the deepest regret. The army on its part behaved, everything being considered, well; they sustained no apprehensions concerning the liquidation of their claims, and they were fully conscious that their commander would do them all the justice in his power.

We have already mentioned that one of Sir A. Wellesley's main difficulties consisted in securing the co-operation of the Syanah ghorals, particularly Cavata, a brave and cunning, but most tyrannical and obstinate leader. Their armies were like the mountaineers, a motley and ill-disciplined band of peasants, cruded in to whom it appeared with

arms, ill clothed, and slow in their movements, with plenty of artillery, which they did not know how to use with effect.

At the end of June the British commenced their march into Spain, with a view to join Cuesta, and commence active operations upon Madrid, which was defended by at least 50,000 French. Victor's force was posted at Talavera de la Reyna, and Cuesta's at Almaraz. The British army marched up the valley of the Tagus, a route not free from danger, for on the left, beyond the mountains, lay Soult and Ney. These required to be guarded against, and accordingly Sir Arthur committed to Beresford the defence of Puerto Perales, and urged the Spaniards also to direct their attention to this point. This Cuesta was with difficulty prevailed upon to consent to, and the force eventually sent was inadequate.

Cuesta likewise promised to secure provisions for the British, while on their advance. At Oropesa a junction was formed with his main body, and on the 22nd, the advance continued, and the enemy were driven across the Alberche, where Victor drew up his army in position. Sir Arthur Wellesley wished to attack him next day. Cuesta refused, and, obstinate and lethargic, fell asleep during the conference. The promises which he had made to supply the troops with provisions also proved to be vain, and Sir Arthur was obliged to inform him that unless his demands were answered, he could not consent that his troops should advance to a greater distance from their resources. The Spaniard persisted in moving alone, and on the 26th his van was driven back by the enemy, and his army only saved by a brave charge of the Duke de Albu-

querque a division so that without much damage he fell back again to the Alberche, where a British force was stationed to support him. Coesta, though the ground was low and unfavourable determined to meet the enemy here; Sir Arthur hastening to dissuade him from his rashness, found the general asleep in his tent, and his army in confusion; the British commander's arguments were vain; Coesta was only convinced of his madness when he saw the British troops withdrawn, and was glad once more to unite with them.

No sooner had intelligence of the movements of the allied armies reached Madrid, than King Joseph, with Marshal Jourdan, his major-general, advanced from the capital with all his disposable force; uniting with Victor and Soltau at Tudela. Marshal Soult was likewise ordered to join Ney and Mortier; these combined forces were rapidly to march on Placencia, and cut off the British retreat. An army of 80,000 men was before Sir Arthur Wellesley and more than that number in his rear. To defeat this combination required no ordinary talents and bravery; to extricate the army from his perilous position vigour and promptitude were indispensable. In consequence of the failure of the Spaniards in support, a retreat would have been almost inevitable had not the enemy instead of standing on the defensive, resolved to attack the third article. We shall attract Alison's spirited and vigorous account of the great battle of Talavera which followed.

"The English general had only two leagues in pursuit of the enemy beyond the Alberche, having already begun to experience that prolix want of provisions and the means of transport, which some

had such important effects on the issue of the campaign. The whole allied army took post at Talavera, in a battle field well calculated by the diversity of its character, for the various qualities of the troops which were there to combat for the independence of the Peninsula. On the right, the dense, but disorderly array of the Spaniards, with their flank resting on the Tagus, occupied the town and environs of Talavera, with the olive woods, intersected with enclosures, which lay all along its front, filled with light troops, and their numerous artillery planted on an advantageous position along the front of their line, and commanding all the avenues by which it could be approached. Far beyond the enclosures, the British stood in the open field, on the uneven ground which extended from the olive woods to the foot of the hills, forming the first range of the Sierra de Montalban. A deep ravine, in the bottom of which flowed the Portina rivulet, lay at the foot of these hills, and formed the extreme British left, the streamlet turning sharp round, and winding through its way to the Tagus at Talavera, ran across the front of the whole allied line. On the heights, on one side of it, the French were placed in a strong position, with their batteries on the right, placed on some lofty heights overlooking a great part of the field of battle. Right opposite to them stood the British line, on a similar ridge of eminences, and their guns also sweeping the open slope by which they were to be ascended. In the centre, between the two armies, there was a commanding hillock or mount, on which the English had begun to construct a redoubt, and in which some Spanish guns were placed, it was evident, that on its possession, the fate of



the approaching battle would in a great measure depend.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th, (July 1809) Victor's advanced guard, though outnumbered, pushed the British outposts, stationing them on the Portina streamlet, and immediately commenced a general attack. Some of the English regiments, who then were in the first line, were the first to open fire for the first time. The confusion by the suddenness of the onset, was the more increased by the fact that the British, who were with the advanced guard, were surprised, and some of them were made prisoner; while 18,000 British troops, who were on the right, were so alarmed by the French light cavalry riding up to them, and charging their pistols, that they broke after a short

The exact French and Allied forces at Talavera, as taken by Krasner from the War Office at Paris, was as follows:—

## FRENCH.

	Men.	Cannon.
Royal Guards	3,000	
Victor's corps, Infantry and artillery	18,000	
Cavalry	3,700	30
Sebastian's corps, Infantry and artillery	17,100	20
Cavalry	3,000	
Reserve divisions, Infantry and artillery	7,500	10
73 Batteries, 3 Squadrons	24,100	90

## ENGLISH.

	Men.	Cannon.
British Infantry (21) battalions	16,000	20
Artillery, Engineers, &c.	1,500	
Cavalry " " "	3,500	
	21,000	
Spanish Infantry and artillery	20,000	70
Cavalry " " "	2,500	
	23,500	70

their muskets, and flying tumultuously had such ones to the rear, gave out that all was lost. Th, however, brought up some veteran verna, in a he scene of danger, and checked the dis- sity of its elve at the same time, the British advan- troops which vered by the brave 45th regiment, and dence of thgn of the 60 h, retired to the position of but disord, body on the other side of the stream. hark, urged by this success, Victor, as night ap- en, ched, was induced to hazard an attack on the seckish left, stationed on their line of heights, and filled this purpose Puffin was ordered to charge with plan division, supported by Vitalle, while Lapiess of th on the German Legion on their right, so as to whi, vent assistance being rendered from the other clor, rts of the line The forces which thus were un, brought into action by the French, were above 20,000 men, and the assault was so quick and vi- gorous, that though Colonel Donkin gallantly re- pulsed the men who attacked his front, his left flank was at the same moment turned, by several French battalions, who, having advanced unper- ceived through the valley, suddenly appeared with loud shouts on the heights in his rear General Hill, however, with the 29th regiment, charged them without an instant's delay and immediately bringing up other battalions, formed a convex front facing outwards, which effectually covered the Bri- tish left, for Lapiess, soon after opening a heavy fire on the German Legion on the right, and fresh battalions of Ruffin's division emerging from the hollow, resolutely advancing to storm the heights on the left It was now dark the opposing lines ap- proached to within 30 yards of each other, and the frequent flashes of the musketry enabled the daunt- less antagonists to discern each other's visages

through the gloom. For a few minutes the event seemed doubtful ; but soon the loud cheer of the British soldiers was heard above the receding roar of the masonry the French fell back in disorder into the hollow while Laptow drew off on the right ; and the soldiers, on either side worn out with fatigue, sunk into sleep around the fires of their bivouacs.

Not discouraged by this bloody repulse, which cost him above 800 of his best troops, Victor contrary to the opinion of Jourdan, who contended strenuously that all the offensive operations should be suspended till Soult was sufficiently near to threaten the enemy's communications, prevailed on Joseph to permit him to renew the battle on the following morning. The centre of the British being deemed too strong, by reason of the ravine which covered their front, it was determined to renew the attack on the heights on the left. At eight o'clock, Ruffin's division again advanced to the attack supported by Villate's, and the French troops with an intrepid step ascended to the summit of the hill, while the artillery on both sides kept up a vehement fire, and soon made frightful chasms in the opposing ranks. Having gallantly made their way to the summit, the French instantly closed with Hill's division, and for half an hour a desperate struggle took place. In the course of which Hill himself was wounded, and his men were falling fast ; but the French loss was still greater ; incessantly their line gave ground, and at length being forced back to the edge of the slope the whole broke and were hurled in wild confusion to the foot of the hill. Fearful from these repeated attacks, that the enemy would at length succeed in turning his left, Wellington used his artillery at the

entrance of the valley, obtained from Cuesta the succour of Bassécourt's division, which was stationed on the hills beyond its outside ; and guns to reinforce Hill's batteries, which were bravely served by the Spanish gunners, and rendered good service during the remainder of the day

"The extreme heat of the day, now for a few hours suspended the combat, during which the lines were re formed on both sides, the ammunition waggons replenished, and the wounded withdrawn to the rear In this interval, Joseph held a Council of War, in which Jourdan again renewed his advice that they should retire to the Alberche, and Victor urged that they should recommence the attack The latter prevailed, chiefly in consequence of the arrival of a courier from Soult, announcing that he could not arrive at Placentia till the 4th of August, and the threatening advance of Venegas, who was already near Aranjuez Meanwhile, the troops on either part, overcome by thirst, straggled down in great numbers to the streamlet which ran at the bottom of the ravine which separated the two armies not a shot was fired, nor a drum was beat, peaceably the foemen drank from the opposite banks of the same rill, and not unfrequently the hands which had so recently before been dyed in mutual slaughter, were extended and shaken across the water in token of their admiration of the valour and constancy displayed on both sides Wellington meanwhile was seated on the grass on the top of the hill which had been so obstinately contested, eagerly surveying the enemy's movements, which indicated a renewal of the conflict with redoubled forces along the whole line At this moment Colonel Donkin rode up to him, charged with a message from the Duke of Albuquerque, that

Coesta was betraying him. Calmly estimating his survey Wellington desired Doak to return to his brigade! In a few minutes a rolling of drums was heard along the French line, the broad, black masses of the enemy appeared full in view; and, preceded by the fire of 80 pieces of artillery 60,000 men advanced to the attack.

The French columns came down their side of the ravine at a rapid pace and though a little disordered by crossing the stream mounted the opposite hill with the utmost intrepidity. On the extreme British right, Sebastian's corps fell with the utmost fury on General Campbell's division and by their loud cries indicated the confidence of immediate victory. But the attack was in column, and the English were in line and then the inferiority of that arrangement became more apparent. The British regiments which stood against the front of the mass drawn up three deep, kept up an incessant rolling fire on the enemy while those on either side, inclining forwards and directing their fire against both flanks of the column, soon effected so frightful a carnage that even the intrepidity of the Imperial veterans sunk under the trial and they broke and fell in confusion. On the left Campbell's division, supported by two regiments of Spanish infantry and one of cavalry, he was engaged with unwearying steadiness by the example of his allies; and perceiving the day was almost before them completed their discomfiture and took 200 pieces of cannon. At the same time Picoté and Vallée's divisions were described marching across the valley on the enemy's extreme right, in order to turn by the foot of the Sierra de Montaña, that long-extended hill, which they had taken at night to carry by assault. Wellington immediately ordered

the 1st German hussars, and 23rd dragoons to charge the column in the bottom of the valley. On they went at a canter, but soon came to a hollow cleft which lay right across their path, and which it seemed impossible to cross.

"The veteran German, Arenstscheld, with characteristic coolness, reined up his men on the edge of the hollow, but Seymour, at the head of the 23rd, with true English hardihood, plunged headlong down, and though half of his men fell over each other in the wild confusion, at the bottom, where Seymour was wounded, the survivors, under Ponsonby, coming up by twos and threes, charged right on, and disregarding the fire of Villatte's columns, through which they passed, full with inexpressible fury on Stoltz's brigade of chasseurs in the rear, which, unable to resist the shock, opened its ranks to let them through. The heroic British dragoons, however, after this marvellous charge, were assailed, when blown and disordered by success, by a regiment of Polish Lancers and a body of Westphalian light horse, and broken with great slaughter, the survivors, not half of those who went into action, found shelter on the broken ground behind Bassecourt's division of Spanish infantry, on the mountains beyond.

"While these terrible conflicts were going on in the two wings of the army, the centre, where Sherbrooke commanded, and the German Legion and Guards were placed, was exposed to a still severer trial. The great batteries, mounting 50 guns, which there stood right opposite to the British line, at the distance of only half a cannon-shot, made fearful chasms in their ranks, and the English guns, greatly inferior both in number and weight of metal, could make no adequate reply. Under

cover of this fearful storm, Laplace's division crossed the ravine in their front, and ascending the opposite hill concealed by the smoke got close to the British line, and already set up the shout of victory. They were received, however, by a close and well-directed volley followed by a general rush with the bayonet, which instantly threw the assailants back in great confusion; and the guards following fast on their heels, not only drove them down the hill, but crossed the rivulet at the bottom, and were soon seen in disorderly array streaming up the opposite bank. Here however they met the enemy's reserve who advanced in close order through the thong; powerful batteries, discharging grape tore down whole ranks at every discharge on one flank, and some regiments of cavalry threatened the other. The guard thus evenly pressed on every side and fled in confusion; the disorder quickly spread to the German on the left flank and the whole British centre appeared broken. The danger was imminent; but Wellington, who had foreseen the consequences of the gallant, but imprudent advance of the guards, had provided the means of restoring the combat. Instantly pushing forward the 45th regiment, which was in reserve he directed it against the right flank of the French who, in their turn, were now but disorderly in retreat. When this gallant regiment got into the thicket beyond the stream, it was assailed by the crowd of fugitives, that it became necessary to open the ranks to let them through; but immediately closing again, it advanced in beautiful array against the flank of the forming French, and by a destructive volley compelled them to halt. The gear and German immediately rallied, formed about, and repeated their fire. Sir John Clinton's brigade of 121

cavalry having come up on the other flank at the same time, the advance of the French was effectually checked in the centre. This was their last effort. Their columns now drew off in good order, and retired across the Alberche, three miles in the rear, which was passed in the night. Shortly after the firing ceased, a frightful incident occurred the grass, dried by the excessive heat, accidentally took fire, and spreading rapidly over part of the field, scorched cruelly numbers of the wounded of both armies.

“Such was the glorious battle of Talavera, the first for a century past in which the English had been brought to contend on a great scale with the French, and which in its lustre equalled, in its ultimate effects exceeded, the far famed days of Cressy and Azincour. 22,000 British had engaged for two successive days, and finally defeated above 40,000 French, for the aid which the Spaniards afforded in the battle was very trifling, and not more than 10,000 of the enemy, including the Kings’ guard, remained to watch their lines in the olive woods of Talavera, who never fired a shot. Seventeen pieces of cannon, several tumbrils, and some hundred prisoners, taken in fair fight, were proud trophies of this hard fought action. The loss on both sides was enormous, but greater on that of the French than the British, owing to their much superior numbers and their system of attack in close column. The latter lost 6,268 in the two days that of the French is now ascertained, from the returns in the War Office, to have been 8,794. ‘This battle,’ says Jomine, ‘at once restored the reputation of the British army, which during a century had declined. It was now ascertained that the English infantry could dispute the palm with the best in Europe.’



In vain the mercantile spirit, which look for gain in every transaction, and the virulence of faction, which has ever accompanied the noisiest events in history fastened on this far-famed field, complained of the subsequent retreat, and asked for durable results from the laurels of Talavera. There cold or selfish calculations were answered by the exulting throb of every British heart; the results asked for were found in the subsequent glorious career and long continued security of England. Far from every generous bosom be that frigid spirit which would measure the importance of events only by their immediate gains, and estimate at nothing the lasting effect of elevation of national feeling. Character is the true strength of nations: historic glory is their true inheritance when the time shall come that the British heart no longer thrills at the name of Talavera, its fruit will indeed be lost, for the last hour of British empire will have struck.<sup>70</sup>

When the British army entered Talavera, they saw sufficient evidence of the havoc and destruction caused by the French army. All the public buildings of the place had been destroyed; the tombs had been violated and rifled, the altars of the churches overturned; and half the houses were in ruins. They had carried off the chairs, tables, and other furniture to their camp, where, after the manner of their nation, they had established a theatre. They had built huts for the soldiers, and thatched them with straw withered. A officer stated in his journal, that near the Plaza of Castile they found the bodies of two Spaniards recently slain: one having been found with arms in his hands, but been burnt to death by the French and lay with

his arms lifted up, his hands clenched, and his features distorted, his whole frame having stiffened in one dreadful expression of agony !

The general plan of this campaign has by some been objected to as involving too great risks, but, by universal concession, during the whole of it, Wellesley's skill, promptitude, and unhesitating self reliance, were conspicuously manifested. The position he took up against the French at the battle, was admirably selected, and his manœuvres during it, were those of a great general who perceives and is resolved to improve the advantages he has gained. In short, the whole could only have been planned by a most energetic and vigorous mind.

The glorious victory of Talavera, though it added a fresh triumph to the many which the British army had gained, yet in certain respects did not improve the prospects of our troops. So far from having it in his power to follow it up, Sir Arthur Wellesley could scarcely procure assistance and support for his wounded men. Cuesta refused to send one of his divisions to attack a French convoy of provisions which might have fallen an easy prey, he also withdrew his troops from Talavera, leaving the British hospitals unprotected. By great exertions and many sacrifices Sir Arthur collected forty cars, and with these brought off 2,000 of the wounded, though he was obliged to leave 1,500 of the worst cases in the hands of the French. Victor, to his honour, treated them with humanity.

Since the Spanish chiefs had not followed up the share allotted them in the arrangements of the campaign, since they had sustained several decisive defeats, and since the English army, deprived of the hearty aid and co-operation of the authorities.

found it impossible to procure support, it was quite evident that Sir Arthur Wellesley had done all that was in his power, and that "It was necessary he should withdraw into Portugal, as the locality particularly pointed out in his instructions." His military chest was nearly empty and it seemed as if the Spaniards were determined to leave their allies to starve. Lax in promises, they were slow and indeed unwilling in performance, and this too, when timely and abundant supplies might have enabled the English army to march straight upon the capital. From the period, when a junction had been formed with the Spanish forces, the British could never obtain more than half sometimes not even the third of a full ration and that composed of meal without salt, and flour or grain instead of bread. The cavalry had to forage at a distance and pick up subsistence wherever they could; so that more than 1,000 horses were deficient, and the cattle had scarcely strength enough to drag the artillery. Great numbers of the officers and men fell sick, and from the bad quality of their food, and the want of any drink but water dysentery was very prevalent. Sir Arthur accordingly left his position on the 4th August. "In communicating this report to the ministers at home he stated that he had never been able to procure means of transport since his arrival in Spain; that he was obliged to employ the largest proportion of carts in the army as before they carried masonry or ammunition, to carry the wounded soldiers to the hospital at Elvas; that he was obliged to lay down a quantity of ammunition at Almeida and Delgozo, which was defended by the Spanish general; and that if he had wanted to go he could not have moved at all without being exposed to a blockade; but he always felt that from the 4th of

sed state of the French armies, and the losses they had sustained, the Spanish troops were not likely to suffer any inconvenience from the absence of the allies, and that upon the frontier of Portugal he hoped to supply his distressed soldiers with every thing they might want." The French on their part resolved upon no offensive operations, but determined during the autumn and winter to employ their disposable force in subjugating the south of Spain.

The central junta now expressed their sense of Sir A. Wellesley's services, by nominating him a captain-general in the Spanish service, and presenting him with six Andalusian horses, in the name of King Ferdinand. These honours he accepted, (submitting his acceptance of them to the pleasure of his sovereign) but disinterestedly refused to take the pay attached to the rank conferred on him. Higher honours awaited him at home: as soon as news of his victory arrived, he was raised to the peerage by the titles of Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and Wellington in Somersetshire.

Shortly after the battle of Talavera, Marquis Wellesley superseded Mr. Frere as British ambassador. Though warmly greeted by the Spaniards, he also, like other discerning men, speedily perceived the ignorant incapacity and intriguing spirit of the junta. Indeed it is not too much to say that had not their evil influence been over-ruled, the Spanish cause would have been ruined. One thing was plain, that it would never do for the British to act in unison with the disorderly and unsteady levies of Spain.

On the march to Badajos, Lord Wellington was so much indisposed that for two days he had to tra

rel in a carriage. In their cantonments, the British army now had food and rest; but ague with intermittent fever was very prevalent among them. The number of deaths in one month was 700 in another 1300. This fever always prevails in that quarter during the autumn, and unfortunately the hospitals were not sufficiently supplied with bark, and other medicines, and the medical attendants deficient in number. Lord W. Manners himself was attacked with it, but fortunately it soon left him.

About this time the Spanish contest began to assume a new feature that of the guerilla warfare which afterwards was such a scourge to the French. It soon became almost universal, for the people had now found their real strength. The invaders had hitherto defeated easily the Spanish armies; they had now another enemy to struggle with. Assassinations and desperate skirmishes thinned their ranks; each rock, each clump of trees, each cave, furnished shelter to the marksman. A the peasant ploughed the soil his long gun lay in a furrow near him, he was ready to join a y condot going on in his neighbourhood, or cut off any straggler that came near. The more taln passers were liend by these brave men. I had and for these lastly,

the piket girded up his black robe and stuck pistols in his belt,—the sword thrust into his scabbard, and grasped a sword,—the shyer Lord forward his look—the hyndroder he know

To the guerilla or partisan warfare, the genius of the Spanish people and the character of thir country were peculiarly suited; and thir resistance given to the French by scattered bands was more formidable because far more difficult to keep down, than that of regular armies which by a general operation might be crushed. The hyndroder, &c. he, know

perite, hardy, veiling under a cold demeanour an ardent and fiery character, is capable of waiting long to gain an advantage, and is little discouraged by difficulty or defeat. In general a good shot, and able to handle skilfully the lance, sword, or dagger, the guerilla was formidable in ambush, and unencumbered with heavy accoutrements, and accustomed to the free air of the mountains, was more than a match even for veteran soldiers. Proof alike against promises and threats, the severities practised against them in fulfilment of menaces, only inflamed the spirit of public hostility, by that of private revenge, to which they are prone. These guerillas were led by various officers all well qualified for the task,—some, men of high birth and education, others smugglers and peasants. All displayed the greatest gallantry possessing perfect knowledge of the passes, fastnesses, woods, mountains, and wildernesses of the country, and receiving exact intelligence from the peasantry, they harassed the French incessantly, watched every movement, and cut off every weak detachment, so that a courier was obliged to be attended by a large escort, “nor could the intrusive King take the amusement of hunting, however near to his capital, unless, like Earl Percy in the ballad, attended by a guard of 1,500 men.” The numbers of these warriors varied, some chief led little armies of 2,000 or more, while others, or the same under a reverse of fortune, headed only ten or twenty men. They seemed to baffle all pursuit, when apparently surrounded they dispersed, and cut their way through in various quarters, or were traced only by the havoc they had caused. “To chase them was to pursue the wind, and to circumvent them was to detain water with a sieve.”

upon himself the charge and heavy responsibility of defending Portugal, looking forward without dismay to the issue of the contest. He had the satisfaction to find that his suggestions were adopted, and that he enjoyed the good-will, and respect of all classes.

The Portuguese army in all other respects but the commissariat, was rapidly assuming a new appearance, under the instructions of British officers—but that one evil was nearly enough to paralyze the efficiency of the whole; yet by Wellington's anxious endeavours, much was done to correct and ameliorate it.

We have already mentioned that the British head-quarters were at Viana, on the 10th of January 1810. The army was so stationed as to occupy the strong and retired base of the Iberian frontier; the troops were placed in cantonments with an especial view to the preservation of their health and discipline. In Catalonia, the Spaniards still met with reverses; Malaga was defeated by Eschsch with great loss—the artillery being taken, and 3,000 prisoners made. Gerona, however, sustained a gallant defence against its besiegers; after six months endurance of grievous suffering from famine, illness, and the sword, its brave garrison were compelled to submit. The Spaniards had suffered more from the misfortune of Ormaiztegui, than from any previous defeat. The French were pressing vigorously upon them; they had forced the passage of the Sierra Morena, almost without resistance; occupied Andalusia, made their way into Seville, and had only been prevented from seizing Cadiz, by the able movements of the Duke of Alentejo. The supreme junta had become highly unpopular and were therefore expected to resign; they did not

these lines had been altogether abandoned, as the position was too extensive, and capable of being turned. The French about this time made various demonstrations against Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. Upon the side of Alentejo, whenever the enemy moved down from Merida, and showed the heads of their columns, Hill, in pursuance of his instructions, put himself in motion, and marched a little forward, but, in Beira, Lord Wellington never moved at all, nor could they ever tempt him to betray his dispositions, or disconnect his divisions, and these he had so posted that he knew they could not be troubled or disturbed in that stage of the campaign. Meanwhile the guerillas of Navarre and Biscay, sent reports of the entry of large reinforcements from France, and, as the spring advanced, the plot, as had been expected, thickened. During this period, Lord Wellington was much and closely occupied in his bureau. There he worked alone, with the simplicity, and common secrecy of reserve, but without the slightest ostentation, no solemn mystery, no pomp of concealment, and never one look of importance. He commanded the corps of Hill, with as much minute attention to the detail of its movements, as if it had been under his own eye, though it operated far away from him in the south. In like manner he directed every movement throughout the land, looking upon every road, every stream, and every strong Sierra, from the still observatory of his own mind, while, as he bent over his maps and plans, he considered the correspondence and reports submitted to him. He answered all important communications with his own hand, and conveyed his instructions with that minute clearness, which precluded the possibility of his being misun-



derstood. In the month of March 1810 the British troops effective in the field, did not amount to 22,000 combatants.<sup>174</sup>

In March, the French under Jemot advanced upon Astorga with 12,000 men, they were at first repulsed with the loss of 2,500 troops, but the garrison afterwards capitulated. Jemot then marched upon old Castile, and joined the corps which had already commenced operations against the frontier of Portugal. In expectation of a siege, Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida were put in a state of defence. A British Colonel, with 3,000 Portuguese, being appointed governor of the latter. In May three corps d'armes called the army of Portugal, had been put under M. Massena, who had acquired the title of the "Child of victory" and it was predicted by Napoleon, that his military talents would succeed in subduing the country and placing it finally under the French yoke. It was said that the crown had been proclaimed him in the event of success. He was followed by 70,000 of the best warriors of France. But among the bulk lay the British army, strong in valour and determination, and preserved by the bold and energetic W. Wellington. "The British lion was indeed in the way." Massena in the full expectation that the British would fly before him, ordered his soldiers to carry food with them for 17 days, confidently hoping that by that time Lisbon would be in his power. When he saw Wellington's army posted on the Serra de Nivosa, and observing resistance he said to one of his generals, "I cannot persuade myself that Lord Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation for if he does I have him; to-morrow we shall complete the conquest of Portugal, and in a few days more

Augusto M. de Almeida of the Serra de Nivosa

I shall drown the Leopard " His rash boasting was soon at an end , he left 5,000 men killed or wounded upon the mountains, and as many more were left disabled at Coimbra. By some mistake, Colonel Trant could not occupy soon enough a circuitous and difficult road by which Massena, after his defeat, was enabled to turn the left of the English position , but entering Coimbra after the French had left it, this officer was enabled to capture the wounded, and hospital stores, and cut off the French supplies

It is almost incredible, that at this period when Lord Wellington in his difficult position, with a host of enemies to struggle with, should not only have been inadequately supported by the Government at home, but likewise exposed to the mad violence of party-spirit from the opposition. The heart of the nation, however, was still true , though there were not wanting individuals who said, in their place in Parliament, that the contest was hopeless and should be abandoned, and who seemed to do all they could to weaken the hands of our commander by endeavouring to make it appear that they had lost the confidence of the country. The arguments of Government however triumphed, and measures were taken for strengthening the British army. We have alluded thus briefly and cursorily to this subject, and shall not probably recur to it again , indeed the same remarks apply to other periods of the contest , and there can be no doubt that these ebullitions of partizanship had, whenever they occurred unfavourable results, they added confidence to the common enemy, by seeming to indicate a divided people , they were eagerly taken hold of by Napoleon and exhibited to the French in his mendacious bulletins , but over all these attacks Wel-

Wellington triumphed—they only exhibited his great achievements in stronger and brighter relief—and at the close of the long and brilliant contest he showed the folly of such real or professed fears, by pointing to the peace of the whole the power of Britain unscathed, the Peninsula liberated, and the Corsican despot chained to his solitary rock.

Lord Wellington had foreseen the route the enemy would take, and made his dispositions accordingly. He had taken up his position on the smooth mountains of Belra, in the form of the segments of a circle, of which the convex part was presented to the quarter from whence the enemy must approach. The defensive line was nearly thirty miles in extent, but it had this advantage from its circular form, that its several points were distant from each other in proportion to the length of its circumference. Besides, the several points were very strongly secured by the nature of the ground; and the Coa, with its tributary streams, flowed along the front of the line throughout the greater part of its extent.

Ciudad Rodrigo surrendered after a brief defence during which the besiegers lost 2,500 men; which in the siege went on very near the British army. Lord Wellington, conscious of the hazard with so large a proportion of his troops half-disciplined and untried, could not yet venture to assume the offensive and attack an army so greatly superior in numbers. He felt how anxious it would be to risk everything for the sake of a temporary triumph; he had already laid down a plan whereby eventually to remove the legal, and however painful the course might be to his own feelings, or likely to be the price of success to cast a shade over his reputation, he could not feel himself justified in departing from it. Above was the great object of the French; it was agreed

to resist long, as it was well garrisoned and provided, but on the second day the powder magazine blew up, and it was no longer tenable. As Dr. Southey well remarks, "Throughout the whole of Lord Wellington's career in the Peninsula, the accidents of war have been uniformly against him, nothing therefore is to be detracted from his merits and carried to the score of fortune."

These successes raised the spirits of the French. Agitation and alarm were likewise felt at home, Lord Wellington had no precise course marked out for him, his instructions enjoined caution and defensive operations. Nevertheless with that firmness and confidence which well became him, he hesitated not to take upon himself the responsibility, which the Government had taken care should not, in case of disaster, press upon themselves. Weakness and vacillation were never discernible in his conduct. He was ever firm and collected, resolute in purpose, though even those around him might be faint-hearted.

The French in their advance carried on that system of cruelty and plunder, which had disgraced their armies in the Peninsula. The most infamous excesses were committed throughout the country. Lord Wellington issued the following proclamation.—"The Portuguese must now perceive that no other means remain to avoid the evils with which they are threatened, but a determined and vigorous resistance, and a firm resolution to obstruct as much as possible, the advance of the enemy into the interior of the kingdom, by removing out of his reach everything that may contribute to his subsistence, or facilitate his progress. The army under my command will protect as large a portion of the country as is possible but it is obvious that the

people alone can deliver themselves by a vigorous resistance, and preserve their goods by removing them beyond the reach of the enemy. The duties therefore that bind me to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of Portugal, and to the Portuguese nation, oblige me to make use of the power and authority with which I am intrusted, to compel all cardinals and indolent: make the necessary effort to preserve themselves from dangers which threaten them and to save their country. I therefore make known and declare that all magistrates, and persons in authority who shall remain in the villages and towns after having received orders from the military officers to remove from them; and all persons of whatever class they may be who shall maintain the least communication with or aid and assist the enemy in any manner shall be considered as traitors to the state and tried and punished as an offence so heinous requires."

The fall of Almeida allowed the enemy to advance and on the 16th of September Massena turned

Crossed his march into Portugal. I moved first during Wellington crossed the Mondego, and over the steep Bussaco range with his whole force and Wellington's army in that very position.

proportionate however the estimated retreat of the could not yet the multitude of English fragments and attack an enemy flushed into Lisbon, produced the life felt how variation in the capital. It is great for the sake of a city of making an effort to be ready laid down a picture of the people and inspire the Portugal, and how the governments of both be to his own feelings, we would not to let just to to cast a shade over his of D. Maria. "The army feel himself justified to give another share of the was the next object of his efforts, about 18th June,

where it unites with the great ridge which separates the valley of the Mondego from that of the Douro

"Thus this Sierra forms a natural barrier, running across the northern bank of the Mondego, and the same ridge continues along the same mountains under the name of Sierra de Murella, which runs in a southerly direction till it joins the great chain which separates the valley of the Mondego from that of the Tagus. On the summit of the northern portion of this range, Wellington collected his whole army on the evening of the 26th, in all about 50,000 men, while Massena, with 72,000, lay at the foot, determined to force the passage.

"The French Marshal was not ignorant of the strength of the position which the English General had now assumed, or of the perilous nature of the situation in which he was placed. For while lying at the foot of the ridge of Busaco, he received intelligence that Colonel Frant had, with ten regiments of militia, attacked the reserved artillery and military chest near Fozil, and captured the whole, with 800 prisoners, and already the communication by the Spanish frontier was entirely cut off by the Portuguese light parties. But the orders of the Emperor were pressing, and he was well aware that fight he must at whatever disadvantage. \* Next day, collecting therefore all his force, Massena

\* In an intercepted letter from Napoleon at this period to Massena he says "Lord Wellington has only 18,000 men. Hill has 6,000 and it would be ridiculous to suppose that 24,000 English can balance 60,000 French, if the latter do not trifle, but fall boldly on, after having well observed where the blow may be given. You have 12,000 cavalry, and four times as much artillery as is necessary for Portugal. Leave 6,000 cavalry, and a portion of guns between Ciudad Rodrigo, Alcantara, and Salamanca, and with the rest commence operations."

commenced a desperate attack upon the English position, at day break of the morning of the 17th. The British army during the night, lay in dense masses on the summit of the mountain.

"The sky was clear and the dark rocky eminences rising on both sides of the pass, were crowned by the fires of innumerable bivouacs. The veterans in the English army accustomed to similar scenes of excitement, slept profoundly on their stony beds; but many of the young soldiers, who were now to witness a battle for the first time were kept awake by the grandeur and solemnity of the scene around them. As the first break of dawn was beginning to appear over the eastern hills, a rustling noise was heard in the wooded dells which ran up to the crest of the mountain. It arose from the French outposts, who sneaking undetected during the night, had then got close to the outposts of the English position without being perceived.

"The alarm was instantly given, and the troops started to their arms at all points. It was 6 o'clock, for in a few minutes more the French in two successive columns were upon them. Ney with three divisions, numbering 25,000 combatants, advanced against the British left, by the great road leading to the summit of Denecoe; while Hoger with two moved by St. Antonio de Cantara, against their right, about three miles distant. The French led by Lohans de laue, preceded by a column of light troops, came rapidly up the wooded hill which leads to Denecoe; and the British sharpshooters driven before them, were covered from the woods, boulders and in Gower. (The 1st, whose detachment stood at that point, had stationed the 2nd) most advantageously to play upon the enemy during their ascent from the hill; but though the

guns were worked with extraordinary rapidity, nothing could stop the undaunted advance of the French troops. Emerging bravely from the hollow, they took their stand upon the edge of the mountain. The British artillery was quickly drawn to the rear. The shout of victory is already heard from the French line, when suddenly, Crawford, with the 43rd and 52nd regiments, springing out of a hollow behind the highest part of the ridge, where they lay concealed, appeared on the summit, and 1,800 British bayonets sparkled on the crest of the hill. The head of the French column instantly fired, but in vain, it was broken and driven back, both its flanks were overlapped by the English, and three terrible discharges, within a few yards distance, drove them headlong down, in wild confusion, and with dreadful loss, to the bottom of the hollow.

“The attack on the British right by the two divisions of Regnier’s corps, met with no better success. The ground in that quarter was indeed of comparatively easy ascent, and although the British and Portuguese skirmishers opposed a vigorous resistance, and twenty pieces of cannon played incessantly on the advancing column, yet nothing could arrest the ardour and gallantry of the French, who mounted with an intrepid step up the hill, and after routing a Portuguese regiment stationed before them, established themselves on the summit, and were beginning to deploy to the right and left, at this instant, however, when the British position in this point appeared to be almost carried, and the third division, (part of which had been forced to give way) could with difficulty maintain itself against the dense and intrepid column which had forced itself into the centre of its line, General



Leith and General Mowbray brought up their divisions, and charged them with such vigour that the enemy, after a desperate struggle, were hurled down the hill, the British firing upon them as long as their muskets would carry, but not pursuing lest their ranks should be broken, and the crest of the hill be again won. The other French division of Raguer's corps, which advanced up a hollow way a little to the left of his main column, was repulsed by the left of Picton's division, before they reached the summit of the mountain.

After these bloody defeats, the French made an attempt again to carry the top of the hill, through Loison and Maréchal maintained a vigorous and obstinate conflict in the hollow at its foot; but their efforts were effectually held in check by the brigades of Pack and Spencer, and at length towards evening Blamont, wearied of the fruitless butchery, drew off his troops, after having sustained a loss of 1,800 killed, and 3,500 wounded, among whom were General Joy and Morle, while the total loss of the allies was not above 1,200 men.

The battle of Albuera produced an astonishing effect at the time at which it was fought; and in its ultimate consequences, it lay at the foundation of one of the most important that took place in the whole Peninsula. It, for the first time, brought the Portuguese troops into battle with the French, and under such advantageous circumstances as at once gave them a very considerable increase in the effect produced by the greater numbers. To have stood side by side with the British in a pitched battle, and shared in its share in the achievement of defeating the French, was a distinction which they could hardly have hoped to win so early in the campaign. It gave a new

bestowed the highest praise on the valor of the battle, and declared in his public despatches, that "they were worthy of contending in the same ranks with the British soldiers in this important action." It may safely be affirmed that on the day after the battle, the strength of the Portuguese troops was doubled.

"The sight of this unexpected change dispersed every desponding feeling from the British army. No presentiments of ultimate disaster were any longer entertained.

"The plan of defence which the far-seeing sagacity of their chief had formed, revealed it self to the meanest sentinel in the ranks, and the troops of every nation, prepared to follow the standard of their leader wherever he should lead them, with that ready alacrity and undoubting confidence which is at once the forerunner and the cause of ultimate triumph."

On the 28th September both armies retained their respective positions, and a partial engagement took place between the light infantry on the left of the line. But Massena, as already noticed, had heard from the peasantry that a road existed by which he might turn the position of the British. His movement did not escape the vigilant eye of the English commander, but it was then impossible to take measures to counteract it. The result of Colonel Trant's mistake was, that the enemy were suffered to pass through a series of defiles without opposition, in which they must otherwise have sustained great loss. As soon as he had ascertained the movements of the French, Lord Wellington ordered the position of Busaco to be quitted, and the retreat to go on. He moved on Coimbra with

the main body while General Hill retired on Santarém; Colonel Trant was posted on the northern bank of the Vouga, and Vizeu was occupied by a corps of militia, for the purpose of cutting off the enemy's communication with Spain. It was not the policy of Wellington at this time to oppose the French, he declined the offer of a second battle on the Mondego, and, crossing that river effected his retreat to Leiria, which he reached on the 3rd October. On the 8th, hearing that the enemy were coming on in force the retreat was resumed. Marmora, who had expected to come up with the British, was compelled by the exhaustion of his soldiers, and want of provisions, to make a brief halt. Wellington and Hill continued their retreat by easy marches, one to Torres Vedras, the other to Alenteira on the Tagus. Proclamations had been issued requiring the inhabitants to fall back on the approach of the enemy; and the remembrance of the fearful atrocities about as ferociously practised by Napoleon's army on their way—which made them resemble the "scorpions in the hand of God" that advanced upon the falling Roman empire—induced it. The population of the country the French left behind them, so far from their dwellings, carried with them all the property they could run or take. The English army retired, it was accompanied by these wretched crowd of unfortunate many of whom escaped only with life. But without the means of sustaining it. They left their homes and the accumulated stores of their youth with the full conviction that on their return they would find a blackened and ruinous wall. Mothers with infants at their breasts; children happy in their ignorance and smiling amid the scene of death and destruction.

rounded them, pained grandfathers, smiling too in the second infancy of dotage, men robust and vigorous, with features wrunched by strong agony of the spirit,—the blind, the maimed, the crippled, the diseased, all animated by the common and overpowering motive of escaping from the savage cruelties of the invaders, were seen crowding the roads, and flying for protection to the capital." As the army approached Lisbon the bulk of the fugitive multitude became greatly increased. The way side was strewn with articles of furniture which the people could no longer carry with them. Those who had thrown themselves on the ground in exhaustion, no sooner heard that the enemy's columns were coming up, than they started up, and attempted to renew their journey with convulsive energy. But, as a writer on the subject says, no description can convey an adequate idea of the sad reality, those who witnessed it declared that its impression can never be effaced but by death.

On the 10th October the British troops took up their position on the lines constructed for them, and next day were joined by Romana, with 6,000 Spaniards from the Alentejo. It was not till these celebrated fortifications of Torres Vedras were beheld, that the army could form a right estimate of the military genius of their commander, who had so placed them that they might bid defiance to the utmost efforts of the enemy. Till Massena advanced to Sobral, he had no conception of the formidable position in which Lord Wellington's army awaited his approach. He immediately halted, at night made a retrograde movement, and three days elapsed before he again ventured to advance. For some time he reconnoitred the ground, and though the full strength of these

celebrated lines were not revealed to him, he saw enough to convince him of the very formidable obstacles in his way. Attack he saw was hopeless, and he arranged his corps in defence on a range of heights extending from Villa Franca on the Tagus, in front of the British; part also were disposed along the banks of the river. He made an attack upon a redoubt at the foot of a mountain, which formed part of the position, but his troops, after a severe contest, were repulsed. No other incident of importance occurred for several weeks.

Lisbon is situated at the extremity of a peninsula, the neck of which is crossed by several rugged and mountainous chains, stretching from the Tagus—a distance of thirty miles—to the ocean, or some toward the sea. Along these below the point where the Tagus is no longer fordable, two very strong natural lines—one considerably in advance of the other—had been fixed upon. On these so strong naturally all the resources of military science had been laboured. The whole resembled one mighty and impregnable fortress. Mountains had been scarped perpendicularly; streams and rivers dammed to make inundations; all roads by which an enemy could advance broken up—obstructions dropped upon, and trenches placed to sweep them; new ones formed for communication between the various parts of the defences; the great eye of the position strengthened; a triple chain of redoubts drawn, two which, and other batteries, 600 pieces of cannon commanded every approach and point. The right of the line was flanked by a line of gun-boats which lay upon the river. The small line of defence presented nearly twenty fronts; and thus, though the British had overpowered the

first, he would still, before reaching Lisbon, have had to force a barrier of immense strength.

On the southern side of the Tagus the heights commanding the city and anchorage of Lisbon were likewise strongly fortified, and marines from the ships landed to defend them. At the entrance of the Tagus entrenchments were also thrown up round fort St. Julian, to secure the embarkation of the British, should Massena by any marvel succeed in forcing the lines of Torres Vedra. The great ridge of the Monte Junto rises, and extends unbroken for fifteen miles, this ridge could not be crossed by roads, so that in case of attack the forces on the different sides could give assistance to each other, as it could only be rounded by a march of two days. Unbroken communication, on the contrary, was kept up through the British lines, and in a very few hours the whole force could be collected to defend any part that might be endangered.

Meanwhile Massena laboured under great difficulties. His communication with Spain were cut off, and from the deserted country he could not draw provisions for his troops. His convoys from France had to traverse Spain a distance of 600 miles before they could reach the frontiers of Portugal, and exposed all the way to be cut off by guerilla parties. Indeed, famine must have driven him out of the country, if the people had strictly obeyed the orders of Lord Wellington and the Government, to remove all provisions, but this was so slowly carried into effect that a great quantity of private stores were found by the enemy, while the harbour of Lisbon could be entered by supplies from England and all parts of the world.

The French hoping for reinforcements, had taken up a position at Santarem. Lord Wellington did

not think it advisable to attack them here as this would have cost him much loss; and he was not like Bonaparte, a general, as Kleber said, who spent at the rate of 10,000 men a week. Massena chiefly relied upon the advance of a French army late against, by preparing lines from the Tagus into Estremoz, thus securing the heights of Almeida, from which Lisbon might be bombarded. Massena had shown great ability and judgment in occupying Santarém, or rather he had taken a lesson from his great adversary; without this measure he could not long have maintained the struggle; by means of it he was enabled to protract the war during the winter months; for the position could not be assailed to great advantage without great loss, and on account of the state of the roads, could not be turned during the heavy rains of winter.

Massena kept his position as long as he could; but on the 14th November his army broke up, and commenced the retreat; he made his preparations for it with presence and skill. Lord Wellington's troops were immediately put in motion; but, as Massena's intention was not known yet, for a few cautious General Orders he then remained at Torres Vedras, while the rest of the army was brought opposite Santarém. Lord Wellington sent and had troops to act in a manner that should the enemy reinforced, attempt to all save he would fall back upon the lines, and remain equally ready to grasp any advantage which circumstances might offer. At Lisbon, in spite of the French, almost all was tranquillity and security; for the French were a legend for the support of the British. The British were not in the least disturbed by the French, and the public mind was not in the least

accommodation. During the remainder of the year no farther occurrence of importance took place; both armies remained quiet in cantonments, and owing to the carelessness of the inhabitants, the French were much less incommoded by the want of provisions. Massena sent to Napoleon, earnestly demanding reinforcements.

Lord Wellington still met with embarrassments from the Portuguese Government. His utmost efforts failed to call forth the full energies of the state, and excite the sluggish authorities to proper activity. He had received hitherto but a small accession of force from England. But confident in his resources, he effected all that was in his power, and calmly waited the issue. In the preceding spring, while Massena was collecting his forces, he thus wrote to a friend in England — "I suppose the people at home think me in a scrape. I do not think so myself, but if I am, I'll get out of it."

With the same calm feeling did he hear of the overwrought expectations in England when Massena began his retreat, he was prepared for the reaction when they now taxed him with inactivity. He was gratified, however, by the arrival of a fresh body of troops at Lisbon, which he had before solicited in vain.

We must now glance for a moment at the state of matters in Spain. Cadiz had been saved by the vigour and decision of the Duke de Albuquerque, who vigorously superintended its fortifications. He drew a line of contravallation of twenty-five miles, and fortified with care, a city which enjoyed natural advantages. British and Portuguese troops to the number of 6000, under Sir Thomas Graham, were admitted, and by his orders incessant labours were carried on to improve the defences. Only





"the Spanish army have lost their brightest ornament, his country its most upright patriot, and the world the most zealous defender of the cause in which we are engaged, and I shall always acknowledge with gratitude, the assistance I have received from him, as well by his operations, as by his counsel, since he had been joined with this army."

Massena now perceived that nothing but a retreat could preserve his troops, and his immediate wants rendered it impossible for him to await the result of Soult's operations for his relief. His army was now sickly and dispirited. Having, therefore, gradually removed his sick and wounded to the rear, with his baggage, and almost all his artillery, he retained in the cantonments only the men and horses fit for active duty. He advanced by three routes to the frontier, and as these converged towards one common centre, he had it in his power to offer battle. On the 6th of March, the British commenced the pursuit, and the French seemed determined to contest their advance at Pombal. Lord Wellington attacked them, drove in the advanced posts, and took 200 prisoners, but the enemy, after setting fire to the town, fell back on Redinha, where they posted a strong rear guard.

The march of the British was thus retarded for several hours, and the French baggage and artillery conveyed across the Douro in safety. At Condixa, they again made a demonstration, as their position was strong, Lord Wellington did not choose to attack them in front, a flank movement of Picton's division, however, caused them to fall back. The French continued their retreat on the frontier of the road leading to the Porte de Marcella, but Lord Wellington's skilful movements prevented them from entering the yet unexhausted country

beyond the Mondego, and enabled the British to hold communication with the northern provinces. Yet they were much retarded in the pursuit by the enemy selecting for the line of retreat, a country presenting a succession of admirable defensive positions. Nevertheless, the French rear-corps sustained a series of repulses from the advancing columns of the British. On one occasion, part of their troops were pressed so hard in flank, they were crossing the Colra, that they were driven back upon the bridge in confusion, many of them being trampled down and drowned, in the darkness and terror. Lord Wellington, however, was now compelled to relax his pursuit, by the want of provisions. The Portuguese troops, destitute of food, required to be supplied from the British stores. A halt was therefore needed, to give time for the arrival of forage and provisions from the rear. Lord Wellington, meanwhile followed the enemy with the cavalry and light troops, supported by two or three battalions, instead of falling back on the last strong post at Abriceira, determined to take up a strong position near Guarda which is situated on a steep mountain, commanding the place. The French not expecting to be attacked in a situation so strong, had brought the pursuit over and rode on their right hand; their counter-march, therefore, was great, when they saw the attacking columns suddenly appear on the different sides of the mountain, and about at the summit. The attack was so sudden, the French precipitately retreated without firing a shot, and rushed across the Coa.

Thus driven from Abriceira, they retired to make a last effort to maintain themselves within the frontier. They were then pursued along the banks of the river; the English took at first very much

left at Sabugal, and the 8th corps at Alfayates. Their left flank only was exposed. On the 3rd of April, the light division was ordered to cross the Coa, at a ford several miles above Sabugal, in the rear of General Regnier, who was to be attacked in front by the 3rd and 5th divisions, the 6th was to remain opposite Ruivina, and part of the 7th watched the bridge of Llerenas. The day was dark and cloudy, and mist, with storms of rain, confined the vision within a yard or two. An almost impervious fog hid the light division after it had crossed the river, they drove in the enemy's picquets, and pursuing them, came unexpectedly upon the left of Regnier's main body, which they were intended to turn. The advance was driven back upon the 43rd regiment, and Regnier, the mist dispersing, seeing the scanty numbers of the force opposed to him, sent against it a strong infantry column, with horse and artillery. They were boldly repulsed, and Colonel Beckwith's brigade having advanced against the French, was attacked by a fresh column of infantry on the left, and a regiment of horse on the right. Beckwith was enabled to maintain his ground against increasing numbers, by promptly retiring behind some stone enclosures, he then charged successfully, captured an howitzer, but was compelled to retire by the French cavalry again advancing upon his flank. Beckwith, aided by the other brigade of the light division, returned to the attack. "In vain did Regnier bring forward fresh and stronger columns, in vain did cavalry fall in upon the skirmishers of the 52nd, and cause a momentary confusion, the fierce efforts of the enemy were all firmly repulsed, and the brave light division kept the howitzer, and still crowned the hill. In this short and bloody struggle, the French

lost more than 700 dead upon the ground and their wounded were very numerous. The British had only 200 killed and wounded."

Regular was preparing to send out his reserves, when the fifth division carried the bridge of Sabugal and a column of the third threatened his right flank. He retired in haste. Next day Blanche took the road for Ciudad Rodrigo, and on the 9th of April, entered Spain. Thus were the French, by the superior generalship and valour of Lord Wellington, driven out of Portugal; they had advanced, confident in their superior numbers, to drive the English into the sea, and a disgraceful and dangerous retreat had been preserved them from destruction. The British reserves had been exposed to one unbroken series of disaster and defeat. Every plan had been baffled, every engagement lost, not one military effort could enable them in their down-fall. Awed by British skill and valour, one of the greatest and wealthiest of European kingdoms had defied the arms of France and indicated her doom in liberty by the sword. Her oppressors had been cruelly vanquished, and had left half their resources in her mountain-passes.

Yet more a reward to Blanche the prize of having made the first of his defeated army. But here our frame & we stop, for his retreat was one continued course of battles and actions. Had not the difficulties of his troops earned a prodigious & necessary aid, his no police was not to be feared for the gratification of nations craving of the French, which is not entering a long space of the whole, or attempt and to show them out even. "The result of the French are," said

Lord Wellington, "throughout this retreat, has been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed. Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Pernes, in which the headquarters of the corps had been for some months, and in which the inhabitants had been induced by promises of good treatment to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed on the night the enemy withdrew from their position, and they have since burnt every town and village through which they passed." The town of Leyria, with the Bishop's palace, was sacked. The convent of Alcobaça, one of the most ancient and magnificent structures in the kingdom, shared the same fate. They likewise destroyed Batalha, the most Gothic building, not in Portugal alone, but almost in Europe, the royal tombs were broken open, and among the bodies taken out to be torn in pieces for the mockery of the reckless enemy, was that of Prince Henry, the first patron of maritime discovery. All human sympathy and compassionate feeling seemed extinguished in the breasts of these ruthless barbarians. The claims of age and sex were both etat naught. The murdered Portuguese lay unburied in the road, especially those of the priests, mutilated in the most disgusting manner. "This is the mode," says Wellington with honourable indignation, "in which the promises have been performed, that were held out in the proclamation of the French Commander-in-chief, in which the inhabitants of Portugal were assured, that he was not come to make war on them, but, with a powerful army of 110,000 men, to 'drive the English into the sea.' It is to be hoped that the example of what has occurred in this country, will teach the people of this and other nations, what reliance is to

be placed on such premises and a warfare, and that there is no security for life, or for anything which renders life valuable except in decided resistance to the enemy." But this is a very imperfect description of the horrors caused by the French; the extent of these were only revealed to those who saw the encampments in which they had remained for several months. They were such that a veil must be drawn over them. In the district of Coimbra alone nearly 3,000 persons were murdered. In short, as Napier remarks, "Every horror that could mal-war breed attended this dreadful march."

On the 28th March, reinforcements sufficient to form a seventh division, arrived from England. They had been embarked in January; but contrary winds detained them till the 2nd March. Had they not arrived a month sooner Lord W. Stuart might have carried on offensive operations, before the French fighting to destroy left Santarém.

## CHAPTER X.

Operations in the south west of Spain—Battle of Barrosa—Position of the British—Description of the neighbourhood of Lisbon—Massena's retreat—Battle of Albuera—Almeida—Battle of Fuentes d'Honore—Lord Wellington's movements—Proceedings in Spain—Blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo—Affair at Grunaldo—Aldea de Ponte—Lord Wellington's difficulties.

THE abandonment of Portugal by the French raised the expectations of the people of England, and added power and weight to the government. Lord Wellington's successes induced both Parliament and the country to resolve to enable him to carry on the war with vigour and energy. In consequence of the illness of George III, affairs were now directed by the Prince Regent, who continued in office his father's ministers. Party spirit was however far from having died away, there were not wanting men who—though the honour and interest of the country were pledged to the Peninsular war, and the withdrawal of our troops would not only endanger the safety of this country, but cover it with disgrace—still urged that the contest should be abandoned—that Portugal was untenable—that the retirement to Torres Vedras was a proof of this, and equivalent to giving that country over to the French. Even when British valour and ability had driven Massena beyond the frontier, they alleged that this was only a feigned movement—a change of position from the Zezera to the Agueda,—so as to lead the British from their resources and ultimately crush them, when worn out, by numerical superiority. Happily these views were held neither by the majority of Parliament, nor did they express



the voice of the country: £100,000 were voted for the relief of the suffering Portuguese and large private subscriptions raised for the same purpose; by which timely aid the lives of thousands were preserved, many of whom fought in their country's cause, and contributed to repel the invader. In Portugal, Lord St. Mungton issued a proclamation warning the people to prepare against further efforts of the French—recommending that each man should accustom himself to the use of arms—that places of safety and refuge be prepared in each district—that all valuables be concealed—and all houses of prostitution closed and be removed, repaired, or destroyed. If these instructions should be faithfully adhered to, he told them that he doubted would exist a single house of the enemy.

After defeating Medvedoff's army, pursued the siege of Badajoz with increased force. It was garrisoned by 8,000 men; but General Medvedoff who had conducted the defence with much energy was killed by a cannon shot, and his army was a mass of true bravery and devotion. The English succeeded in taking the place; the garrison was rendered as prisoners of war. (Luis) Alvarez and Albuquerque were killed.

Albuquerque was captured near a place to the south west of Spain. A great number of Spanish and British marching north of Spain. The approach of the enemy was not known until it was accepted by the French in the month of June. This force was commanded by General Louis de. At once, on the 15th of March, after a long march, the English was received at the advance of the French corps. General Clarke knew that the English of the French, which he had just left, was the rest of the position. He had already seen that the

troops, and had gone but a little distance, when he found himself close upon the enemy, whose left division was seen ascending the hill of Barrocan, while their right stood on the plain exposed to artillery. Retreat was impossible, Graham resolved, though unsupported by the Spaniards, and inferior in numerical strength to the enemy immediately to attack the French who suffered considerably from a battery which opened upon their right division; still they continued to advance, but a bayonet charge drove them back with great slaughter. A similar conflict with the like successful issue took place with the other division on the ascent of the hill, both sides fought with courage, and both sustained a great loss, the British 1,200, the French nearly double. The action lasted an hour and a half.

During this engagement the Spaniards under La Pena, remained inactive, had they pushed on, Victor must have been compelled to retreat. Graham was so enraged at this conduct that he crossed the Santi Petri next morning, resolving to proceed no farther. During this period the marines and seamen succeeded in dismantling the sea defences of the enemy from Rota to Santa Maria. Victor marched to Seville for reinforcements, leaving his force concentrated at Xeres, and, in consequence of the supineness of the Spaniards, the want of harmony and union among the French generals alone afforded to the British an opportunity of escaping serious peril. His own countrymen disgusted at La Pena's conduct, appointed a Court of Inquiry, who convicted him of incapacity and want of enterprise.

The French, however, were now about to meet with more formidable opposition for Marshal Beresford

as advancing with 2,000 men, directed to force  
 Badajoz, before the garrison could complete their  
 defences. He advanced on Campo Mayor which  
 he reached by the 5th March; and from a height  
 at the distance of a mile the French were observed  
 running from the town, and hastily forming them-  
 selves into marching order while a convoy of pro-  
 visions and stores were seen approaching Bad Joz.  
 Brigadier-General Long moved on the right flank  
 of the enemy, while the 13th light dragoons, under  
 Colonel Head, with some squadrons of Portuguese  
 cavalry drove back the French horse upon their  
 infantry, which halted, formed square, and com-  
 pelled Head to retire. Both parties had a favour-  
 able ground for the exercise of military skill.  
 Colonel Head even captured part of the convoy,  
 but, wanting support, was compelled to relinquish  
 it; his men, who pursued the French to the walls  
 of Badajoz, sustained considerable loss by the fire  
 of the cannon. Hothschild now prepared to cross the  
 Guadiana, which he did on the 6th, and established  
 his head quarters at a small village on the left of  
 that river where his troops were almost surprised  
 by the French. He then took to water, first of  
 course Lord Wellington arrived, retook  
 Badajoz, and ordered an operation to be made  
 for his capture seemed essential to the success of  
 his future plans, since it would produce in the  
 French to the same time previous, giving them the  
 command of the most fertile part of Portugal. He  
 would the British were to be in a position to do  
 the enemy held this small but good on their flank.  
 Hothschild was now moved to it, and by 3 or 4  
 men a detachment, and Hothschild and Hothschild  
 were equal to the task. A detachment of  
 1200 men was sent to the attack, and the French

fect, as the guns being of brass, were made useless by the firing in a few hours. Fresh artillery was sent for, but Soult's advance, at the head of a considerable force, compelled Beresford to relinquish the siege. Soult's object was to relieve Badajoz, and he had drafted from various quarters large reinforcements. Nevertheless Beresford awaited him on the heights of Albuera. Of this battle, important in itself and in its consequences we shall extract Colonel Napier's animated and picturesque account.

"The hill in the centre, commanding the Valverde road, was undoubtedly the key of the position, if an attack was made parallel to the front, but the heights on the right presented a sort of table land, bending backwards towards the Valverde road, and looking into the rear of the line of battle. Hence it was evident that, if a mass of troops could be placed there, they must be beaten, or the right wing of the allied army would be rolled up on the centre, and pushed into the narrow ravine of the Aroya. The Valverde road could then be seized, the retreat cut off, and the powerful cavalry of the French would complete the victory. Now the right of the allies, and the left of the French, approximated to each other, being only divided by a wooded hill, about cannon shot distance from either, but separated from the allies by the Albuera, and from the French by a rivulet called the Leria. This height, neglected by Beresford, was ably made use of by Soult. During the night, he placed behind it the artillery under General Ruty, the fifth corps under Girarde, and the heavy dragoons under Latour Maubourg, thus concentrating 15,000 men and 40 guns, within ten minutes' march of Beresford's right wing, and yet that general could neither see a man,

cavalry suddenly quitted Goddard's column, and crossing the river Albuera above the bridge ascended the left bank at a gallop, and sweeping round the rear of the 8th corps, joined Latour Maubourg who was already in face of Lemaire's squadrons. Thus half an hour had sufficed to render Herford's position nearly desperate. Two thirds of the French were in a compact order of battle as a line perpendicular to his right, and his army disordered and composed of different nations, was still in the difficult act of changing its front. It was in vain that he endeavoured to form the Spanish line still closely in advance to give room for the several divisions to support it; the French gun opened; their infantry threw out a heavy musketry and their cavalry out-flanking the front and charging here and there, put the Spaniards in disorder at all points; in a short time the latter gave way and doubt, thinking the whole army was yielding, pushed forward his columns, while his reserves ascended the hill, and General Huty placed all the batteries in position.

At this critical moment, General William Stewart arrived at the foot of the height, with Colonel Colborne's brigade which formed the head of the 2nd division. The Colonel, seeing the evil and above, desired to form in order of battle previous to meeting the enemy; but Stewart, whose bearing evinced overbore his judgment, led up without aid lay in columns of companies, and attempted to open out his line in succession. The batteries arrived at the summit. Being under a disadvantage the French charged to gain some more; but a heavy rain prevented any object from being ultimately won, and two regiments of horse and two regiments of foot, in spite the rain and the

instant of its development, and slew or took two thirds of the brigade. One battalion only (the 31st) being still in column, escaped the storm, and maintained its ground; while the French horsemen, riding violently over every thing else, penetrated to all parts. In the tumult a lancer fell upon Beresford, but the Marshal, a man of great strength, putting his spear aside, cast him from his saddle, and a shift of wind blowing aside the mist and smoke, the mischief was perceived from the plains by General Lumley, who sent four squadrons out upon the lancers, and cut many of them off.

“During this first unhappy effort of the 2nd division, so great was the confusion, that the Spanish line continued to fire without cessation, although the British were before them, whereupon Beresford, finding his exhortations to advance fruitless, seized an ensign, and bore him and his colours by main force to the front, yet the troops would not follow, and the man went back again on being released. In this crisis the weather, which had ruined Colborne's brigade, also prevented Soult from seeing the whole extent of the field of battle, and he still kept his heavy columns together. His cavalry, indeed, began to hem in that of the allies, but the fire of the horse artillery enabled Lumley, covered as he was by the bed of the Arova, and supported by the fourth division, to check them on the plain, while Colborne still maintained the heights with the 31st regiment, the British artillery, under Major Dickson, was likewise coming first into action, and William Stewart, who had escaped the charge of the lancers, was again mounting the hill with General Houghton's brigade, which he brought on with the same vehemence, but, instructed by his previous misfor-



Destruction stared him in the face, his personal resources were exhausted, and the unhappy thought of a retreat rose in his agitated mind. Yet no order to that effect was given and it was urged by some about him that the day might still be decided with the 4th division. While he hesitated, Colonel Hardinge boldly ordered General Cole to advance, and then riding to Colonel Abercrombie, who commanded the remaining brigade of the 2nd division, directed him also to push forward into the fight. The die being thus cast, Bessford acquiesced, and this terrible battle was continued.

"The 4th division had only two brigades in the field, the one Portuguese under General Harvey; the other, commanded by Sir W. Myers, and composed of the 7th and 23rd British regiments, was called the Fusileer brigade. General Cole directed the Portuguese to move between Lumley's dragoons and the hill, where they were immediately charged by some of the French horsemen, who were beat off with great loss. Meanwhile he led the Fusileers in person up the height.

"At this time six guns were in the enemy's possession, the whole of Werle's reserves were coming forward to reinforce the front column of the French, and the remnant of Houghton's brigade could no longer maintain its ground, the field was heaped with carcasses, the lancers were riding furiously about the captured artillery on the upper part of the hill, and on the lower slopes a Spanish and an English regiment in mutual error were exchanging volleys. Behind all, General Hamilton's Portuguese, in withdrawing from the heights above the bridge, appeared to be in retreat. The conduct of a few brave men soon changed this state of affairs. Colonel Robert Arbuthnot, pushing be-



tween the double fire of the mistaken troops, arrested that mischief; while Cole, with the Fusiliers, flanked by a battalion of the Levantine legion under Colonel Hawkeham mounted the hill, dispersed the lancers, recovered the captured guns, and appeared on the right of Houghton's brigade exactly as Abercrombie passed it on the left.

"Such a gallant line issuing from the midst of the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude testified the every heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory; they were repelled, hesitated and then vomiting forth a storm of fire hastily endeavoured to enlarge the front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed; Cole and three colonels, viz. Murray and Hawkeham & self wounded and the Fusilier battalions, struck by the iron serpent, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. Boldly and sternly recovering they closed on their terrible enemies; and there was seen with what a strength and mastery the British soldier fights.

"In vain did death, by voice and gesture and scale his brotherhood; he and the hardest warriors, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to give time for the main to open out on such a full field; he who led the mass itself leaped and fell, starting the ballistically upon friends and foes, while the burthen, lowering on the black, threatened to charge the adoring line. Nothing could be a troubling infantry; no motion there of undisciplined valour no nervous excitement, but the stately of their order: from the midst of the

were bent on the dark columns in their front ; their measured tread shook the ground ; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation , their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot and with a horrid carnage it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack, to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavour to sustain the fight, their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and 1,500 unwounded men, the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

Lord Wellington reached the army some time after the battle of Albuera, and determined to renew the siege of Badajoz. Breches were made in the walls, and two attempts at assault were hazarded (6th and 8th of June) but in vain, the advance of the French army from the north, in concert with that of the south, necessitated the raising of the siege. Here ended the active operations of the year. Our army remained some time encamped in the central part of Portugal, after which, Lord Wellington marched northward, and threatened Ciudad Rodrigo, but retreated before a superior force collected by the French.

Lord Wellington had returned from the Alentejo, and fixed his head quarters at Villa Lermosa on the 28th of April. Massena, after organizing his army, and recovering it from the state of disorder into which it had been thrown by the retreat from Portugal, and being reinforced by 1,500 cavalry, con-

concentrated his divisions near Ciudad Rodrigo, with the view of throwing supplies into Almeida, and with his whole army crossed the Tago and the Azava. Lord Wellington, because of deficiency in cavalry, could not in this oppose him, and accordingly the horse and light infantry fell back to Fuentes d'Afonso. Massena had 40,000 foot, and 8,000 horse; Lord Wellington had 50,000, of which but 2,000 were cavalry. In spite however of Massena's superiority he prepared to give him battle as it was of great consequence that Almeida should not be relieved.

At Almeida, the Tago is a river of considerable magnitude and from the weakness of its banks, affords few points at which an army can cross. The bridge is the rear of Almeida, commands both the guns of the fortress, and is thus as disputed as to be most important. It is 1700 feet wide, about two leagues from Almeida, at least 10 leagues, but this was likewise a difficult communication there it likewise fell light up but not that and Badajoz, the river cannot be crossed. The only route in case of retreat, was by a stream 10 leagues forming part of the line of road from Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord Wellington, by the therefore, he took to protect the approach to Almeida, and over this important line of communication, he decided to build to extend his front across it as the position was more or less a line of communication; but he was not prepared to concentrate his troops as it protect Almeida as an.

A small river called the Rio de Santa Rita, regularly partly part of the line of communication, the village is known. It is called the Rio de Santa Rita, and is a small river, but it is a very important one, and is a very important one.

troops were arranged behind the village; which was occupied by Colonel Williamson's light infantry. In the same line with these divisions, on the left, and in the rear of Almeida, where is a bridge over the Duro Casas, were Generals Crawford and Campbell stationed. General Pack's Portuguese Brigade with a British battalion, blockaded Almeida, the great road leading to which was guarded by Liskine's division. Two miles beyond the right of the line the guerrilla horse, under Don Julian Sanchez, were posted in the village of Nava d'Aver, to add to the security derived by that flank from the difficulty of the ground in the rear.

On the 3rd May the French appeared in front of the position, and took up their ground on a ridge above Fuentes d'Honore, almost parallel to that of the British. A skirmish ensued between the light troops, followed by a heavy cannonade, and a fierce attack on the village, which post Williamson gallantly defended, but as the enemy advanced in great numbers, it became necessary to support him successively with three additional regiments, these charged so severely, that the French were at length driven across the Duro Casas. Night ended the contest, after 260 of the allies and a greater number of the French had fallen.

Next day Massena arrived, and having been joined by Bessieres with 1,200 horse and a battery of the imperial guard, spent the day in reconnoitring the British position, Wellington, anticipating that he would endeavour to turn his right by crossing the Duro Casas, at Poço Velho, moved Houston's division to defend the passage of the river at that point. Wellington's expectations

were sent. On the morning of the 31st James  
corps with the cavalry appeared in two columns  
on the opposite side of the valley of the River  
Cana; to strengthen this point W. Kingston sent  
the light division on and the cavalry and likewise  
moved the first and third divisions more to the  
right.

About seven o'clock the enemy drove to the first  
the advanced guard, and made themselves master  
of Jago Velbo; their cavalry under Montrose,  
having driven to the guerrilla house made great  
charge supported by infantry and guns, forcing the  
British cavalry to retire behind the infantry who  
opening a smart fire checked the advance. The  
French cavalry seeing Jago Velbo formed in  
order of battle on the plain. As the guerrilla  
chief had fallen back they were enabled to turn the  
right of the British, and charged it. British  
cavalry which had come up to support it, and  
who were compelled to withdraw before a superior  
force, after some shock had been given by some  
Houssard's dragoon, then passed on strongly  
charged, and Captain Ramsey's horse artillery  
was cut off and surrounded. The light division  
forthwith threw itself into squares, but the main  
body of the French cavalry was upon them so they  
could accomplish it. Some men, but though some  
were cut down, the great mass of the troops was  
firm, and it was a fine display, retiring to  
find a more well placed position. As it was the  
enemy receded. The French squadrons were not  
allowed to be in great numbers. "We are not  
affairs," say they. "We are not in a position to  
see what where a thick dust was rising a column  
had come, and the rest of the British and the  
flank of the British, to be cut down." The enemy

occurrence Suddenly the multitude was violently agitated, an English shout arose, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth at the head of his battery, his horses breathing fire, and stretching like greyhounds along the plain, his guns bounding like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners in close and compact order protecting the rear" But while this brilliant action was passing in one part, the enemy were making progress in the wood, and a separation having been made between the English divisions, and the right wing nearly turned, Wellington's genius was demanded to ensure success by regaining the original position

Accordingly the 7th division was ordered to cross the Turones, and moved down to Fienada on the left bank of the river, the light division to retire over the plain, and the cavalry to protect the rear The first and third divisions were withdrawn, and placed in line with the Portuguese along the steep, which runs perpendicular to the ravine of Fuentes d'Honore The utmost regularity characterized this retrograde movement, though the French cavalry strongly supported by artillery, made repeated charges upon the retiring divisions Often Montbrun threatened to storm the light division squares, but held aloof in awe All this time the vast plain presented a most singular sight, "it was covered by what appeared a confused multitude, amidst which the squares appeared but as specks, for there was a great concourse, composed of commissariat followers of the camp, servants, baggage, led horses, and peasants attracted by curiosity, and finally the broken picquets and parties coming out of the woods" As the troops took up their ground in the new line, the cavalry were thrown into some confusion in passing through the intervals. Mont-



the lower part of the village was abandoned to the silent possession of the dead, the British keeping the chapel and crags, and the French retiring to the distance of a cannon shot beyond the stream. This hard fought battle, cost the British about 1,700 and the French more than 4,000 men. The neighbourhood of the village, the lines, church, court-yards, and garden, were literally covered with the dying and the dead.

Massey saw that further attempts would be vain. During the 6th, unbroken tranquillity prevailed in both lines, and on the 7th, the French were withdrawn from the front of the allied position. Orders were secretly conveyed to the Governor of Almeida to blow up the works, and escape across the Agueda, with his garrison. On the same day, Marshal Marmont arrived, and superseded Massey.

Massey, whose name had before been considered as the "watchword of victory," here concluded his services with sullied fame. Age had frozen the activity and vigour of his prime, yet on the morning of the 5th, his judgment and skill seemed unimpaired, he attacked the British position in its vulnerable point, and his temporary success placed the English in a more dangerous situation than any during the war. But he failed in all his other movements, and neglected to improve his advantage, though he had the superiority in every kind of force, and had advantage of the ground, while the British were exposed. Lord Wellington again displayed great genius—a skill, sagacity, and confidence which shewed him to be a tactician of the first rank. He knew that his original line was too extended, but the communication with Sabugal was too important not to be struggled for, at least





The enemy had thrown in reinforcements, and the leader of the "Enfants perdus" was killed. Still the troops pressed on, but the same cause which had rendered their efforts vain on the former occasion, operated also in this, and they were compelled to retire, after losing nearly two thirds of their force.

On the 10th, an intercepted letter from Soult to Marmont was brought to Lord Wellington, from which it appeared that those generals had determined to unite their forces, and advance against him. He therefore converted the siege of Badajos into a blockade. He also learned that Druet's corps of 8,000 men was on its way to join Soult, that Marmont had put his army in motion towards the south, and that Soult was gone to Merida, to meet him. Lord Wellington therefore prepared to fight Soult, should he advance to relieve Badajos, but as he had formed a junction with both Druet and Marmont, Lord Wellington crossed the Guadiana, and took a line on the Gaja, protected on the right by Elvas, and on the left by Campo Mayor. The invading army numbered 70,000 men, of which 10,000 were cavalry, while Lord Wellington had only 56,000, including Spencer's corps, and 4,000 horse, for such was the unhealthiness of the climate, that more than 12,000 British were in hospitals. The Portuguese troops, ill paid and supplied, had fallen sadly out of discipline.

Lord Wellington therefore determined, though he would not shun a battle, not to invite it. He restricted himself, accordingly, to the defence of Portugal, and formed an encampment in the woods, along the banks of the Gaja, which was commanded by Sir Rowland Hill, the left under Picton, was posted on the heights in the rear of Campo

All this while the Cortes, instead of employing time in useful wranglings, and speculative discussions. It was a fortunate thing that this intellect conceded, and almost useless collection of bills & duals had little weight throughout the country; for in most cases, their interference produced more harm than good.

Lord Wellington having collected his army on the Coa, resolved to blockade Ciudad Rodrigo. The enemy hastened to concentrate their forces for its relief, by which the English overcast & gained two important objects; namely, that the French army which had been sent into N. Vargo to put down the guerrillas, from whom they still suffered much loss and annoyance withdrawn. There had been Lord Wellington made unobservant to enter upon the blockade; he was not yet prepared to besiege the fortress; and on hearing of St. Antonio's approach he prepared to abandon it and assume a defensive position, which would give him time to assemble the enemy force and so to renege his plans, necessary. A parcel of eight or nine thousand men, whereby he might keep up a strong stream of fire as long as possible to strengthen by that and the bright before Ciudad, and arranged the troops in such a manner that if necessary they might be readily converted to that position. The excellent French force are estimated to 60,000 men, 6000 of which are cavalry, which should army of 40,000 men and 16,000 cavalry of 1,000 cavalry. On the 2nd September the army were near Ciudad Rodrigo but as it was not yet a day a large army entered the area under their protection.

The allied army still remained in its position, and Marmont had no certain knowledge of the intentions of the English commander. On the 25th, twenty squadrons of French cavalry, with a division of infantry and twelve guns, were seen in motion along the great road leading to Gumbaldo. To meet these General Colville's brigade had scarcely taken up its position, when the enemy's guns opened a fierce cannonade, and the cavalry succeeded in driving back the Portuguese gunners from their posts. Their success lasted but a moment for the 5th regiment, pouring in a brisk fire as they advanced, made a bayonet charge when within a few yards of the enemy, the guns were regained, and the French cavalry chased down the slope of the height, and across the ravine. The French, however, again charged the position of the 5th and 77th regiments, but being met by a volley within a few paces, were driven off in confusion. In another part of the field, a few British and German squadrons of dragoons successfully opposed greatly superior numbers, but Lord Wellington having no desire that a general engagement should then take place, had ordered the divisions if hard pressed to retire on Gumbaldo, a measure which was hastened by the sudden appearance of a column of French, who, hid by the inequality of the ground, had almost succeeded in turning the British right. Orders were therefore issued that the heights should be abandoned. As the troops proceeded, they were repeatedly charged by the French cavalry, who were on each occasion defeated. At one time two regiments were charged on three faces of the square at the same moment, but these, along with a Portuguese regiment, though repeatedly enveloped by the hostile cavalry, steadily con-

it was to retreat. Lord W. Minto, whose purpose in fortifying Guinaldo had been fully converted, would now but for various circumstances, one of which was a mistake in transcribing orders: the light division, have abandoned it. M'ken and Col were stationed there to protect the junction of Crawford's force; and dispositions were made to receive Alarcon, should he venture to attack the position. The whole of the day however he remained quiet, occupying himself in making his troops through a series of military evolutions, which they performed with such of precision and regularity as to the admiration of the British. Lord W. Minto now withdrew his army to Atoyaca, leaving his rear guard at Atoyaca de Pinar.

[illegible]

neglected their duty, the regency uttered no proclamations to call upon the people to bestir themselves, the bridges on the line of retreat were left unrepared, so that the roads were nearly impassable, and as the rainy season was coming on the army was placed in serious danger. The Portuguese pleaded falsely that they had no money for these operations which, if true, was entirely owing to their own negligence, for, with the exception of the devastated districts, the people were richer than they had ever been, not in goods, but in hard cash, derived from the great expenditure of the British army. Thus were Wellington's hands hampered, and difficulties heaped upon him, besides the men resisting a greatly superior force, neither necessity nor remuneration could obtain for him adequate assistance and supplies while Marmont and his generals had only to issue orders to the Spaniards through the prefects of the provinces, if they wished to be punctually provided with transports or other help.

A notable saying is recorded of Lord Wellington as he was preparing to quit Ciudad Rodrigo. A Spanish General, of great zeal and gallantry, to whom the British hero was much attached, observed to him,—“Why here you have a couple of weak divisions in front of the whole French army, and you seem quite at your ease,—it is enough to put any man in a fever.”—“I have done according to the very best of my judgment, all that can be done,” said Wellington, “therefore I care not either for the enemy in front, or for anything which they may say at home.” This is an illustration of the whole character of this great man, *always to make the best of present circumstances*



attached, were allotted to the different parts of the army. Another method of approved conveyance was effected by the engineer force, the Douro was made navigable to the confluence of the Alameda, a point forty miles higher than boats had before been able to proceed. By this much land carriage was saved, at a period when all available means of transport was needed to carry the battering train required for the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo.

So well satisfied was Marmont that this fortress was in no danger, that he remained perfectly quiet in his cantonments on the Tagus. Perhaps General Hill's activity in the south of Estramadura, made him suppose that a large part of the British army had been sent to the Alentejo. Under this impression he suffered his forces to be much divided. Montbrun was sent to Valencia, Bonnet to the Asturias, and Dabreton to the district of Las Montanas.

Lord Wellington, thoroughly acquainted with all these proceedings, resolved instantly to lay siege to Ciudad Rodrigo. Fascines and Gabions were prepared, and by the 6th of January, 1812, every thing was ready for the attack. A bridge had been laid down at Salices, the stores brought up, and the place already surrounded by the light troops. The head quarters were removed to Gallegos, and on the 7th Lord Wellington, attended only by Colonel Fletcher and a few officers, forded the Alameda, and reconnoitred the defences. The investment was fixed for the following day. Four divisions were appointed for the siege, no camp equipage was taken with them, and as the ground was open and afforded no cover, they took up their quarters in the nearest villages, one division, carrying a day's provision ready cooked, it was ar-



raised should ford the river every 4 mile was  
hours, and thus alternately carry on the work.

The first object was to capture a redoubt situated  
on the upper Tison, which, after some trouble and  
loss, was effected. Ground was immediately broken  
upon its flank and, though the soil was stony, by  
daylight the work was three feet deep and four  
wide. On the 9th, 1,200 workmen commenced three  
batteries for seven guns each under a heavy fire  
of shells and grape. Before the morning the  
batteries were under cover and a ditch sunk in  
front to protect earth for the batteries were made  
eighteen feet thick to resist the very power-  
ful artillery of the Bourguignons. At day the 11th  
the labourers laboured in the trenches exposed to a  
heavy fire and by eight the communication across  
the parcel to the work was gained. The day  
after the magazines had been were razed to  
and the approaches closed, but the fire was des-  
tructive. The 11th came so fast that the ditch  
was so that the troops were withdrawn and the  
11th retired into the woods. The 11th was con-  
tained by an iron of holes with long fuses which  
a continuous bombardment by the parapets in a  
remarkable manner. The French also brought  
two 100 lb howitzers as a surprise by which they  
were to be killed. The 11th then the night  
the programme was to attack the fort and to  
with every fire and to keep the 11th that  
of the 11th the movement of Bourguignons occurred  
and a detachment entered it. The 11th kept a  
new battery at Bourguignons on rising ground for  
a place of the road of therefore it decided to  
the regular method, but to be going to the  
a line of 11th the 11th the 11th the 11th the 11th  
the 11th the 11th the 11th the 11th the 11th the 11th

storm without blowing up the counter scarp. The whole army was brought up from the distant quarters, and posted in the villages on the Cor, prepared if necessary to cross the Alameda, and give battle.

On the 14th the French made a sally and overturned the gabions of the sap, they even penetrated to the parallel, and had nearly entered the batteries, when a few workmen collected and kept them back till support came, and thus saved the guns. This accident, together with the death of the engineer on duty, and the fire kept up from the ramparts, delayed the opening of the breaching-batteries until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when a cannonade from twenty five heavy pieces commenced upon the "fausse braye," and the rampart, two pieces being likewise pointed against the convent of St. Francisco. "Then," says Napier, "was beheld a spectacle at once fearful and sublime. The enemy replied to the assailants' fire with more than 50 guns, the bellowing of 80 large cannon shook the ground far and wide, the smoke rested in heavy volumes upon the battlements of the place, or curled in light wreaths about the numerous spires, the shells, hissing through the air, seemed fiery serpents leaping from the darkness, the walls crashed to the stroke of the bullet, and the distant mountains faintly returning the sound, appeared to mourn over the falling city. And when night put an end to the turmoil, the quick clatter of musketry was heard like the pelting of hail after a peal of thunder, for the 40th regiment assaulted and carried the convent of St. Francisco, and established itself in the suburb on the left of the attack." Next day so much impression was made on the ramparts that the breach was commenced at the turret, and five more guns were mounted. On the 16th, operations



"All the troops reached their different posts without seeming to attract the attention of the enemy ; and before the signal was given, as Lord Wellington, who in person had been pointing out the lesser breach to Major Napier, was still at the convent of St Francisco, the attack on the right commenced, and was instantly taken up along the whole line. Then the space between the army and the ditch was covered with soldiers, and ravaged by a storm of grape from the ramparts. The storming parties of the 3rd division jumped out of the parallel when the first shout arose, but so rapid had been the movements on their right, that before they could reach the ditch, Ridge, Dunker, and Campbell, with the 5th, 77th, and 94th regiments, had already scoured the 'fausse braye,' and were pushing up the great breach, amidst the bursting of shells, the whistling of grape and muskets, and the shrill cries of the French who were driven fighting behind the intrenchments. There however they rallied, and aided by the musketry from the houses, made hard battle for their post. None could go back on either side, and yet the British could not get forward, and men and officers, falling in heaps, choked up the passage, which from minute to minute was raked with grape, from two guns, flanking the top of the breach at the distance of a few yards, thus striving and trampling alike on the dead and the wounded these brave men maintained the combat.

"Meanwhile the stormers of the light division, who had three hundred yards to clear, would not wait for the hay bags, but with extraordinary swiftness running to the crest of the glacis, jumped down the scarp, a depth of eleven feet, and rushed up the 'fausse braye' under a smashing discharge of grape

and musketry. The bottom of the ditch was dark and intricate, and the forlorn hope took too much to their left; but the storming party went straight to the breach, which was so contracted that a gun placed lengthwise across the top nearly blocked up the opening. Here the forlorn hope rejoined the stormers, but when two-thirds of the ascent were gained, the leading men, crushed together by the narrowness of the place, staggered under the weight of the enemy's fire; and such is the instinct of self-defence that although no man had been allowed to load, every musket in the crowd was snapped. The commander Major Napier was at this moment stricken to the earth by a grape shot which shattered his arm, but he called on his men to trust to their bayonets, and all the officers simultaneously sprang to the front, when the charge was renewed with a furious shout, and the entrance was gained. The supporting regiments coming up in sections, abreast, then reached the rampart, the 52nd wheeled to the left, the 43rd to the right, and the place was won. During this contest which lasted only a few minutes, after the famous bayonet charge the fighting had continued at the great breach with unabated violence, but when the 43rd, and the stormers of the light division, came pouring down upon the right flank of the French, the latter bent before the storm; at the same moment, the explosion of three wall magazines destroyed many persons, and the 3rd division with a mighty effort broke through the intrenchments. The garrison indeed still fought for a moment in the streets, but finally fled to the castle where Mr. Gervais, who, though wounded, had been amongst the foremost at the breach, received the Governor's sword.

\* The allies now plunged into the streets from all

quarters, for O'Toole's attack was also successful, and at the other side of the town, Pack's Portuguese, meeting no resistance, had entered the place, and the reserves also came in. Then throwing off the restraints of discipline, the troops committed frightful excesses. The town was fired in three or four places, the soldiers menaced their officers, and shot each other, many were killed in the market-place. Intoxication soon increased the tumult, disorder every where prevailed, and at last, the fury rising to an absolute madness, a fire was wilfully lighted in the middle of the great magazine, when the town and all in it, would have been blown to atoms, but for the energetic courage of some officers and a few soldiers who still preserved their senses.

"Of the French, 300 had fallen, 1,500 were made prisoners, and besides the immense stores of ammunition, above 150 pieces of artillery, including the battering train of Marmont's army, were captured in the place. The whole loss of the allies, was about 1,200 soldiers and 90 officers, and of these about 600 men and 60 officers had been slain or hurt at the breaches. General Crawford and General M'Kinnon, the former a man of great ability, were killed, and with them died many gallant men. General Vandeleur, Colonel Colborne, and a crowd of inferior rank, were wounded, and unhappily the slaughter did not end with the battle, for the next day as the prisoners and their escort were marching out by the breach, an accidental explosion took place, and numbers of both were blown into the air."\*

The capture of Ciudad Rodrigo was undoubtedly a most brilliant and important exploit. It was ta-

ments of Soult's corps of 25,000 men. It was probable that if he united with Marmont, who had a much stronger force at command, a battle would take place for the relief of the fortress. The preparations at head-quarters were now completed after much exertion on the part of Lord Wellington, who, in consequence of the inactivity of the Portuguese authorities, had personally to superintend and arrange even the most minute details.

Lord Wellington, in company with the commanding engineer closely examined the fortress, which was materially strengthened and improved by the defenders. The ramp had been heightened, the outworks strongly finished, and a portion of the ramparts covered by an impervious inundation. The castle was so strong, that it seemed impossible regularly to attack it; for the British army had no mortars nor miners, and the sappers were without experience. Their guns were too few in proportion to the number and weight of those mounted on this well-armed and provided fortress, the governor of which had successfully repulsed two former attempts, with much fewer resources and a less steady garrison than he had now at command. It was plain that against a regular attack he was secure; it remained to be seen whether he could resist the courage and resolution of the British.

On the 17th the weather before fine, became cold and tempestuous. Rain descended in torrents during the afternoon and through the night; this severity was taken advantage of by the English, who broke ground within 150 yard of Fort M'Clara. The whole of next day the troops laboured in the trenches, exposed to a heavy cannonade from the town, which however had little effect. The garrison raised the parapets of La M'Clara, lined





One detachment of 200 to pass round the flank of the work, and force the gorge; another of equal strength to march upon the communication with the town, and leaving one half of its numbers to meet the advance of any assistance that might be sent, and to support with the remainder the movement on the gorge; and a reserve of 100 men to be formed in the advance battery to aid by ascending the front. About 9 o'clock the troops moved upon the fort, which dark and silent before now seemed "our mass of fire." In spite of the heavy volleys of musketry, they strove to break through the palisades in the rear; but finding this vain, they turned against the face of the work, but were repulsed by the depth of the ditch, and the slanting stakes which surmounted the brick work. As the combat thickened and became more desperate, the enemy firing with deadly effect, the reserve was ordered to rush on the fort, and a fierce conflict ensued, for a battalion was despatched from the town to aid it, but was beaten back by the party on the communication. "The guns of Badajoz, and of the castle now opened the guard of the trenches replied with musketry, rockets were thrown up by the beleagued, and the shrill sound of alarm bells, mixing with the shouts of the combatants increased the tumult. Still La Piedra sent out streams of fire by the light of which, dark figures were seen furiously struggling on the ramparts; for the reserve first ascended the front where the artillery had beaten down the pales; and the other assailants had thrown their ladders on the flanks in the manner of bridges, from the brink of the ditch to the slanting stakes, and all were fighting hand to hand with the enemy; meanwhile the main body of the light division, encompassing the fort, discovered the gate and hewing it

down, broke in by the rear." Still the struggle continued several British officers fell wounded, on, or beyond the ramparts, one was shot two yards from the gate, and several had fallen outside. It was not till more than half the garrison were slain that the commandant with 86 men surrendered, while some, who had rushed out of the gate, were drowned in attempting to cross the inundation. The total loss on the part of the British amounted to 200 men. The capture of La Picurina enabled the British to establish their second parallel with comparatively little loss, on the 26th three breaching-batteries opened within 300 yards, and General Leith's division arrived at Lleras four days after, and also joined the camp before Badajoz. On the morning of the 5th of April, the breaches were reported practicable, and in the large one, a wide opening was made.

Lord Wellington, who saw that no time must be lost in case of Soult's advance, and who was aware that Marmont was menacing the frontier of Beira, was at first anxious that the assault should be made that same evening, but upon examining the fortress, he suspected that there were interior and formidable intrenchments. The attack was therefore deferred for twenty four hours, which were occupied in directing a very heavy fire against the old wall of the curtain between the two breaches, so as to make another, by which the intrenchments might be turned. Under the fire of the united batteries, the masonry of the old curtain crumbled away, and a third breach was made. Orders were given for the assault, which was appointed for 10 o'clock on the night of the 6th. The following was the outline of the plan. Picton with the 3rd division, to attempt the castle by escalade, the 4th and light di-

vicious, under Collville and Barnard, to storm the breaches in the bastions of La Trinidad, Santa Marta, and in the connecting curtain; Leith with the 5th to escalade the rampart near the western gate; Walker with the left brigade, to feign an attack on the Fort Pardaleros, convertible, under favourable circumstances, into a real one; and Power with the Portuguese division, to threaten the *ids de pont* and the other works on the right of the Guadiana.

\* The night was dry but clouded, the air thick with watery exhalations from the rivers, the ramparts and trenches unusually still; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter and in the former lights were seen to flit here and there while the deep voices of the sentinels at times proclaimed that all was well in Badajoz.

\* The French, confiding in Philippon's direful skill, watched from their lofty station the approach of enemies, whom they had twice before baffled, and now hoped to drive a third time blasted and ruined from the walls; the British standing in deep columns, was as eager to meet that fiery destruction as the others were to peer it down; and both were still terrible for their strength their discipline and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts.

\* Former fallacies there were to avenge and on either side such leaders as left no excuse for weak were in the hour of trial; and the possession of Badajoz was become a point of honour, personal with the soldiers of each nation. Yet the strong desire for glory was in the British, dashed with a hatred of the enemies on an old ground and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly brave; for these things



bridge, under a terrible musketry and then re-form  
 log, and running up the rugged hill, had reached  
 the foot of the castle, when he fell severely wounded  
 and being carried back to the trenches, met Picton,  
 who hastened forward, to take the command.  
 Meanwhile his troops spreading along the front,  
 reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty  
 castle, some against the adjoining front on the left,  
 and with incredible courage ascended amidst  
 showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, and bursting  
 shells rolled off the parapet, while from the flanks  
 the enemy piled his musketry with a fearful rapidity  
 and in front, with pikes and bayonets, stabbing the  
 leading assailants, or pushed the ladders from the  
 walls; and all this attended with deafening shouts,  
 and the crash of breaking ladders, and the shrieks  
 of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke  
 of the falling weights.

\* Still a armleg round the remaining ladders,  
 these undaunted veterans strove who should first  
 climb; until all being overturned, the French  
 shouted Victory and the British, baffled but un-  
 turned fell back few paces, and took shelter under  
 the rugged edge of the hill. Here when the broken  
 ranks were somewhat re-formed the heroic Colonel  
 Mordaunt, springing forward, called, with a stentorian  
 voice, on his men to follow and seizing a ladder  
 once more raised it against the castle, yet to the  
 right of the former attack, where the wall was lower,  
 and an embrasure offered some facility. A second  
 ladder was soon placed alongside of the first, by the  
 grenadier officer Caneh, and the next instant he  
 and Mordaunt were on the rampart, the shouting troops  
 pressed after them, the garrison amazed and in a  
 manner surprised were driven fighting through the  
 double gate into the town, And the castle was won

A reinforcement, sent from the French reserve, then came up, a sharp action followed, both sides hrd through the gate, and the enemy retired, but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory.

“During these events, the tumult at the breaches was such as if the very earth had been rent asunder, and its central fires were bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions had reached the glacis, just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket discharged from the covered way as a signal, shewed them that the French were ready, yet no stir was heard, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay packs were then thrown, some ladders were placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties of the light division, above 500 in all, had descended into the ditch without opposition, when a bright flame shooting upwards, displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were seen on the one side, and on the other, the red columns of the British deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava, it was the touch of the magician’s wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrals.

“For an instant the light division stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight, then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, flew down the ladders, or disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulph below, and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the 4th division came running in, and descended with a like fury. There were, however, only five

ladders for both columns, which were close together; and a deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch, as far as the counter-guard of the Trinidad, was filled with water from the inundation: into this watery snare the head of the 4th division fell and it is said that above 100 of the Fusiliers (the men of Albuera) were smothered. Those who followed, checked not, but as if such a disaster had been expected, turned to the left, and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, being rough and broken, was mistaken for their breach, and instantly covered with men; yet a wide and deep chasm was still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire, wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, and whose flank was confined by an unfinished ditch, intended to cut off the bastion of Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the 4th division were destined to storm.

"Great was the confusion, for now the ravelin was crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire others jumped down and ran towards the breach; many also passed between the ravelin and the counter-guard of the Trinidad: the two divisions got mixed, and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in, until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible; and the burning of shells and of grenades the roaring of the guns from the flank,

## DUKE OF WELLINGTON

answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continued clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din.

"Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword blades, sharp pointed, keen edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together and set deep in the ruins, and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the pikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of this stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged.

"Again the assailants rushed up the breaches, and again the sword blades, immovable and impassable, stopped their charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had fallen, and hundreds more were dropping, but still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by few, ascended the ruins, and so furious were the men themselves, that in one of these charges, the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing to make a bridge of their writhing bodies, but the



others frustrated the attempt by dropping down ; and men fell so fast from the shot, that it was hard to know who went down voluntarily and who were stricken ; and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also it would have been to break through the sword blades, for the trench and parapet behind the breach were finished, and the assailants, crowded even into a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter would have continued.

"At the beginning of this dreadful conflict, Colonel Andrew Harvard had with prodigious efforts separated his division from the other and preserved some degree of military array ; but now the tumult was such that no command could be heard distinct except by those close at hand, and the mutilated carcasses heaped on each other and the wounded, struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations ; order was impossible ! Yet officers of all stations, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out, as if struck by a sudden madness, and rush into the breach, which, wringing and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of some huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame. One of these attempts, Colonel Macleod of the 43rd, a young man, whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war if it had not been animated by an unconquerable spirit, was killed. Wherever his voice was heard, there his soldiers gathered, and with such strong resolution did he lead them up the fatal ruins, that when one behind him, in falling, plunged a bayonet into his back, he contemplated it, and, contemplating his corpse was shot dead

within a yard of the sword-blades. But there was no want of gallant leaders, or desperate followers.

“Two hours spent in these vain efforts convinced the soldiers that the breach of the Trinidad was impregnable, and as the opening in the curtain, although less strong, was retired, and the approach to it impeded by deep holes, and cuts made in the ditch, the troops did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at Trinidad, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fire-balls which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, *why they did not come into Badajos?*”

“In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps, and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless fire above, and withal a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas, of the engineers, was observed by Mr Shaw, of the 43d, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men, into Santa Maria bastion. Shaw having collected about 50 soldiers of all regiments, joined him, and although there was a deep cut along the foot of this breach also, it was instantly passed, and these young officers at the head of their gallant band, rushed up the slope of the ruins, but when they had gained two thirds of the ascent, a concentrated fire of musketry and grape, dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth! Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone! After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive, but unflinching, beneath the enemy's shot,

which strewn without intermission ; for, of the riflemen on the glacis, many leaping early into the ditch, had joined in the assault, and the rest, raked by a cross fire of grape from the distant bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and too few in number had entirely failed to quell the French mortar.

" About midnight, when 2,000 brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, sent orders for the remainder to retire and re-form for a second assault ; for he had just then heard that the castle was taken, and thinking the enemy would still hold out in the town, was resolved to assault the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was, however, not effected without further carnage and confusion, for the French fire never slackened, and a cry arose that the enemy were making a rally from the ditch flanks, which caused a rush towards the ladders ; the groans and lamentations of the wounded who could not move and expected to be slain, increased ; many officers who had not heard of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back, and some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd.

" All this time the third division was lying close in the castle and either from a fear of risking the loss of a point which ensured the capture of the place, or that the effort was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side however the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Paredones, and on the right of the Guadiana, the Portuguese were hurrying engaged at the bridge ; thus the town was girded with fire for General Walker's brigade having passed on during the night on the Paredones,

was ascending the distant bastion of San Vincente. His troops had advanced along the banks of the river, and reached the French guard house, at the barrier gate, undiscovered, for the ripple of the waters smothered the sound of their footsteps, but just then the explosion at the breaches took place, the moon shone out, and the French sentinels, discovering the columns, fired. The British troops immediately springing forward under a sharp fire of musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way, while the Portuguese, being panic-stricken, threw down the scaling ladders. Nevertheless the others snatched them up again, and forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch, but the guiding engineer officer was killed, and there was a *lunette* which embarrassed the column, and when the foremost men succeeded in rearing the ladders, the latter were found too short, for the walls were generally above 30 feet high. Meanwhile the fire of the French was deadly, a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders.

“Fortunately some of the defenders having been called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely manned, and the assailants, having discovered a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only 20 feet high, placed three ladders there under an embrasure which had no gun, and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up, but with difficulty, for the ladders were still too short, and the first man who gained the top was pushed up by his comrades, and then drew others after him, until many had gained the sum-

mit ; and though the French shot heavily against them, from both flanks, and from a house in front, they thickened and could not be driven back ; half the 4th regiment entered the town itself, to dislodge the enemy from the houses, while the others pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting, successively won three bastions.

" In the last of these combats, General Walker leaped forward, sword in hand,—at the moment when one of the enemy's cannoniers was discharging a gun,—all covered with so many wounds that it was wonderful how he could survive ; some of the soldiers immediately after perceiving a lighted match on the ground, cried out, *A mine !* At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops whom neither the strong barrier nor the deep ditch, nor the high walls, nor the deadly fire of the enemy could stop, staggered back palled by a chimera of their own raising ; and in this disorder a French reserve, under General Vellande, drove on them with a firm and rapid charge and pitching some men over the walls, and killing others outright, again cleansed the ramparts even to the San Vincenzo. There, however Leith had placed Colonel Nugent with a battalion of the 35th as a reserve and when the French came up, shouting and slaying all before them, this battalion, about 200 strong arose and with one close volley destroyed them.

" Then the panic ceased, the soldiers rallied, and in compact order once more charged along the walls towards the breaches but the French, although turned on both flanks, and abandoned by fortune did not yet yield ; and meanwhile the detachment of the 4th regiment which had entered the town when the San Vincenzo was first carried was

strangely situated, for the streets were empty and brilliantly illuminated, and no person was seen; yet a low buzz and whisper were heard around, lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time, shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards. However, the troops with bugles sounding, advanced to the great square of the town, and in their progress captured several mules going with ammunition to the breaches, but the square itself was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with lamps, a terrible enchantment seemed to be in operation, for they saw nothing but light, and heard only the low whispers close around them, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing of thunder.

“There, indeed, the fight was still plainly raging, and hence, quitting the square, they attempted to take the garrison in reverse, by attacking the ramparts from the town side, but they were received by a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movements through the streets. At last the breaches were abandoned by the French, other parties entered the place, desultory combats took place in various parts, and finally Generals Viellande and Phillipon, (who was wounded) seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers, and entered San Cristoval, where they all surrendered early the next morning upon summons, to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who had with great readiness pushed through the town to the draw-bridge ere they had time to organize further resistance. But even in the moment of ruin the night before, the noble governor had sent some horsemen out from the fort to carry the news to Soult’s army, and they reached him in time to prevent a greater misfortune.

" Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All indeed were not alike for hundreds risked and many lost their lives in attempting to stop the violence, but the madness generally prevailed; and as the worst men were leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity brutal intemperance, savage hate, cruelty and murder shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the blinding of fires burning from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own crimes, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded were then looked to and the dead disposed of.

" Five thousand men and officers fell during the siege, and of these, including 700 Portuguese 3,500 had been stricken in the assault; 60 officers, and more than 700 men being slain on the spot. The five Generals, Kempt, Harvey, Brown, Colville, and Pictou, were wounded, the first three severely. About 600 men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vloccente, as many at the castle and more than 2,000 at the breaches, each di taken there being 1,200! And how deadly the strife was, at that point, may be gathered from this, that the 43rd and 82nd regiments of the light division alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the 3rd division at the castle!

" Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space less than 100 square yards. Let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly nor by one manner of death; that some

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perished by steel, some by shot, some by water, that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled and mangled to atoms by the fiery explosions, that four hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last, let any man consider this and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be, to say that the French were feeble men, for the garrison stood and fought manfully, and with good discipline. Shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the soldiers? The noble emulation of the officers! \* \* \* \* When the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Wellington, the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers."

It seems unnecessary to do more than invite the reader's admiration of the energy and genius displayed by Lord Wellington in thus taking from the French, two such strong fortresses as Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and that too in the face of Soult and Marmont, whose combined numbers seemed enough to crush the British force. The French were painfully astonished at his success, and Napoleon looked with surprise upon the discomfiture of his best generals and chosen armies. He knew not that the tide of French victory and success had already turned, and though Portugal was wrested from him, and Spain, after so much toil and blood, still unsubdued, he was preparing to set out on his mad expedition to Russia, unconscious of the greater reverses he was to meet with there, and ignorant that before an enemy whom he regarded



as barbarian, the flower of his army were to perish amid the snows. Meanwhile his preparations for the Russian war drew off much of his attention from Spain.

The honours Lord Wellington received from the Spanish government, did not add much to his actual resources. The Spanish character indeed was clearly shown throughout this war; "nothing could subdue the spirit of the people, nothing teach wisdom to their rulers." The Cortes wasted their time idly and often worse than idly; bawling themselves with theoretical plans, instead of striving to obtain practical results. Some real grievances they did indeed remove, and among others abolished that execrable and holquious tribunal, the Inquisition. But to counterbalance these unquestionable benefits, they violated justice towards the clergy and nobles; and acted so as to irritate and offend the nation. The armies were still unimproved; the only military dependence on which Wellington could repose, was in his own troops and the Portuguese; for the bravery of the Spaniards was almost always neutralized by the ignorance, rashness, prejudice or inactivity of their generals. It was still possible however that some striking success gained by the British, might rouse to exertion even that sluggish government and excite anew the people to such noble deed as they had done in the commencement of the struggle.

Before further operations were carried on it was highly important to break the communication between Seville and Martago, which was by means of a bridge of boats occupying the site of the former bridge at Almaraz, a passage defended by formidable works on both sides of the river. This was effected in May by General Hull with his army

ability and skill, and in June, Lord Wellington led his army from the Agueda to Salamanca, took the forts which the French had constructed in that city, captured 800 prisoners, and pursued Marmont to the Douro. Marmont, however, having possession of all the bridges, concentrated his troops between Pollos and Tordesillas, where he was joined by Bounet's army from Asturias, which, as it gave him a considerable superiority of force, compelled Wellington to withdraw. "It was an awful sight," says Southey, "to behold two great armies in an open and level country moving parallel lines, in full march, and apparently within half cannon shot of each other, each waiting for a favourable moment in which the antagonist might be found at fault. The weather was at this time so sultry, that, on one occasion, when the French pressed upon our rear and were driven out of a village by the bayonet, some of our men fainted with heat.

"On the 21st July, the whole of the allied forces were assembled on the Formes, the evening was overcast, and a thunder storm began as the enemy took up their position,—the whole sky was kindled by almost continuous lightnings, and in spite of heavy rain the enemy's fires were seen along the line. The two armies were now drawn up near Salamanca, on opposite rising grounds, the French having their left, and the allies their right, each upon one of the two remarkable rocky points called the Arapiles. Here the French general, who, confiding in his superior numbers, was determined to bring the allies to action, extended his left, in order to turn the right of their position, and interpose between them and Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord Wellington was at dinner when he was informed of this movement, he saw at once the advantage which

had been given ; he rose in such haste as to overturn the table, exclaiming that Marmont's good genius had forsaken him, and in an instant was on horseback issuing those orders which won the battle of Salamanca.\*

\* When Wellington saw that the French left was in motion, and pointing towards the Ciudad Rodrigo road, he repaired to the high ground, and observed their movements for some time, with a stern contentment, for their left wing was entirely separated from their centre. The fact was flagrant, and he fixed on it with the stroke of a thunderbolt. A few orders issued from his lips like the incantations of a wizard, and suddenly the dark mass of troops which covered the English Arapiles, was seemingly possessed by some mighty spirit, and rushing violently down the interior slope of the mountain, entered the great basin amidst a storm of bullets which seemed to sweep away the whole surface of the earth over which the soldiers moved. The 8th division instantly formed on the right of the 4th, connecting the latter with Bradford's Portuguese, who hastened forward at the same time from the right of the army and the heavy cavalry galloping up on the right of Bradford, closed this front of battle.

"The 6th and 7th divisions, flanked on the right by Anson's light cavalry which now moved from the Arapiles, were ranged at half cannon shot in a second line which was prolonged by the Spaniards in the direction of the 3rd division, and this last reinforced by two squadrons of the 14th dragons, and by D'Urbah's Portuguese horsemen, formed the extreme right of the army. Behind all, on the highest ground, the 1st and light divisions, and

Pack's Portuguese were disposed in heavy masses, as a reserve

"When this grand disposition was completed, the 3rd division and its attendant horsemen, the whole formed in four columns and flanked on the left by 12 guns, received orders to cross the enemy's line of march. The remainder of the 1st line, including the main body of the cavalry was directed to advance whenever the attack of the 3rd division should be developed, and as the 4th division must in this forward movement necessarily lend its flank to the enemy's troops stationed on the French Arapiles, Pack's brigade was commanded to assault that rock the moment the left of the British line should pass it. Thus, after long coiling and winding, the armies came together, and drawing up their huge trains like angry serpents mingled in deadly strife.

"Marimont, from the top of the French Arapiles, saw the country beneath him suddenly covered with enemies at a moment when he was in the act of making a complicated evolution, and when, by the rash advance of his left, his troops were separated into three parts, each at too great a distance to assist the other, and those nearest the enemy neither strong enough to hold their ground, nor aware of what they had to encounter. The 3rd division was, however, still hidden from him by the western heights, and he hoped the tempest of bullets under which the British line was moving in the basin beneath, would check it until he could bring up his reserve divisions, and, by the village of Arapiles, fall on what was now the left of the allies' position. But even this, his only resource for saving the battle, was weak, for on that point there were still the 1st and light divisions and Pack's brigade, forming a mass of 12,000 troops with 30 pieces of artillery,

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the village itself was well disputed, and the English Arapiles rock stood out as a strong bastion of defence. However the French General, nothing daunted, despatched officer after officer some to hasten up the troops from the forest, others to stop the progress of his left wing; and with a sanguine expectation still looked for the victory until he saw Pakenham with the 3rd division shoot like a meteor across Thomlakes path; then pride and hope alike died within him; and desperately he was hurrying to that fatal spot, when an exploding shell stretched him on the earth, with a broken arm and 11 deep wounds in his side. Confusion ensued and the troops distracted by ill judged orders and counter-orders, knew not where to move, who to fight, or who to avoid.

"It was about 5 o'clock when Pakenham fell upon Thomlakes; and it was at the instant when that General, the head of whose column had gained an open isolated hill at the extremity of the southern range of heights, expected to see the allies, in full retreat towards the Ciudad Rodrigo road

loosely followed by Marmont from the Arapiles. The counter-stroke was terrible! Two batteries of artillery placed on the summit of the western heights, suddenly took his troops in flank, and Pakenham's mass columns supported by cavalry were coming on full in his front, while two-thirds of his own division lengthened out and unconnected, were still behind in a wood where they could hear but could not see the storm which was now bursting. From the chief to the lowest soldier

it felt that they were lost; and in an instant Pakenham, the most frank and gallant of men, commenced the battle.

"The British columns formed lines as they

marched, and the French gunners standing up bravely for the honour of their country, sent showers of grape into the advancing masses, while a crowd of light troops poured in a fire of musketry under cover of which the main body endeavoured to display a front. But bearing onwards through the skirmishers with the might of a giant, Pakenham broke his half-formed lines in fragments, and sent the whole in confusion upon the advancing supports. One only officer with unyielding spirit remained by the artillery, standing alone, he fired the last gun at the distance of a few yards, but whether he lived or th he died could not be seen for the smoke. Some squadrons of light cavalry fell on the right of the 3d division, but the 5th regiment repulsed them, and D'Urban's Portuguese horsemen reinforced by two squadrons of the 14th dragoons under John Harvey, gained the enemy's flank. The Oporto regiment, led by the English Major Watson instantly charged the French infantry yet vainly. Watson fell deeply wounded, and his men retired.

"Pakenham continued his tempestuous course against the remainder of Thompson's troops, which were now arrayed on the wooded heights behind the first hill, yet imperfectly, and offering two fronts, the one opposed to the 3d division and its attendant horsemen the other to the 5th division, to Bradford's brigade, and the main body of cavalry and artillery, all of which were now moving in one great line across the basin. Meanwhile Bonnet's troops having failed at the village of Arapiles, were sharply engaged with the 4th division; Maucune kept his menacing position behind the French Arapiles, and as Clauzel's division had come up from the forest, the connection of the



centre and left was in some measure restored ; two divisions were however still in the rear and Boyer's dragoons were in march from Calvariza Ariba. Thomieres had been killed, and Bonnet, who succeeded Marmont, had been disabled, hence more confusion ; but the command of the army devolved upon Clausel, and he was of a capacity to sustain this terrible crisis.

" The 4th and 5th divisions, and Bradford's brigade, were now hotly engaged, and steadily gaining ground ; the heavy cavalry Anson's light dragoons, and Bull's troop of artillery were advancing at a trot on Falkenham's left ; and on that General's right, D'Urban's horsemen overlapped the enemy. Thus in less than half an hour and before an order of battle had been even formed by the French, their commander-in-chief and two other generals had fallen ; and the left army was turned, thrown into confusion and enveloped. Clausel's division had indeed joined Thomieres and a front had been spread on the southern heights, but it was loose and unfit to resist ; for the troops were some in double lines, some in columns, some in squares ; a powerful sun shone full in their eyes, the light soil, stirred up by the trampling of men and horses, and driven forward by a breeze which arose in the west at the moment of attack, came full upon them mingled with smoke in such stifling clouds, that, scarcely able to breathe and quite unable to see, their fire was given at random.

" In this situation, while Falkenham, bearing onward with a conquering violence, was chasing on their flank, and the 5th division advancing with a storm of fire on their front, the interval between the two attacks was suddenly filled with a whirlwind cloud of dust, which moving swiftly forward, car-

ried within its womb the trampling sound of a charging multitude. As it passed the left of the 3rd division, Le Marchant's heavy horsemen, flanked by Anson's light cavalry, broke forth from it at full speed, and the next instant 1,200 French infantry, though formed in several lines, were trampled down with a terrible clamour and disturbance. Bewildered and blinded they cast away their arms and ran through the openings of the British squadrons, stooping and demanding quarter, while the dragoons, big men and on big horses, rode onwards, smiting with their long glittering swords in uncontrollable power, and the 3rd division followed at speed, shouting as the French masses fell in succession before the dreadful charge.

"Nor were these valiant swordsmen yet exhausted. Their own general Le Marchant, and many officers had fallen, but Cotton and all his staff was at their head, and with ranks confused, and blended together in one mass, still galloping forward, they sustained from a fresh column, an irregular stream of fire, which emptied 100 saddles, yet with fine courage, and downright force, the survivors broke through this, the third, and strongest body of men that had encountered them, and Lord Edward Somerset, continuing his course at the head of one squadron, with a happy perseverance, captured five guns. The French left was entirely broken, more than 2,000 prisoners were taken, the French light horsemen abandoned that part of the field, and, Thomieres' division no longer existed, as a military body. Anson's cavalry, which had passed quite over the hill, and had suffered little in the charge, was now joined by D'Urban's troopers, and took the place of Le Marchant's exhausted men, the heavy German dragoons followed in reserve, and

with the 3rd and 5th divisions, and the guns, formed one formidable line two miles in advance of where Falkenberg had first attacked; and that impetuous officer with unmitigated strength, still pressed forward, spreading terror and disorder on the enemy's left.

"While these signal events, which occupied about forty minutes, were passing on the allies' right, a terrible battle raged in the centre. For when the first shock of the 3rd division had been heaved from the Arapiles, the 4th division, moving in a line with the 5th, had passed the village of that name under a prodigious cannonade, and vigorously driving Bonnet's troops backwards, step by step to the southern and eastern heights, obliged them to mingle with Clausel and with Thomières' broken remains. When the combatants had passed the French Arapiles, which was about the time of Le Marchant's charge, Pack's Portuguese assailed that rock, and the front of the battle was thus completely defined, because Foy's division was now exchanging a distant cannonade with the first and light divisions. However Bonnet's troops, notwithstanding Marmont's fall, and the loss of their own general, fought bravely and Clausel made a surprising effort, beyond all men's expectations, to restore the battle. Already a great change was visible. Ferey's division, drawn off from the heights of Calvaria Arriba, arrived in the centre behind Bonnet's men; the light cavalry, Duvoy's dragoons, and divisions of infantry from the forest, were also united there, and on this mass of fresh men, Clausel rallied the remnants of his own and Thomières' divisions. Thus, by an able movement, Surut's, Drestier's, and Leroy's unbroken troops, supported by the whole of the cavalry, were so disposed as to

cover the line of retreat to Albu de Tormes, while Maucenne's division was still in reserve behind the French Arriples, and Foy's remained untouched on the right.

"But Clausel, not content with having brought the separated part of his army together, and in a condition to effect a retreat, attempted to stem the tide of victory in the very fulness of its strength and roughness. His hopes were founded on a misfortune which had befallen General Pack, for that officer, ascending the French Arriples in one heavy column, had driven back the enemy's skirmishers, and was within three yards of the summit, believing himself victorious, when suddenly the French reserves, leaped forward from the rocks upon his front, and upon his left flank. The hostile masses closed, there was a thick cloud of smoke, a shout, a stream of fire, and the side of the hill was covered to the very bottom, with the dead, the wounded, and flying Portuguese, who were scoffed at for this failure, without any justice, no troops could have withstood that crash upon such steep ground, and the propriety of attacking the hill at all seems very questionable. The result went much to shake the whole battle, for the 4th division had just reached the southern ridge of the basin, and one of the regiments arrayed in the service, was actually on the summit, when 1,200 fresh adversaries, arrived on the reverse slope, charged up the hill, and as the British fire was straggling and ineffectual, because the soldiers were breathless and disordered by the previous fighting, the French who came up resolutely and without firing, won the crest. They were even pursuing down the other side, when two regiments placed in line below, checked them with a destructive volley.

"This vigorous counter-blow took place at the moment when Pack's defeat permitted Manceau, who was no longer in pain for the Arapiles' hill, to menace the left flank and rear of the 4th division; but the left wing of the 40th regiment immediately wheeled about, and with a rough charge cleared the rear. Manceau would not engage himself more deeply at that time, but General Ferey's troops pressed ignorantly against the front of the 4th division, and Brennier did the same by the first line of the 5th division. Doyer's dragoons too came on rapidly and the allies, being out flanked and over matched, lost ground. Fiercely and fast the French followed, and the fight soon more raged in the basin below. General Cole had before this fallen deeply wounded, and Leith had the same fortune; but Beresford promptly drew Spry's Portuguese brigade from the second line of the 5th division, and thus flanked the advancing columns of the enemy; yet he also fell desperately wounded, and Doyer's dragoons then came freely into action, because Anson's cavalry had been checked after Le Marchant's charge by a heavy fire of artillery.

"The crisis of the battle had now arrived, and the victory was for the General who had the strongest reserves in hand. Wellington, who was seen that day at every point of the field exactly when his presence was most required, immediately brought up from the second line the 6th division, and its charge was rough, strong, and successful. Nevertheless the struggle was no slight one. The men of General Hulse's brigade which was on the left, went down by hundreds; and the 61st and 11th regiments won their way desperately and through such a fire as British soldiers only can

sustain. Some of Poyser's dragoons also breaking in between the 4th and 6th divisions, slew many men, and caused some disorder in the 5<sup>th</sup> ; but that brave regiment lost no ground, nor did Clausel's impetuous counter attack avail at any point, after the first burst, against the steady courage of the allies. The southern ridge was regained, the French General Menne was severed, General Percy, mortally wounded. Clausel himself was hurt, and the reserve of Bover's dragoons coming on at a canter, were met and broken by the fire of Hulse's noble brigade. Then the changing current of the fight once more set for the British. The 3<sup>rd</sup> division continued to outflank the enemy's left; Maucune abandoned the French Arriples, Foy retired from the ridge of Cadizaza and the allied host righting itself as a gallant 1<sup>st</sup> after a sudden gust, again bore onwards in blood and gloom, for though the air, purified by the storm the night before, was peculiarly clear, one vast cloud of smoke and dust rolled along the basin, and within it was the battle with all its sights and sounds of terror.

"When the English General had thus restored the fight in the centre he directed the commander of the 1<sup>st</sup> division to push between Foy and the rest of the French army, which would have rendered it impossible for the latter to rally or escape, but this order was not executed, and Foy's and Maucune's divisions were skilfully used by Clausel to protect the retreat. The first posted on undulating ground, and flanked by some squadrons of dragoons, covered the roads to the fords of Huerta and Encina, the second, reinforced with 15 guns, was placed on a steep ridge in front of the forest, covering the road to Alba de Tormes, and behind this ridge the rest of the army, then falling back

in disorder before the 3rd, 5th, and 6th divisions, took refuge. Wellington immediately sent the light division, formed in two lines and flanked by some squadrons of dragoons, against Foy; and he supported them by the 1st division in column, flanked on the right by two brigades of the 4th division, which he had drawn off from the centre when the 6th division restored the fight. The 7th division and the Spaniards followed in reserve; the country was covered with troops, and a new army seemed to have risen out of the earth.

Foy throwing out a cloud of skirmishers, retired slowly by wings, turning and firing heavily from every rising ground upon the light divisions, which marched forward steadily without returning a shot, save by its skirmishers; for three miles the march was under this musketry which was occasionally thickened by a cannonade and yet very few men were lost, because the French aim was baffled, partly by the twilight, partly by the even order and rapid gliding of the lines. But the French General Desgras who was killed, and the flanking brigades from the 4th division having now penetrated between Marcinelle and Foy it seemed difficult for the latter to extricate his troops from the action: nevertheless he did it with great dexterity. For having increased his skirmishers on the last defensible ridge, along the foot of which ran a marshy stream he redoubled his fire of musketry and made a surprising demonstration with his horsemen just as the darkness fell. The British guns immediately opened their fire: a squadron of dragoons galloped forwards from the left, the artillery crossing the marshy stream, with an impetuous pace hastened to the summit of the hill and over the black seemed at hand. But there was no

longer an enemy, the main body of the French had gone into the thick forest on their own left during the firing, and the skirmishers fled swiftly after, covered by the smoke and by the darkness.

"Meanwhile Maucune maintained a noble battle. He was outflanked and outnumbered, but the safety of the French army depended on his courage; he knew it, and Pakenham, marking his bold demeanour, advised Clinton, who was immediately in his front, not to assail him until the 3d division should have turned his left. Nevertheless the 6th division was soon plunged afresh into action under great disadvantage, for after being kept by its commander a long time without reason, close under Maucune's batteries, which ploughed heavily through the ranks, it was suddenly directed by a staff officer to attack the hill. Assisted by a brigade of the 4th division, the troops then rushed up, and in the darkness of the night the fire showing how the battle went. On the side of the British a sheet of flame was seen, sometimes advancing with an even front, sometimes pricking forth in spear heads, now falling back in waving lines, and anon darting upwards in one vast pyramid the apex of which often approached, yet never gained the actual summit of the mountain, but the French musketry, rapid as lightning, sparkled along the brow of the height with unvarying fulness, and with what destructive effects the dark gaps and changing shapes of the adverse fire showed too plainly. Yet when Pakenham had again turned the enemy's left, and Foy's division had glided into the forest, Maucune's task was completed, the effulgent crest of the ridge became black and silent, and the whole French army vanished as it were in the darkness.



"Meanwhile Wellington, who was with the leading regiment of the light division, continued to advance towards the ford of Huerta leaving the forest to his right, for he thought the Spanish garrison was still in the castle of Alba de Tormes, and that the enemy must of necessity be found in a confused mass at the fords. It was for this final stroke that he had so skillfully strengthened his left wing, nor was he diverted from his aim by marching through standing corn where no enemy could have preceded him nor by Foy's retreat into the forest, because it pointed towards the fords of Encina and Gotosalo, which that General might be endeavouring to gain, and the right wing of the allies would find him there. A squadron of French dragoons also burst hastily from the forest in front of the advancing troops, soon after dusk, and firing their pistols, passed at full gallop towards the ford of Huerta, thus indicating great confusion in the defeated army and confirming the notion that its retreat was in that direction. Had the castle of Alba been held, the French could not have carried off a third of their army nor would they have been in much better plight if Carlos Delapana, who soon discovered his error in withdrawing the garrison, had informed Wellington of that fact; but he suppressed it and suffered the Colonel, who had only obeyed his orders, to be canonised; the left wing thereof continued their march to the ford without meeting any enemy and, the night being far spent, were there halted; the right wing exhausted by long fighting, had ceased to pursue after the action with Maucune and thus the French gained Alba unmolested; but the action did not terminate without two remarkable accidents. While riding alone behind the 43rd regiment, Wellington was struck in the thigh by a

spent musket ball, which passed through his holster, and the night packets had just been sent at Huerta, when Sir Stapleton Cotton, who had gone to the ford and returned a different road, was shot through the arm by a Portuguese sentinel who challenge he had disregarded. These were the last events of this famous battle, in which the skill of the General was worthily seconded by troops whose ardour may be appreciated by the following anecdotes.

‘Capt Broerton of the 14th drag was fighting upon the 18th at the Cuatrecasas amongst the foremost, as he was always wont to do, had a sword thrust quite through his side, yet on the 22nd he was again on horse-back, and being denied leave to remain in that condition with his own regiment, secretly joined Pack’s Portuguese in an undress, and was again hurt in the unfortunate charge at the Arripiles. Such were the officers. A man of the 43rd, one by no means distinguished above his comrades, was shot through the middle of the thigh, and lost his shoes in passing the marshy stream; but refusing to quit the fight, he humped under fire in the rear of his regiment, and with naked feet, and streaming with blood from his wound, he marched for several miles over a country covered with sharp stones. Such were the soldiers.”\*

The immediate results of this splendid victory were the capture of eleven pieces of artillery, two eagles, and 7,000 prisoners. Three French Generals were killed, four severely wounded, among whom was Marmont himself, the total loss of the French was estimated at 14,000. On the side of the allies, 5,200 were killed and wounded, including six general officers, of whom one was killed.

Favoured by the night, the enemy continued their

\* Napier’s Peninsular War

retreat, and next morning the allies pressed on in pursuit. The retiring army would have sustained much greater loss, had not the Spaniards by abandoning the castle of Alcañices, suffered them to cross the river at that point without delay or resistance. The cavalry however, came up with their rear-guard in the morning and General Rook, with a brigade of German heavy dragoons, charged three squares of infantry broke them, and took 900 prisoners. The French were still strong in cavalry, a numerous reinforcement of which, and also of horse artillery they had received a day after the battle. Thus overpowered and getting on as fast as possible by forced marches, they reached Valladolid without farther loss; and as Wellington approached that place, they retired upon Burgos. On the 31st July the allies crossed the Douro; and on the 6th August, made a movement against the army of the centre; part of the force which had suffered most in the battle being left to observe the line of the Douro, while the main body advanced to the capital by Segovia and St. Ildelfonso. King Joseph had already retired thither. Wellington entered Ildelfonso on the 9th; during the next two days his troops crossed the mountains and descended into New Castile. On the 11th a cavalry skirmish took place, in which the Portuguese horse suffered, but the advance of the Germans at once checked the French. On the night of the 11th Joseph with Marshal Jourdan hurried from Madrid, marched his troops on Aranjuez, and crossed the Tagus, anxious to use it as a barrier between him and the British. On the 16th he effected his retreat to Valencia.

On the 17th of August—a memorable epoch—the allied army and its illustrious chief entered Mad-

did. Their entrance excited in the inhabitants sentiments of the greatest joy and enthusiasm, which found utterance in shouts of admiration and gratitude. All business was suspended, thousands of people, bearing laurel branches, welcomed them at the gate. The same day the Retiro, which was garrisoned by the French surrendered, the spoil found, amounted to 180 pieces of ordnance, 20,000 stand of arms and many stores of every kind. On the 13th, Don Carlos de España was appointed governor of Madrid, and the new constitution was proclaimed amidst the loud vivas of the exulting crowd. The whole population was in the streets, joy beamed on every countenance, and delight trembled on every lip, laurels and flowers decorated every place, tapestries hung from the balconies. But Wellington was the "observed of all observers," the object of their praise and honour, wherever he appeared. A deafening roar of "Long live the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo!"—"Long live Wellington!" Green boughs, flowers, and shawls, were flung before his horse's feet, they crowded around him, hung upon his stirrups, touched his clothes, or throwing themselves upon the ground, blessed him aloud as the friend of Spain. His triumph was indeed a pure, glorious, and noble one.

We must not omit to relate, that when, on the 22nd of August, the new council waited upon Lord Wellington with all state ceremony, to offer him a congratulatory address as Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, couched in fit terms towards a great conqueror, whose victories had subserved the cause of justice and freedom, Wellington replied with that simple dignity, and unaffected modesty so conspicuous in his character, all that he said in reply to their

long and highly wrought enumeration and praise of his successes, was simply "The events of war are in the hands of Providence;" feelings such as these, so remote from the elation and intoxication of triumph, were the sure prelude of future and still more glorious exploits.

But the war was very far yet from being near a termination, and Lord Wellington's objects in advancing to Madrid were only partially gained; the supports upon which he had calculated did not reach him, and Suchet had dispersed his men in Catalonia and Valencia before the troops from Sicily could arrive at the eastern coast of Spain; and they remained shut up in Alicante. Yet the victory of Salamanca freed Andalusia from Soult, who, upon the fall of Madrid raised the blockade of Cadix, and when he found Seville occupied, betook himself to Granada.

Besides the failure of his expected supports, a concurrence of circumstances compelled Wellington to quit Madrid. No really active and hearty co-operations were made against the enemy nor any efforts used to organize a regular system. His military chest was empty and a few thousand dollars were all that could be raised, though the English general made the utmost efforts. The main weight of the war rested upon the British, while, independently of the corps of Soult in Granada almost 100,000 troops might be brought to bear against them. With these large forces, the French were menacing the capital, and Clause, with Marmont's army had again advanced to the Douro, after driving back the Spanish troops in Galicia. To preserve his communications, and to open others with the north of Spain, whereby to receive such reinforcements and stores as could be sent from

England, it was necessary that active steps should be taken by Lord Wellington. He therefore left Madrid on the 1st of September, leaving behind him his two weakest divisions, and directing Sir Rowland Hill to cover Madrid from the side of the Jarama. Wellington with four divisions crossed the Douro on the 6th driving before him the French from Valladolid, and pursuing them beyond Valencia; where he was joined by a Spanish army in great disorder, but numbering about 12,000 men. The French continued to retire before him. On the 17th, Clausel appeared near Burgos with 22,000 troops, but he retired immediately, and was next day reinforced by Souham with 9,000 men. Two days afterwards the army entered Burgos, 12,000 of the allies invested the castle in which were 2,000 French, the remainder advanced to cover the siege, and the head quarters were fixed at Villatoro.

Burgos castle is upon an eminence, and has strong outworks, the acclivity had been defended by two lines of formidable field works, bristling at all points with cannon, and the base of the hill was also encircled by an uncovered scarp wall, of very difficult access. The reduction of this place was of great importance, for it contained a large store of ammunition and provisions, and it was required as a point of support for the army, to enable the proposed operations to be conducted satisfactorily. The castle was immediately ordered to be invested, though our troops had only three 18 pounders, with five 24-pound iron howitzers, and a very scanty supply of ammunition. The 5th and 6th divisions were the besiegers.

On the 19th, a formidable horn-work on the hill of St. Michael was carried after an hour's hard contest, and a very severe loss, in consequence of

the brave resistance of the garrison, and the hot fire kept up from the castle; three guns, and a captain with 62 men, the sole survivors of a strong battalion, were taken. Next day the guns were dismounted. On the 22nd at night, a brave attempt made to escalade the exterior line of works, unfortunately failed. Lord Wellington resolved to have recourse to the slower process of sapping.

A breach having been effected on the 29th, by the explosion of a mine in the outer wall, a party of the 1st division, ordered to storm it; but the enemy had placed such obstacles at the mouth, that after considerable loss, the attack was unsuccessful. On the 4th of October another mine exploded, and made a breach. The outer line was carried, and the 4th regiment rushed in, and effected a lodgement between the outer wall, and the first line of field-works. The garrison however having made a sortie, drove back the English, regained the lodgement and destroyed it. Our men being reinforced, under a most destructive fire again took the works, and drove back the French to their interior defences. Still the besiegers made but a progress, for obstacles which their limited means presented them from surmounting, prevented themselves at every step. On the 6th, the enemy made another sortie, and destroyed all the work of the besiegers with to the outer wall. Still the labour was continued, and an establishment was formed within 100 yards of the second line. On the 18th, preparations were completed for an assault. The Guards and German Legion attempted an escalade and effected an entrance; but so heavy a fire was kept up by the garrison that, after a severe loss, they were compelled to retire.

No more efforts were made to take this fortress

the advance of the enemy rendering any farther operations impracticable. The siege had lasted almost a month during which the besiegers had lost more than 2000 men, its failure arose merely from want of the necessary means of attack, and not from any deficiency of ardour or perseverance on the part of the troops, who, with an adequate engineer force and a proper supply of artillery, would not have spent a third of the time before they had taken the place. But its capture was of such importance as to justify the attempt even with such inadequate means, and the firmness and perseverance of Wellington, though in this case unsuccessful, were recalled into action for a worthy object. During the whole siege, the vigilance and active superintendence of the Commander were unremitting, the arrangements for each attack were written out by himself as he sat on the ground watching the movements. He was so often within fire, that it was wonderful that he escaped injury. As he closely observed the assault on the night of the 29th of September, he was in imminent danger, for a field which he crossed was literally ploughed up by the grape and musketry.

On the 18th, most of the besieging corps joined the covering army, and two days after the General and his staff moved to the front. The siege was finally raised on the 21st, a measure rendered absolutely indispensable by the combined movements of the armies of the south and the centre, under Soult and the intruding sovereign. On the British front was an army reinforced, and possessing such a large proportion of cavalry as greatly to out-number that of the allies. The retreat had to be made in the presence of this superior army, along muddy roads, with the castle of Burgos commanding them, and the



bridges on the Arlanzón. Yet in one night, by Lord Wellington's skilful arrangements, the army with all its baggage and stores reached the other side of Burgos; and in such an orderly manner were the movements conducted, that the 1st division filed over two bridges within gunshot of the fort, without losing a single man, though it was bright moonlight. Afterwards indeed the artillery fired on the bridge but very few accidents happened. A march was thus gained on the enemy. Next day a cavalry skirmish took place. Orders were given to destroy the bridges so as to retard the French, which for the most part was effected. Sir Rowland Hill fell back and joined Lord Wellington on the retreat, and the French armies amounting to 80,000 foot, and 10,000 horse, forced their junction in pursuit, upon the Tormes; while the allies had not more than 80,000 men, of which 8,000 were cavalry. In these circumstances, though a victory had been gained, the results could not have been such as to counterbalance the risk and certain loss; the retreat was therefore continued to Ciudad Rodrigo, and so far as regards active operations, the campaign of 1812 was closed.

During the whole of this retreat, though the enemy caused little trouble still our troops suffered much; for the weather was boisterous and cold, no shelter was procurable at night, and the torrents of rain prevented fires from being lighted. Provisions were irregularly issued, in consequence of the wretched and in many cases impassable state of the roads, and in spite of all the efforts of the officers, the laxness of discipline was much relaxed; for argument, exhortation, and even threatening have little weight with soldiers who are almost starving. To them the droves of swine in the

extensive woods passed through by the army, were but too tempting; and many quitting the lines at nightfall hunted, and shot them for food. No sooner had the army reached quarters, than Lord Wellington addressed a letter to the commanders of battalions, censuring strongly the misconduct of many of the men.

In England the news of the retreat from Burgos caused great disappointment and discontent—the brilliant opening of the campaign had raised such high hopes, that this unlooked for reverse was felt more keenly. Within and without Parliament loud accusations arose against the Ministry, who had unquestionably been too tardy in furnishing supplies and reinforcements, which, when they did come, were neither sufficiently large or efficient, and had thereby afforded opportunity to their enemies to say, that the blood and resources of England had been lavished in a hopeless struggle—and the Spaniards were satisfied that the contest was vain, and were content meekly to bow their necks beneath the feet of their insolent oppressors—and that it was needless to oppose longer the power of Napoleon. A shade even seemed in the eyes of many to have passed over the renown of that illustrious chief who had so often led the army of Britain to victory, for a time he was not “gracious in the people’s eye.” Yet though it was mortifying to have been compelled to retire from Madrid, the great objects for which he advanced to the capital had been attained, the only two fortresses which enabled the enemy to menace Portugal had been captured—a number of French troops equal in amount to that of the allies, destroyed—and the whole south of Spain freed, and that too at a time when the Spanish military power had been at the lowest ebb. Besides the pursuit of

an enemy overpoweringly superior had been totally baffled, even when the French had 200,000 men in the field, headed by veteran leaders, with whose fists of arms "all Europe had rung." Whatever sentiment clamour might be raised, Wellington was not the man to be assailed by it, nor induced for a moment to quit the plans which with calm self-possession, perspicuity and far-sightedness he had laid down.

Temporary and vulgar popularity he then—as ever since—not asked and he secured the reward in receiving the lasting gratitude of his country. The time was close at hand, when he who had already done so much with means so inadequate, who without co-operation and support, had taught the French so many repulsive lessons, and had loosened the chains of Spain, and shaken to its base the throne of the intruder—king was to drive the last French man from the country and from the lofty ridges of the Pyrenees erected by his army to desecrated upon that territory which its people had so vainly called "the sacred soil of France."

The unsuccessful race of the attempt upon Burgos did not surprise Wellington; for an important evil he had justifiably besieged it, with small means; and when the extensive combinations of the French Marshals rendered it necessary that he should retire—the skill of his movements, the firm face he showed to the enemy—the shortness of his marches and his frequent halts, demonstrated the great master of the military art; as (what observers remarked) the placidity and composure of his countenance manifested the due confidence and variety of resources which denote a great mind. So far as regarded the commanders, no retreat had ever been more skillfully made. "None," say Lord W. Bingham himself "was ever known in which the troops

made such short marches, none in which they made such long and repeated halts; nor in which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy. The army met with no disaster, it suffered no privations but such as might have been prevented by due care on the part of the officers, and no hardships, but what unavoidably arose from the inclemency of the weather." "For my part," said the Marquis of Wellesley, speaking with a due and becoming pride of his brother's merits and services, "were I called upon to give my impartial testimony of the merits of your great general, I confess before Heaven, I would not reject his victories, brilliant as they are—I would go to the moments when difficulties pressed on him,—when he had but the choice of extremities—when he was overhung by superior strength! It is to his retreats that I would go for the proudest and most undoubted evidence of his ability!" To this we may here add upon Colonel Napier's cool, and with respect to Wellington, impartial testimony, that during, not only this campaign, but the whole war, "no adequate notion of Lord Wellington's vigorous capacity and herculean labours can be formed, without an intimate knowledge of the financial and political difficulties which oppressed him."

At this period, honours and rewards, so justly his due, were decreed to Lord Wellington by his grateful country. The restrictions on the Regency had now expired, and the first use the Prince made of his new power was to create him a Marquis of the United Kingdom, to which was added the Parliamentary grant of £100,000, to purchase lands, and enable him to support the dignity of the Peerage. The Prince of Brazil conferred on him the additional title of Duke of Vittoria. We must also

here notice, that from the beginning of the Peninsular war Lord Wellington had uniformly refused to accept the emoluments attached to the dignities conferred on him by the Spanish and Portuguese governments, though these amounted to upwards of 17,000 dollars a year. The value of this honorable sacrifice, and disinterestedness, will be better understood when we mention that his pay as commander of the forces did not defray his expenses, while he had a family to maintain in England; till the Parliament voted him the income and the grant to support his titles, he was really the poorer for having served. Nor must we omit to mention that he spent a great deal of money in charity; and that during the invasion of Portugal in 1810, he contributed most liberally from his private resources to the relief of distress and misery. It is therefore satisfactory to find that in January 1812, his income was materially enlarged by the appointment of Colonel of the Blues, or Royal Horse Guards; which, like all his other honours and emoluments, was unasked, and afforded him peculiar pleasure. "So far" says one of his biographers, "was he from making a high and vain estimate of his services and claims, that, when he announced his appointment at his own table he exclaimed with the simplest joy, "I am the luckiest fellow in the world, I must have been born under some extraordinary planet."

During the winter some reinforcements arrived from England, particularly cavalry of which there was great want. At this time with providence and foresight, Wellington bent his attention to the better equipment and organization of his army. He caused the huge iron camp kettles to be drawn and the mules employed in their carriage to

be appointed to the command of the various companies; so that the effect of his plan, of for them a cover in the field; good and comfortable were gained in proportion to the loss, by the men small tin bottles, or tin canisters, which could be carried in turn on the top of a knapsack, and dividing the companies into small parties, or detachments which conduced much to the health and comfort, and consequent efficacy of the troops. A pontoon train was likewise required to accompany the army on its line of march the following campaign. We must on this subject acknowledge the constant attention paid by Wellington to the interests and efficiency of his soldiers.

To facilitate necessary arrangements, Marquis Wellington went to Cadiz to communicate in person with the Spanish government. Here he was received in a becoming manner. In the first instance, he was waited upon by a deputation from the Cortes, and when he afterwards entered their hall in the Spanish uniform, they greeted him with loud reclamations, and shewed the greatest joy and satisfaction when he replied to their address in their own language. His visit appeared to succeed in promoting that good understanding and cordial union between himself and the Spanish executive, which were of so much consequence to the common cause, and they promised him the co-operation of 50,000 Spanish soldiers. He returned to the army by Lisbon, where he had also a most distinguished reception, as he rode along the streets, the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. The city was illuminated for three nights. He was received with every possible mark of respect by the Lords and Regent of the Kingdom, in the palace of government, where an entertainment was given him. He

appeared in the great theatre of San Carlo, crowded to the roof with spectators, and the applause and shouts were almost unbounded.

## CHAPTER XII.

Napoleon's declining power—Movements of the Allies—Passages of the Carrión and the Ebro—Battle of Vitoria—Its results—Siege of St. Sebastian—Soult's endeavours to relieve Napoleon—Operations among the Pyrenees—Storming of St. Sebastian—Operations on the Frontier

Upon reflection, it will appear probable, that even though Napoleon, at peace with the other nations of Europe, had been able to bend his whole attention to the subjugation of the Peninsula, he would not eventually have succeeded in his object. The resources of the seat of war were so exhausted as not to furnish subsistence either for the invading or the defending army. The provinces were no longer tilled by the agriculturalist, when the fruit of his labours was wrested from him by armed men; the cattle had been driven away up the mountains, the great mass of the population had seized the musket and the knife, to wage a war of extermination against the invader.

It was absolutely necessary for the security of the French, to employ numerous armies, to keep up a strong unbroken line of communication throughout the country and Bayonne; so long as they could do this, the British army did not seem to have made much progress towards the liberation of Spain. But their dissensions of force was pregnant with in

jury to the French and to the British. If they  
 would their lives, it was for the sake of the  
 They could not be present at the battle of  
 force to put down the rebellion. The French  
 situation created in the mind of the British  
 forth in another. To preserve the peace, they  
 were compelled to diminish the number of troops  
 their relations of conquest. The British, however,  
 —no doubt a great battle and one of the  
 Lisbon and Oporto open, could present a  
 Wellington, therefore, saw that if the war was  
 prolonged, the time would come when he should  
 meet his opponent on more equal terms, and  
 his manoeuvres on a larger scale, and enter upon a  
 course of more brilliant and extended operations.  
 That period came at last. The great events in  
 Europe, the wreck of Napoleon's army in the Rus-  
 sian retreat—had shaken his empire—and the hour  
 of Spanish deliverance was nigh. For the main  
 obstacle against which the British had struggled so  
 nobly was the constant influx of reinforcements,  
 which made up to the French for the loss of each  
 successive defeat—like the fabulous Hydra,—the  
 sooner was one head cut off than another grew.  
 One disastrous defeat sustained by Wellington  
 might not have been remedied by the whole avail-  
 able resources of England, while fresh supplies of  
 what the unfeeling Corsican called "food for can-  
 non," could be poured by thousands into Spain.  
 But these supplies were now closed up, and so far  
 from being able to send reinforcements, Napoleon's  
 necessities compelled him to withdraw 20,000 of the  
 troops already in Spain. The vengeance he had so  
 richly merited, overtook him amidst the flames of  
 Moscow; and leaving the relics of his gallant army  
 to fall among the snows, with only a single atten-



dant, he fled in a sledge from the scene of horror. Prussia seized the opportunity to throw off his yoke; all the strength he could collect was needed for the struggle in Germany.

But though Swait had been recalled to Germany there were still above 180,000 French troops in Spain; and though a great number of these were dispersed in garrisons, and throughout Catalonia and Valencia, a force of 70,000 was ready to take the field against the allied army in the spring of 1812. Marshal Jourdan commanded it; and King Joseph, who did not judge it safe to remain in his capital, accompanied him. The head quarters were at Valladolid. Towards the end of May Marshal Wellington, who had received large reinforcements and supplies from England, including several regiments of cavalry, took the field at the head of the allied army of 80,000 men; but of these the Spaniards were still in a state of the most wretched equipment and discipline. "The position of the allies," says an able military writer "thus formed an extensive semicircle around that of the enemy, and the latter perhaps conceived that by the rapid movements of their concentrated forces, they would be enabled for a time at least, to baffle the manoeuvres of an enemy acting on a line so extended. It was evident, however from the preparatory arrangements of the French during the past winter that their views were chiefly directed to the defence of the Douro. The ground on the northern bank of that river, naturally strong, had been fortified at every available point by works and intrenchments; and with such advantages of situation, with a deep and rapid river covering their front, little doubt was entertained that an insuperable

latter would be opposed to the proposal of the allied army."

Wellington's troops proceeded in three divisions: one under Sir Thomas Graham crossed the Douro with orders to move through Trancoso, Montee, e Braganza and Zamora, so as to join the rest at Valladolid; the second under Wellington in person, moved on Salamanca by the direct route; and Sir Rowland Hill on the right, with the force from Extremadura was to advance on the same point by Alba de Tormes. Thus was a masterly plan, for thus the enemy's position on the Douro was turned, as well as that of their whole force on the south of the river. With such rapidity were the movements of the centre and right executed, that the French commander at Salamanca had scarcely time to quit the town, before General Fane with the British cavalry entered it, pursued the rear-guard, and took 200 prisoners and some guns. The right and centre were then placed by Wellington in cantonments between the Tormes and the Douro, and passing the river on the 31st of May, joined Sir Thomas Graham's force.

This part of the army had encountered great difficulties from the character of the country through which their route lay. It was wild and mountainous, the roads were steep and narrow, intersected by rivers and ravines, and the ascents from some were so steep, that without drag ropes and strong fatigue parties the guns could not be drawn up. But by great exertions all these obstacles were overcome, and Graham having reached the frontier on the appointed day, established a communication with the army of Galicia. No sooner did Graham's force appear than the French

repulse and were pursued to Espeja. On the 18th Wellington attacked their rear-guard posted behind the river Bayas, and drove them upon the main body of their army. The same day Joseph arranged his troops for battle at Vittoria. During the 20th Wellington closed up his rear, collected his divisions, and reconnoitred the enemy's position.

The French occupied a line which extended nearly eight miles, the ground was unequal, and afforded them considerable advantages; at the time of the battle it was covered with ripening corn, which concealed the light troops, and even the movements of whole battalions during the engagement. "The extreme left of the French rested on the lofty heights of the La Puebla; their right was posted upon high ground above the villages Alcega and Gamarra Mayor; their centre covered a range of strong hills on the left bank of the Zadorra, and commanded the valley through which it flows, towards the south in front of Vittoria. Part of their left wing was drawn up, touching the left centre on steep and commanding ranges above the village of Solajana de Alca. A strong reserve was posted in rear of the centre at Gomecha. Their light troops lined the bank of the Zadorra in front of the centre and the bridges over that river were fortified. A woody space between the centre and right, was likewise occupied by light infantry; and some field works had been thrown up in front of Alcega and Gamarra Mayor. Thus posted the enemy covered the city of Vittoria, and held the three great roads which, from Logroño, Madrid, and Pampuna, unite in that city and thence pursue one line to Bayona." The French had not 10,000 combatants, and 100 pieces of cannon arranged along a line of 8 miles.

arranged in battle order. The allies outnumbered them by about 4000 men, but in this number are included three divisions of Spaniards.

A clear and cloudless sun rose on the field of battle. The allies stood to their arms and marched in full confidence of victory from their bivouacs on the Bayas. Lord Wellington arranged his army in three divisions: the right under Sir Rowland Hill, including Stewart's, a Portuguese, and a Spanish division; the left under Sir Thomas Graham, with the first and Oswald's divisions, two brigades of cavalry, and a Spanish division; and the centre, under Wellington in person, included four divisions of Sir Louis Cole, Baron Alten, Lord Dalhousie, and Sir Thomas Picton, formed in two columns. So strong was the enemy's centre, and so well was it defended by their enormous force of artillery, that the attempt to pierce it, would have caused very severe loss, though the great extent of the line would with a less formidable post for the centre, have favoured such an attack. It was therefore necessary to force back their flanks, and delay any assault upon the centre till the right or left corps of the allied army should have passed the Zadorra, and be so well advanced as to give a powerful support in flank to a front attack. Wellington perceived that the position, though otherwise well chosen, was liable to be taken in flank, for at a glance he saw its weakness.

"The Spaniards under Morillo began the action, and attacked the heights with great gallantry: their leader was wounded, but remained on the field, the enemy stood firm, and made great efforts to retain their ground, perceiving when too late, that they had neglected to occupy it in sufficient strength.

"Strong reinforcements were sent from their centre to his support, so that Sir Rowland Hill found it necessary to detach thither first, the 71st regiment, and the light infantry battalions of Major General Walker's brigade, and successively other troops; the contest was very so ere, and the loss considerable. Here the Hon. Lieutenant Colonel Cadogan was mortally wounded; an officer in Lord Wellington's words, 'of great real and tried gallantry who had acquired the respect and regard of the whole profession, and of whom it might have been expected, that if he had lived, he would have rendered the most important services to his country. At length the enemy were driven at the point of the bayonet from these heights; and under the cover which the possession of this ground afforded, Sir Rowland crossed the Zadorra at La Puebla, passed the difficult defile two miles in length, which is formed by the heights and the river and then attacked and won the village of Salajana de Alva which covered the left of the enemy's lines. They on their part, made repeated attempts to regain this important point, and with that hope drew from their centre a considerable force: again and again they endeavoured to recover the village but their efforts, though heavily and perseveringly made were unsuccessful.

"The difficult nature of the country delayed the communication between the different columns, and it was late before Lord Wellington knew that the 3rd and 7th divisions, under the Earl of Dalhousie had arrived at their appointed station. The 4th and the light divisions, however crossed the Zadorra immediately after Sir Rowland had gained possession of Salajana, the former at the bridge of Puebla, the latter at the Terra Puebla; almost

at the same time the Earl of Dalling's column arrived at Mendonza, and the 3rd division, under Sir Thomas Picton, charged and took the bridge higher up, and crossed, and was followed by the 7th. These bridges the enemy ought to have destroyed, but from the beginning of the campaign, a want of foresight had been manifested in all their operations, though when in action their generals displayed the habitual promptitude of experienced commanders. The four divisions which had now crossed, and which formed the centre of the allied army, were destined to attack the heights on which the right of the enemy's centre was placed, while Sir Rowland should move forward from Sabijana, to attack the left. The French had lined those heights with artillery, which opened on the allies, as soon as they attempted to advance from the river, and with so destructive a fire, that it became necessary for them to halt and bring two brigades of guns to oppose it. Meantime the contest was maintained at Sabijana with great obstinacy, the enemy feeding their attacks from a wood, in which their troops were assembled in great force. But when a brigade which Sir Rowland had detached along a range of mountains to turn their flank appeared, and at the same time Sir Thomas Picton approached their front, they gave over their attempts to recover the village, and began to think rather of retreat, than of a successful resistance. And when Sir Thomas pushed on to take the large circular hill in the flank, while the 4th division moved simultaneously upon the village in the centre, their whole force prepared to fall back upon the town, retreating before the allies could close, but keeping up a hot fire from their artillery. The 3rd division first came in contact with their columns,

and by a gallant attack captured 23 of their guns, which they had not time to draw into the road. The other divisions pressed them in front. At this moment, both the winning and the losing game were played with equal skill, the allies advancing by echelons of battalions, in two or three lines, according to the nature of the ground; and the French retiring before them in the most orderly manner and taking advantage of every favourable opportunity to make a stand. And here it happened that General Colville's brigade which was on the left centre, and most in advance became by an accident of the ground separated from its support; the enemy who lost no opportunity in action, attacked it with a far superior force but the brigade stood firm, though out of 1,000 men it lost 550.

"While the right and the centre following up their success, were pushing the enemy back upon Vittoria, the left was advancing upon that town by the high road from Bilbao. Sir Thomas Graham with that column, had been moved in the preceding evening to Margara, and had then so considerable a round to make that it was two o'clock before he began to descend into the plain. General Olona, with the Spanish arm had been detached to the left under different views of the state of affairs; but having been recalled and reached Orduña on the yesterday he marched from thence in the morning so as to be in readiness to support Sir Thomas Graham, if his support should be required.

"The enemy had divisions of infantry and some cavalry advanced upon the Bilbao road, resting their right on some strong heights covering the village of Gamarra Mayor and both that village and Alcobarn were strongly occupied as it is distant to the bridge over the Salazar at those places.

The heights were attacked both in front and back by Brigadier General Paol's Portuguese brigade, and Longa's Spanish division, supported by Major General Anson's brigade of light dragoons, and the 5th division of infantry, all under the command of Major General Oswald, and they were carried, both Spanish and Portuguese behaving admirably. Longa then with little resistance, got possession of Gamarra Menor, and the larger village of the same name was stormed and taken by Brigadier General Robinson's brigade of the 5th division, which advanced under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry without firing a shot. The enemy suffered severely there and lost three pieces of cannon. Sir Thomas Graham then proceeded to attack the village of Abachuco with the 1st division, they formed a strong battery against it, under cover of which Colonel Halkett's brigade advanced to the attack supported by General Bradford's brigade of Portuguese infantry. Three guns and a howitzer were taken on the bridge here, and the village was carried. While the contest of Abachuco continued, the enemy seeing their communication with Bayona threatened, marched a strong body to their right in the hope of recovering Gamarra Mayor. They were driven back in confusion, made a second attempt, and were again repulsed, for Sir Thomas had loop holed the houses in front of the bridge, placed artillery to flank the approach, and stationed several battalions concealed along the walls, and their fire repelled the enemy upon a third advance. But the French had two divisions of infantry in reserve upon the heights on the left of the Zadorra, Sir Thomas, therefore, could not cross the river with such a corps in front till the troops which had moved upon the centre



and the left of the French, should have driven them through Vittoria. About six in the evening this was done, and the corps which held him in check retreated, lest it should be taken in rear. The left then crossed the Zadorra, took possession of the high road to Bayonne, and forced the right as well as the left centre of the enemy back into the Pamplona road; and now they were unable to hold any position long enough for drawing off their artillery and baggage. In the expressive language of an officer who bore his part in the victory they were beaten before the town and in the town, and through the town, and out of the town, and behind the town, and all round about the town. Every where they had been attacked every where beaten, and now every where were put to utter rout.

"They themselves had in many actions made greater slaughter of Spanish army but never in any instance had they reduced an army even of raw volunteers, to such a state of total wreck. Stores, baggage, artillery every thing was abandoned; one gun and one howitzer only were they able to carry off and the gun was taken before it could reach Pampeluna; 151 pieces of brass ordnance on travelling carriages were taken; more than 400 caissons, more than 14,000 rounds of ammunition, and nearly two millions of musket ball cartridges. The loss on the part of the allies consisted of 301 British killed, 2,000 wounded; 150 Portuguese and 83 Spaniards killed, 279 and 464 wounded—the total loss not amounting to 3,000. The French acknowledged a loss of 8,000—undoubtedly it was greater; not more than 1,000 prisoners were taken, for as soon as they found themselves irretrievably defeated, they ran; and never did we see soldiers when beaten, display more able

city in flight. Having abandoned all their ammunition waggons, they had not the power to blow up the bridges; had this been done, the pursuit would have been greatly impeded, attempts had been made to break them up with pick axes, and in this they partly succeeded in several places. But the country was too much intersected with ditches for cavalry to act with effect in pursuit, and infantry who moved in military order, could not at their utmost speed keep up with a rout of fugitives. Yet precipitate as their flight was, they took great pains to bear off their wounded, and dismounted a regiment of cavalry to carry them on. And they carefully endeavoured to conceal their dead, stopping occasionally to collect them and throw them into ditches, where they covered them with bushes. Many such receptacles were found, containing ten to twenty bodies.

"The Intruder narrowly escaped. The 10th Hussars entered Vittoria at the moment that he was hastening out of it in his carriage. Captain Wyndham with one squadron pursued, and fired into the carriage, and Joseph had barely time to throw himself on his horse and gallop off under the protection of an escort of dragoons. The carriage was taken, and in it the most splendid of his trinkets, and the most precious articles of his royal plunder. Marshal Jourdan's staff was among the trophies of the field, it was rather more than a foot long, and covered with blue velvet, on which the imperial eagles were embroidered, and it had been tipped with gold, but the first finder secured the gold for himself. The case was of red morocco with silver clasps, and with eagles on it, and at either end the Marshal's name imprinted in gold letters. Lord Wellington sent it to the Prince

Regent, and was graciously presented in return with the staff of a Field Marshal of Great Britain. The spoils resembled those of an oriental rather than of an European army; for the Intruder who in his miserable situation had abandoned himself to every kind of sensuality had with him all his luxuries. His plunder his wardrobe, his sideboard, his larder and his cellar fell into the conqueror's hands. The French officers, who carried the pestilential manners of their nation wherever they went, followed his example as far as their means allowed, and thus the finest wines and choicest delicacies were found in profusion. The wives and the mistresses of the officers had gathered together in one house, where they were safe, and from whence they were sent in their own carriages with a flag of truce to Pamplona. Poodles, parrots, and monkeys, were among the prisoners. Seldom has such a scene of confusion been witnessed as that which the roads leading from the field of battle presented;—broken down waggon<sup>s</sup> stocked with claret and champagne others laden with canteles dressed and undressed, casks of brandy apparel of every kind, barrels of moony books, papers, sheep, cattle, horses, and mules, abandoned to the flight. The baggage was presently rifled, and the followers of the camp assured themselves in the gala dresses of the flying company; Portuguese boys figured about in the dress coats of French general officers; and they who happened to draw a woman's wardrobe in the hurry converted silks and satins and embe<sup>r</sup>tered muslins, into scarfs and sashes for their mangled triumph. Some of the more fortunate soldiers got possession of the ruy chest, and loaded themselves with money: 'Let them,' said Lord Wellington when he was informed of it; they deserve all they can get.

were it ten times more.' The camp of every division was like a fair; benches were laid from wagon to wagon, and there the soldiers held an auction through the night, and disposed of such plunder as had fallen to their share, to any who would purchase it. Even dollars became an article of sale, for they were too heavy to be carried in any great numbers, eight were offered for a guinea—guineas which had been struck for the payment of the troops in Portugal, and made current by a decree of the Regency, being the gold currency. The people of Vittoria had their share of the spoils, and some of them indemnified themselves thus for what they had suffered in their property by the enemy's exactions.

"The city sustained no injury, though the French were driven through it, and though great part of the battle might be seen from every window. Nothing could be more mournful than its appearance that night,—a lantern at every door, and no one in the streets. It was the first place where the allies had found that the inhabitants were French in feeling. Two days of heavy rain impeded the pursuit, but the rain saved many houses from the flames, for the French wreaked their vengeance upon every thing which they could destroy in their flight. Every house at which the pursuers arrived had been gutted by the fugitives, every village set on fire, and the few inhabitants who had not taken flight in time had met with no mercy, at every step the allies found havoc, and flames, and misery, the dying and the dead. Such was the panic among the fugitives, that, finding the gates of Pampeluna closed, they attempted to force their way over the walls, and did not desist till they were opposed by a serious fire of cannon and musketry. A council of war

was held there, in which it was resolved to blow up the works and abandon the place; with this intent they destroyed ammunition and tore down palisades from the outworks. But the Intruder knew that the possession of so strong a fortress would in some degree cover his flight; and the last act of his usurped authority was to order that every article of food and fuel should be taken from the Spaniards, who were within reach.—By the rigorous execution of this order the quantity in the town was more than doubled; and having left a garrison there, the flying force continued their way to the Pyrenees. Their rear was still in sight of Fampeluna, when the right centre of the allies were checked in their pursuit by a fire from the walls."

No time was lost in improving the decisive and glorious victory of Vittoria. Sir Thomas Graham, with the left wing, advanced on Bilbao to intercept General Foy's retreat. That commander, collecting all the detachments he could fell back on Bayonne, and barricaded the gates of Tolosa; the place was attacked, the gates burst open, and the enemy driven from their positions; but, favoured by the darkness and confusion, they escaped with smaller loss than they must otherwise have suffered. They were pursued along the road to Bayonne, and dislodged from every other post where they strove to make a stand and driven across the Bidassoa, which forms the boundary in that direction between Spain and France. On the 30th Passagero surrendered, and St. Sebastian was blockaded by Spanish troops. A force was also despatched against General Clausel, who made a narrow escape, after losing all his guns. On the 1st of July the strong castle of Pampeluna surrendered, and

soon every fortified post south of the Ebro was in the hands of the Spaniards. On the 6th, Suchet quitted Valence; and on the 7th, the last divisions of Joseph's army, driven by a succession of brilliant manœuvres, from the fertile valley of San Estevan, passed the Pyrenees. They had been pursued by Hill, through the difficult defile of Larz, from Pampeluna, while their right had been threatened by Lord Wellesley's movements towards San Estevan. Lord Wellington had now possession of the passes of San Estevan, Donna Maria, Maya, and Roncesvalles, and from the rugged ridge of the Pyrenees, his sentinels looked down on the fertile plains of France. In forty five days his army had penetrated thither from Portugal; unresisted, he had marched 400 miles, defeated in a general action the forces of Joseph, taking all his artillery, and despoiling him of much of his plunder, had driven him hurriedly through a strong and defensible country, and compelled him to quit with disgrace that land of which he was the titular sovereign. The only places in Spain still in possession of the French were Pampeluna and St. Sebastian, preparations were made to reduce these their last strongholds.

When the intelligence of these triumphs reached England, the national feeling was strongly excited, and those demonstrations of general joy which they so richly merited took place. A rich consolation was now afforded for all the sacrifices Britain had so nobly made, when she saw the enemy of freedom so signally foiled. A general rejoicing took place throughout the land, and the victory of Vittoria was celebrated by the village bonfire, and the festive light of cities. Thanks were voted to the army by both Houses of Parliament, and

Marquis Wellington was made Field Marshal of England under circumstances of peculiar honour accompanied by a letter from the Prince Regent, written with his own hand. The Prince thus wrote: "I feel I have nothing more to say but devoutly to offer up my prayers of gratitude to Providence, that it has in its omnipotent bounty blessed my country and myself with such a General. You have sent me among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French Marshal; I send you, in return that of England. The British army will hail it with enthusiasm."

The defeat at Vitoria was felt throughout Europe and affected Napoleon in the midst of the successes he had gained in Germany at the fields of Lützen and Bautzen with the most bitter anger and disappointment. It was evident that unless immediate efforts were made to arrest Lord Wellington's career the most serious consequences might ensue; the war might be carried into France if it were not confined to Spain nor was it to be supposed, that these southern districts of the former country which had already made such sacrifices, and displayed so many acts of heroic devotion on behalf of the royalist cause—whose minds were yet filled with recollections of the glorious struggle in La Vendée and of the bravery of Larocbe Jaquelin and Charette—would remain inactive while an invading army was hovering upon the borders of France.

Preparations were therefore made to meet the urgency of the crisis; the wrecks of the armies of Portugal, of the centre, and of the north were collected; their thinned ranks were filled by reinforcements drafted by a new subscription; and the command of the whole entrusted to his ablest general,

Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, who it was boasted would yet drive the British out of Spain.

Soult took the field at the head of nearly 100,000 men, and with the immense advantage of being able to concentrate his whole force at any point he might select, whilst Wellington's army, with two flanks to cover, was necessarily spread over an extended line, while from the nature of the ground it had taken up, the different divisions, though stationed in strong and commanding positions, were cut off from direct communication with each other, by abrupt and frowning precipices, steep rocks, and impassable ravines. It was evident that the approaching contest would be one of no ordinary interest, both from the momentous consequences involved, and from the high reputation of the hostile commanders.

Operations were commenced against Pampeluna and St. Sebastian. These were two of the four fortresses which Bonaparte had seized before throwing off the mask, and disclosing his designs against Spain. Both are strongly fortified—Pampeluna indeed is one of the strongest in the Peninsula, and St. Sebastian lay so near the French coast, that no vigilance could prevent its receiving supplies by sea. Lord Wellington therefore blockaded the one, and besieged the other. He had indeed first resolved to besiege Pampeluna, when Sir Rowland Hill invested it on the 25th of June, but after examining the formidable nature of the place, which mounted 200 pieces of ordnance, and was garrisoned by 4,000 men, he resolved not to assault it, as it could only be carried at a great waste of lives. Strong field works were thrown up around it, so that the investing force had command of the roads and communications, nine redoubts were erected on



favorable heights, armed with the guns captured at Vittoria; and Lord Dalhousie who had hitherto conducted the blockade, committed its management to the Spanish army of reserve under O'Donnell.

Sir Thomas Graham with 10,000 men, was appointed to conduct the operations before St. Sebastian. This town is built upon a low Peninsula, which runs north and south; there rises at the extremity a rocky height called Monte Orguello, which measures at the base 400 yards by 600 and rises steeply to a point on which is a small citadel called La Mota, a defensive line near its foot cuts off this height from the town, and its southern face is covered with batteries which run into the lower defences of the place. The fortifications present a very formidable appearance. The sole land approach is by a low sandy isthmus, occupied by works, and commanded by the castle guns; but on the left flank are considerable sand hills about 700 yards distant, which enfilade and take in reverse the front defences. A double line of works crossed the isthmus, with counter-scarp, covered way and glacis, but those which run lengthways consist only

of a single line for trusting to the water to render them inaccessible they are built without any cover. But the northern line is completely exposed to the sand hills; the Urumea, which flows by that side of the town, may be forded before and after low water for several hours, the tide receding so much that a space is left dry by which troops may be marched to the foot of the line. It was determined to effect a breach in the eastern wall from the sand hills, and as soon as it was formed, to storm by boldly advancing to the walls at low water; previous to which the enemy required to be driven from the convent of St. Mariategui and the advanced works.

The guns, ammunition, and stores, had been landed from Passages, and on the 14th batteries were opened against the convent. Next day the south end of the church was beaten down, the roof of the convent repeatedly in flames, and the building almost reduced to a shell. A 3 pounder and howitzer battery was planted on the opposite side of the Urumea, to fire on the adjoining redoubt; on the 17th the works and convent were carried; though the assaulting party, by advancing too far, suffered much from the fire of the fortresses, and were harassed by a body of troops sent to the relief of the convent. They kept their ground however. The batteries fixed on the sand hills were finished, and mounted with twenty heavy guns and twelve mortars and howitzers, and by the 23rd two practicable breaches, respectively thirty and ten yards wide, were assaulted at low water time. A mine had been formed under the glacis of the front line of works, the bursting of which was to be the signal for the attack of a storming party of 2,000 men. Favoured by the confusion and alarm caused by the explosion, they were enabled to reach the larger breach with little loss, but the garrison speedily recovering from their temporary panic, opened so sweeping and destructive a fire, in front and flank, that after a gallant resistance, they were driven back with the loss of more than one fourth of their numbers. Stimulated by this success, the French a few hours after, made a sortie, succeeded in surprising the Portuguese troops in the trenches, and carried back with them 200 prisoners.

Lord Wellington, who had on the 14th committed the conducting of operations to Graham, no sooner heard of this unfortunate assault, than he returned from his head quarters at Lezaca, and finding that

his supplies and ammunition were nearly exhausted made arrangements for the temporary suspension of the siege. That same night, on his return to Lema, he was told that the French had overturned his troops at two passes to the right, had poured with an overwhelming force into the valleys of the Iyrevaca, and were advancing on Pampeluna. To the officer who conveyed to him this alarming intelligence, he calmly replied, "We must do the best we can to stop them;" and expressed his satisfaction with an arrangement Sir George Murray had made of his own responsibility by moving a brigade to support the second division at Maya, from Echalar. But we must give a brief sketch of Wellington's position.

Dyck's brigade and Morillo's Spanish Infantry occupied the pass of Roncesvalles to the extreme right; these were supported at Blacaret by Cole's, and at Olagor by Luchan's divisions. The vale of Hezta was held by Hill, who had Walker's and part of Pringle's brigades. The remainder of the 1st division was placed in reserve in the valley; and Amaraute's Portuguese lay in the passes east of Maya, about fifteen miles east of Roncesvalles. Campbell's Portuguese brigade was at Las Alzules, within the French territory. The 7th and 8th divisions occupied the heights of Santa Barbara, Vera, and the Puerto de Echalar, holding communication with Hezta from the last point. At San Esteban the 6th division was placed in reserve. Long's Spaniards communicated from Vera on their right, with those of Giron on the great road to their left, and with Graham's corps. The allies had a line of 125 miles to cover and likewise provide for the storm of St. Sebastian, and the blockade of Pampeluna.

The mountain region which they occupy is, presented peculiarly grand and picturesque features; with the exception of the fertile and beautiful southern end of the vale of San Pelayo, the eye of the beholder sees only the stern and wild variety of alpine scenery. Mountains of the most varied forms are piled together, at one part piercing the clouds with their grey and jagged pinnacles, at another, long and laborious paths conduct to green and rounded summits. Every where are wild ravines, and torrents choked up by huge fragments of rocks. These wilds are traversed by narrow and stony roads, winding through dark and shadowy fastnesses, the only sounds heard by the solitary traveller, are the rush of the torrent, and the scream of the eagle.

Soult's first object was the relief of Pampeluna, and he intended to attack on the same day both the passes of Roncesvalles and Maya, the roads from which converge upon that fortress. The right of the allied army, as we have already mentioned, was at Roncesvalles, ground consecrated by the genius of romance. On the 24th, Soult attacked General Byng at the latter pass, with nearly 40,000 men, Sir Louis Cole moved up to his support, and the two generals maintained the post throughout the day against great superiority of numbers, with distinguished bravery, but in the afternoon their position was turned, and in the night they retreated to Zuberi. The same day Hill's corps was attacked by two divisions of the enemy's centre, who were aided by an unexpected chance. Two advanced videttes, posted on a high ground, to give timely warning of their approach, fell asleep during the heat of the day, the enemy thus advanced unnoticed, and were in the camp almost before the

his support should be given. Favoured by this unlooked-for accident, they gained the position which affords them a passage to Pampeluna in the rear of Leizorribilla's right flank; and though Hill, after a brief but severe loss, recovered the key of the position, he was unable to pursue his advantage and re-assume his position, as he had heard of General Cole's intended movements; he therefore fell back to Iruya.

Wellington having been acquainted with these events during the night, took immediate steps to concentrate the army on the right, still keeping up the investments of the fortresses, for the relief of which the enemy directed their efforts. This would have been accomplished on the 27th, had the post of Zubiri been tenable, but Picton and Cole, convinced of the contrary, retired that same morning to a position four miles from Pampeluna, to cover the blockade; and here as they took up their ground they were joined by Lord Wellington. His presence was required there for the garrison's defence was high because of the approach of their friends; and the Spanish general, despairing of success, thought of raising the blockade. Had spiked some of his guns, and the enemy having sallied forth, took fourteen of them. But the hopes of the garrison were doomed to be soon blasted.

The French assaulted a hill on the right, and valiantly endeavoured to possess it, till night ended the conflict. Next morning Lakenham with the 1st division arrived from San Estevan and formed across the valley of the Larz behind Cole's left. Scarcely was this position taken up, when a superior force attacked them; but it was so well chosen and defended that the French were met by a simultaneous and well-directed fire on their front, rear and both flanks, and driven back with loss.

inense loss. Soult never recovered this false movement; the battle became general along the whole front of the height held by the 4th division; only in one point did the French succeed in establishing themselves upon the British line, and from that they were speedily dislodged. Every regiment of this brave corps charged with the bayonet, and four of them made four different charges. Soult now perceived that no impression could be made upon the allies' front, till he could do so in safety, he sent back his guns to France, and now determined to attempt the relief of Pampeluna, by attacking Sir Rowland Hill, and thus turning the allies' left.

The numerous and superior force which had caused Hill to retire, followed him, and arriving at Ortery on the 29th, brought a strong reinforcement to Soult. The position of the French, Lord Wellington considered, to be one of the strongest and most difficult of access that could be occupied, but he resolved to attempt it, and as they were manœuvring upon the British left, and endeavouring to turn it, he attacked them on both flanks, and in front, and notwithstanding the extraordinary strength of the post, carried it. In proportion as he gained ground, he sent troops to assist Hill, who was thus enabled to attack in his turn, and Soult, now baffled on all points, began his retreat, which he accomplished in an orderly manner, but with severe loss. The loss of the French in these actions was estimated at 15,000, the British and Portuguese had 862 killed, 5,335 wounded, and 700 missing, the Spaniards, who were only slightly engaged, lost but 204. "The actions of the Pyrenees were remarkable for the extent on which the operations were carried on, the nature and celebrity of the ground, and the importance of the object at

stroke. Lord Wellington had never more occasion for all his skill, and that skill was never more eminently displayed; his movements were all well-directed, well-timed, and well-executed; and the superiority of the British and Portuguese armies, generals and men, was never more decisively proved than on this occasion, when the French displayed their utmost talents and exerted their utmost courage."

No sooner had Smelt retreated, than preparations were made for the renewal of the siege of St. Sebastian; the stores and besieging train were re-landed, and more artillery arrived from England. The garrison had spent the interval in strengthening and adding to their defences. The plan now formed was to be open the two round towers on each end of the first breach, and connect it with the second which was to be right; add to it another on the left, and demolish a demi-bastion to the left of the whole, by which the approach was flanked. A mortar battery was also erected to annoy the castle across the bay. The siege recommenced on the 24th, and the batteries opened two days after; the unsuccessful sorties were attempted by the garrison, who ended several to repair at night the bay re-dug and ring the day; cleared away the rubbish, and at the point in which the guns were directed, let down large solid beams to break the force of the shot. On the 25th the enemy's fire was nearly subdued, and they had lost many men by the horizontal cannon shot. On the 26th, the breaches seemed practicable, and men were invited to volunteer for the assault—"each man," it was said, "a knee bow to show other troops the way to mount a breach." Sir Thomas Graham conducted the operations in person. The columns

of attack was composed of the 2nd brigade of the 5th division, commanded by General Robinson, supported by 150 volunteers of the light division, 400 of the 1st, and 200 from the 4th, with the remainder of the 5th as a reserve, the whole under Sir James Leith's direction. About eleven o'clock on the 31st, the advanced parties moved out of the trenches, and the enemy almost instantly sprung two mines, to blow up the wall on the left of the breach, along which the troops moved, but as they were not in very close order, or very near the wall, not above twenty men were crushed by the ruins.

The garrison prepared to make a most formidable resistance, and from two batteries of the castle opened a fire of grape and shells on the columns. The forlorn hope was cut off to a man, the front of the following parties were swept away as by one shot, the breach, when the assailants reached it, was presently covered with their bodies, many as they ascended, were overthrown, by those above them rolling down, and the living, the wounded and the dead, were hurled down the ruins together. From the Murador and Prince batteries, from the keep of the castle, from the high curtain to the left of the breach, from some ruined houses about 40 yards in front, loop-holed and lined with musketry, a concentrated fire was kept up, a line of intrenchments carried along the nearest parallel walls swept the summit of the breach, and the hornwork flanked and commanded the ascent, almost every possible point was manned.

All that the most determined courage could do was repeatedly tried in vain by the troops, as they were successively brought forward from the trenches. "Nothing," says Sir Thomas Graham,



could be more fallacious than the appearance of the breach. Notwithstanding its great extent, there was but one point where it was possible to enter and that only by a single file. All the inside of the wall to the right of the curtain formed a perpendicular scarp of at least 70 feet to the level of the street, so that the narrow ridge of the curtain itself, formed by the breaching of its end and front, was the only accessible point. During the suspension of the preparations for the siege the enemy had prepared every means of defence that art could devise so that great numbers of men were covered by intrenchments and traverses in the hornwork, on the ramparts, and inside of the town opposite the breach ready to form a cross des-trait line of snakeretry on both flanks of the approach to the top of the narrow ridge of the curtain. A man outlived the attempt to gain the ridge. So severe and continuous a fire was kept up on the way to the breach that orders were sent to remove the dead and dying which prevented the progress of the troops. Under these desperate circumstances, Graham adopted the bold resolution of ordering the guns to be turned against the curtain. A heavy fire was immediately opened upon it, passing only a few feet above the heads of our troops and kept up with our improved precision of practice. Meanwhile Soudgram further gallantly fired the Urmers over it until, not yet possession of the small breach on the river face.

It was determined to renew the attack. Once more the troops were ordered to advance and brave every hazard to gain the ridge; an attack was also made on the hornwork. Just as the men reached the breach the fire of the artillery ceased and the position of a quantity of cartridges behind one of

the traverses of the curtain, which threw the French into considerable confusion. The narrow pass was gained and kept, hats were waved from the *terre plein* of the curtain, the troops rushed forward, and drove the enemy down the steep flight of steps near the great gate leading from the works into the town. At the same time a detachment which occupied the right of the breach, forced the barricades on the top of the narrow line-wall, and entered some houses near it. In many places scaling ladders were needed, before the men could get down. The assailants now effected a lodgment on the summit of the breach, and the troops impetuously pushed forwards. The French dead lay heaped upon each other between a round tower and the right breach. The contest was still continued from barricades in the streets, and musketry from the houses, but between four and five in the afternoon, the French were driven from their last defences into the castle. By this time several parts of the town were on fire, and to add to the horrors of the scene, the vindictive enemy fired shells into it. About three in the afternoon, the day, which had been very sultry, became suddenly cold, the sky was over cast, and with the blended gloom of the rain and the smoke, gave the appearance of a dusky evening, but the darkness of night was fearfully lighted by the flames of the burning town.

A dreadful storm of thunder, rain, and wind ensued, and man's wrath rendered it more dreadful than the elements. Many officers had fallen, and the few that remained, could not restrain the headlong fury, and license of the men, many of whom their passions heated by the terrible assault, raged like demons. The spectacle was terrific, for as the garrison of the castle fired down the streets, the

flames raged and the falling ruins crashed the soldiery mad with intoxication, were plundering the houses, and the frequent explosions of fire-arms, showed that a fearful work was going on.

Several days elapsed before order was restored, during which the town presented an awful scene. The few remaining inhabitants seemed stupefied with horror; they had suffered so much that they looked with apathy on all around them, and scarcely moved, even when the crash of a falling house made the captors run. The bodies of English, Portuguese and French soldiers lay heaped on each other so determined had the one side attacked and the other maintained its ground. Many of the assailants lay dead on the roof of the houses near the breach. The bodies were thrown into the ruins and other excavations, and there covered over so as to be out of sight but so hastily and lightly that the air far and near was tainted; fires were kindled in the breaches, to consume those that could not be otherwise disposed of. In the assault, 7,000 men and officers had fallen; Sir Richard Fletcher commanding engineer an officer of great ability was killed. Carrasco Leish Oswald, and Robinson, severely wounded.

1 reparations were now made to reduce the castle, but the operations of the besiegers were retarded by the proximity of quenching the flames which had spread through the hot town. On the 9th September 89 pieces of artillery opened on the castle with such terrible effect, that in a few hours the white flag was hoisted on the starred battery; and the garrison, amounting to 1,200 French men, and 600 sick and wounded, surrendered prisoners of war.

Spain made an attempt to relieve St. Sebastian, and

the very day upon which the British carried it. The chief strength of the covering army consisted of 8,000 Spanish troops, under General Frere. Two French divisions forded the Bidassoa in front of their line, ascending confidently the strong heights; the Spaniards stood steady, and when their column had nearly gained the summit, made such a strong bayonet charge, that the French broke, fled down the hill, and crossed the Bidassoa with such precipitation, that many were drowned by missing the ford. But having laid down a pontoon bridge, with 15,000 men they made a general attack on the heights of San Marcial. As the enemy came on, Lord Wellington rode along the Spanish line, and was received with loud and repeated vivas. The French got a second bayonet charge, fled for their lives, and were again driven in panic across the river, the bridges sunk with the pressure, and many with it, to rise no more. Lord Wellington spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of the Spaniards on these occasions.

During the ineffectual attempt to reach St Sebastian by the high road, strong columns of the enemy having forded the river, strived to turn the right flank, and gain the one which lay near it. As the heights there were not judged tenable, the Portuguese, and English brigades retired to a lofty and steep ridge near the convent of St Antonia. No sooner did the French perceive this than they lost hope of gaining the position, but as the heavy rains during the dry had rendered the fords impassable, they attacked Skerret's brigade on two points, in order to gain the bridge of Beri, and ultimately succeeded in effecting a passage by it, though exposed to a severe fire, which caused much loss. The defeats sustained in these attempts were

peculiarly mortifying to the French military people, as the Spanish troops mainly had been opposed to them.

After the fall of St. Sebastian, nearly a month elapsed before Lord Wellington could commence his movements on the frontier—for he could not assume the defensive till Pampeluna surrendered. But that he might do this with greater advantage when the proper season arrived he resolved to deprive the enemy of an advanced position on the right of the Udaletza, the key of which was the strong mountain of La Ithune before the pass of Vera. Mont La Ithune had been already remarkable by having been the object of a severe contest in 1794 because its summit served as a watch-tower which commanded the whole country between the Pyrenees and Bayonne. On its top was a hermitage which the French had converted into a military post; repeated attempts were made to storm it, but it was found impossible to scale the rock on which it stands. The enemy held it that night, together with a rock on the mountain-range to the right of the Spaniards. When the fog cleared up next morning Lord Wellington reconnoitred it, and perceived that it was least difficult of access on the right, and that an all-antagonist attack might be made at the same time on the enemy's work before the camp of Barre. The rock was accordingly attacked and taken by Don D. Iñigo de Giron, who also gained an entrenched post upon a hill which protected the right of the camp; the French evacuated all their works, to protect the approaches to the latter; these were forthwith occupied, and a battery fixed on the rock of the hermitage. He put a stop to all other operations as the French had a large body of the dark

On the 31st October the garrison of Pampeluna, 4,000 in number, surrendered after a four months' blockade, and when Don Carlos de España took possession of it, he shewed a proper spirit, and refused to grant terms to the garrison till he ascertained that none of the inhabitants had been subjected to violence or ill treatment during the blockade. In the autumn of this year, the British, exposed on the cold and cloudy summits of the Pyrenees, with only rude huts and tents to shelter them from the blasts, suffered many hardships; the piquet and night duties were rendered peculiarly harassing in consequence of the inclement weather. Their propinquity to France caused many desertions, which severe examples were required to check. But no sooner did operations commence for entering the French territory, than the spirits of the men arose, and every heart beat high with confident expectations of victory and triumph.

## CHAPTER VIII

Lord Wellington enters France—Crosses the Nivelle—Advances to the Pyrenees—Position of the French at Bayonne—Napoleon's Situation—Crossing of the Adour—Battle of Orthez—Aulie returns to Toulouse—Battle of Toulouse—Marquis Wellington's return to England—His reception—He enters the Ch. of Parliament—Made a Duke—Preceded as Ambassador to Paris.

BEFORE commencing operations in the French territory Lord Wellington issued to his army a proclamation, prescribing to them the conduct which they were to observe after passing the frontier. It is well worthy of preservation, as an impressive contrast to the conduct of the French General in Spain, who not only permitted but himself participated in excesses, the recital of which shocks humanity.

"Officers and soldiers," he said, "must recollect that their nation is at war with France solely because the ruler of the French nation will not allow them to be at peace and is desirous of forcing them to submit to his yoke; and they must not forget, that the worst of the evils suffered by the enemy in his profligate invasion of Spain and Portugal, have been occasioned by the irregularities of his soldiers, and that cruelty is detested and encouraged by their chiefs towards the miserable inhabitants of those countries. To avenge the conduct on the innocent French would be unworthy and unworthy of the nation to which the commander of these forces now addresses himself."

To enforce this admirable advice was however no easy matter. The British troops indeed were the strict disciplinarians and inspectors of their officers,

were effectually restrained, nor was any such restraint in most cases necessary, but the Spanish and Portuguese, burning with the sense of past wrongs, and their minds occupied by the remembrance of the atrocities committed by the French in the Peninsula, were disposed to retaliate on the inhabitants the injuries with which their own countries had been visited. Instances of outrage accordingly at first occurred, but Lord Wellington's firmness in bringing the culprits to punishment, soon put a stop to these vindictive acts, which the peaceable demeanour of the people had done nothing to provoke. The strictest discipline was preserved during the campaign in southern France; and the highest price demanded was paid for the forage and other supplies of the army. The inhabitants, many of whom had left their dwellings on the approach of the invaders, speedily returned, and secure of a favourable market for their produce, opened a lucrative traffic. It was in this instance shewn how much the moral conduct and character of an army depends on its generals, never perhaps since the days of the great Gustavus, had such discipline been maintained in an enemy's country, the Spaniards and Portuguese, stifling their bitter remembrances, obeyed the injunctions of the great chief whom they had followed to victory, and behaved so well, that, by the confession of the French themselves, their own armies were those whom they chiefly dreaded.

On the failure of Soult's efforts in the Pyrenees, he proceeded to form a strong line of defence, twelve miles in length, protecting the town of St. Jean de Luz, and extending from the sea, across the Nivelle to the heights beyond Amhoë. The whole position had been fortified with the utmost





tion was under the fire of the fortified town of Bayonne; his right rested on the Adour, and was protected in front by a morass caused by a rivulet which falls into that river, his centre rested with its right in this morass, and its left lay between the Nieve and the Adour, resting upon the latter, defending the former, and communicating with General Paris' division, at St Jean Pied de Port, the whole position so strong as not to admit of an attack, so long as the enemy kept in force within it. As soon as the state of the weather and the roads permitted, materials for bridges were collected, and preparations made for the passage of the Nieve, on the 9th November, Sir Rowland Hill with the right crossed at Cambo, supported by a division of Beresford's, which crossed likewise at Usteritz. Both these operations were successful, and the French, driven from the right bank, retired in the direction of Bayonne, on a range of heights parallel with the Adour they arranged a considerable force, but the British carried them and the adjoining village of Villa Franche. Next morning, Soult boldly attacked the British left under Sir John Hope, whose services on this occasion, Lord Wellington said he could not enough applaud.

The British fought with the utmost bravery, under Hope's skilful directions, who himself was in the thickest of the fight, had his hat and clothes shot through in many places, had two horses killed under him, and was wounded both on the shoulder and the leg. The French, though their plan of attack had been well framed and was well supported, were totally defeated by comparatively small number of English. On the 11th and 12th, the

enemy made again two unsuccessful attacks on the same quarter.

Soalt having thus failed in his attempts on the allies left, passed through Bayonne during the night, and made a most desperate attack upon the right, under Hill: it was great odds, 30,000 French in massive columns, against 13,000 British and Portuguese. The enemy came on, determined to gain the ridge of St. Pierre and the great road leading to St. Jean Pied de Port, and break through the position. Hill's dispositions were swiftly and ably made. A heavy fire of artillery caused great havoc among the advancing French columns; still they established themselves in front of the post, and were gaining ground, when the brigades marching from the flanks arrived at the very time of need, and engaged them. The contest that followed was long and bloody, but in spite of the repeated advances of the French, they were at length driven back with great slaughter. Soalt retired, finding that all his efforts were vain; but he was pursued to the open ground, and his retreating and dispirited troops there sustained considerable loss. Hill at length effected a stand on a favourable position before his entrenchments, and occupied in great strength a hill on his left; from which his troops were driven by General Hogg's brigade, and lost two guns. Hill's corps, unsupported, maintained this gallant contest. Lord Wellington who was unable to come up till it was over, expressed himself highly delighted with the ability and conduct of the General, and the brave manner of the struggle, and as he re-ascended Hill, shook him heartily by the hand, with the frank remark, "Hill, the day's your own!" and as he descended the great rampart, still the last order before entering the battle.

so many Frenchmen lying in so small a space. In these contests the French lost, by their own account, 1,300 killed and 4,600 wounded, the allies had nearly 5,000 placed hors de combat. Thus baffled in all their attempts to dislodge the British, the French main body retired from Bayonne, and marched up the right bank of the Adour towards Dax.

The weather was very wet, and the roads so miry, that Lord Wellington placed his troops in cantonments and gave them a season of rest. The British advanced posts were now very near those of the enemy, their right rested on the Adour, their left on the sea, and thus they remained in peace till the beginning of February.

Indeed the military glory of the imperial armies was now become obscured, and a long succession of disasters in every quarter of Europe had made the troops lose heart. In the battle of Leipzig their forces had been destroyed, Saxony and Bavaria had revolted, and the success of Austria had brought the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian armies to the Rhine. Napoleon, everywhere beset by enemies and dangers, was demanding of the people, who had enjoyed such blessings under his sway, impossible sacrifices and exertions. He had caused the obsequious senate to pass a decree for the levy of 300,000 men, and the doubling of the public contributions. This was impossible, but still much was done to recruit his ranks, and replenish his exhausted treasury. But his people discontented, now openly murmured against his iron rule,—the hard working citizen apprehended ruin, the mothers of France bewailed their silent hearths—and all classes sighed and prayed for peace. In southern France especially, the inhabitants hated

Napoleon and were anxious to send supplies to the British camp, such "golden opinions" had Wellington won from them by his secure protection from injury and the strict honour of all his conduct towards them. They rejected the proposals repeatedly made to harass the British by irregular warfare and cut off their supplies; and were content to leave to their own armies—the objects both of their fear and hatred—the prosecution of the war. It is curious to notice Napoleon's feelings at this time as evinced in the following address to his council of state. His eyes were thoroughly opened to his perilous position. "Wellington," said he "is in the south; the Russians threaten the northern frontier; Austria, the south-eastern; yet, shame to speak it! the nation has not risen a mass to repel them—every ally has abandoned me—the Italians have betrayed me—I have! No peace till Munich is in flames—I demand of you 300,000 men. I will form a camp at Bordeaux of 100,000—another at Lyons—a third at Metz. With the remnants of my former levies, I shall have a 1,000,000 of men under arms. But it is men whom I demand from you—full-grown men in the prime of life; not those miserable conscript striplings, who clog my hospitals with sick, and my highways with their carcases.—On up Holland! rather resign it to the sea! The word peace is ever in my ear when all around should re-echo with the cry of war! In such wild language did Napoleon give vent to the tumult of exulting passions which boiled within his breast. He had reason to be agitated—for his throne was tottering and heaving under him! The people saw his hopeless condition in spite of the love and false reports with which the columns of the *Messenger* endeavoured

personal inspection, were filled. Many of the French nation beheld with satisfaction the progress of the British and Foreign armies. The hopes of the exiled family were reviving, and before the Duc d'Angoulême went to the British camp, an agent of Louis XVIII arrived at Bordeaux, who was instructed to see M de la Roche Jaquelin, and inform him that the king depended on him for La Vendée. La Roche Jaquelin—a name rendered famous for the sacrifices made by those who bore it in the royal cause—had been a firm friend of the Bourbons in their time of adversity, he inherited the virtues, glories, and fate of his brother, and ended the proclamation to his followers in the same eloquent and emphatic words, used by him twenty years before, when he went forth to a hopeless contest with the revolutionary armies—“*Si j'avance, suivez moi—si je recule, tuez moi—si je meurs, vengez moi*.” This gallant gentleman went through Anjou and Torraine, and speedily raised anew that feeling which the national convention had found so difficult to repress.

A plan was formed to free Ferdinand VII, but the person who should have conducted it, died just at the time when it was about to take place. La Roche Jaquelin's designs were suspected, an express warned him that Savary had issued orders to have him brought before him, dead or alive, he escaped to Bordeaux, and thence with difficulty reached the British head quarters, where he assured the commander that the inhabitants of Bordeaux were prepared to take up arms in the royal cause so soon as a British force should appear. He was anxious that a few hundred men should be sent to

\* If I advance, follow me—if I go back, kill me—if I die, avenge me

land him on the coast of Polton, and divert the attention of the troops, while he proposed to raise the *La Vendéenne*. Lord Wellington heard his communication with much interest; but doubting whether the people were prepared to take up arms for the Bourbons, declined to part with any troops for the proposed expedition—as he was now preparing to pass the Adour.

While Napoleon was aiming to arrest the nations against him in the north by diplomatic art, he was also trying to conclude a treaty with Ferdinand—the articles in which were that Spain should be vacated by the troops of France, Portugal and England, and that all prisoners should be given up. This treaty if agreed to, would have been favourable to Napoleon, by giving him all the garrisons in Valencia and Catalonia, all the prisoners taken in the war, and the opportunity of employing Suchet's corps in France.

Ferdinand was anxious that the treaty should be agreed to by the Spanish Government; the progress of the events just narrated, however, defeated it. On the 1st of Jan., 1814, the Emperors of Austria, Russia, and King of Prussia, passed the Rhine, and their large armies were a powerful reason why Napoleon should consent to the terms of a general peace as proposed by them. The potentates pledged themselves not to interfere with the internal concerns of the French nation; but insisted that France should remain content with her old boundaries, the Alps, the Rhine and the Pyrenees. Irritated by these demands, Napoleon urged the French to resist them; but was mortified to find that the people remained inactive. Lord Wellington

in opposition against him were arranged both the royalists and the theoretical republicans, who spoke of violated professions, of outrages committed on freedom, public rights, and private property, during a reign in which the strength of the nation had been wasted in foreign wars, so that Napoleon had lost all claim upon the support of the people, whom he made obedient to his will. Amid this general apathetic indifference, he sent an ambassador to Chatillon to confer on peace—and to strengthen his claims, he prepared to take the field.

We must now return to the operations at Bayonne. In the middle of Feb, Lord Wellington's army advanced, cut off the communication of the French with St Jean Piel de Port, and drove them across the river Bidouze, the Gave de Mouleon, and the Gave d'Oleron. By these movements Soult was obliged to diminish his force at Bayonne, and to withdraw his troops from the right of the Adour, above the town.

While part of the army was thus occupied, Sir John Hope prepared to cross the Adour below Bayonne, and Admiral Penrose, with a naval force, waited to co-operate with him. Gen Stopford, with a corps of 600 men, crossed on the 23rd on rafts constructed of pontoons, the enemy, hoping to overpower him before succour should arrive, attacked, but, by the assistance of a rocket brigade, the French were repelled with great loss. At night a breeze arose, by which the vessels were enabled to reach the mouth of the Adour, and the boats, which had been brought together for the purpose of constructing a bridge over the Nieve, attempted to make their way through the surf.



The first, which had the chief pilot on board, overset; the second gained the beach, the rest returned to await the following tide "it being scarcely possible," said the Admiral, "that one in fifty could then have effected the passage." To the south-west of the river a pilot was landed, who was to walk thence to the Adour and make signals from within the bar to guide the vessels; without, nothing was seen but one *hoo* of heavy surf—the bar at that time presenting peculiar dangers. But nothing can withstand the energy of British sailors; with the next tide, the boats and vessels crossed the surf, and made their way up the river after an unequalled display of gallantry on the part of officers and men. By means of these boats, a bridge nearly 300 yards in length, was thrown across the Nèze; and Bayonne was closely blockaded by the troops who were in readiness to stand to their arms.

The establishment of a communication across the Adour opened to the allied army the direct road to Bordeaux, where a strong party existed in favour of the royalist claims. But as the district through which this lay was not only unproductive but unfavourable to military operations, Wellington resolved to march on Orthez, where Sult was in strong position. Leaving Sir John Hope with the left wing to blockade Bayonne the British advanced in three columns. Beresford with the left, by L'Escaut to Orthez; the cavalry and Jägers division forded the L'Escaut; and Hill's corps moved directly on the bridge, but having no artillery could not force a passage at that point. On the 27th of January the Old and Light divisions

crossed by a pontoon bridge, and Hill, with the 2nd, remained on the high-road to Sauverterre, opposite the bridge and river. The soldiers, by supporting each other, crossed the river without danger or loss.

Soult's army was drawn up on a range of tabular heights a mile in length, in the direction of Day, the right of which terminating in a steep hill was protected in the front by the village of St Boes. His left rested on Orthez, commanding the passage of the river, while the centre was covered by the protrusion of the wings. He had a reserve of Vilatte's and Harispe's divisions, and Paris' brigade. Wellington resolved on an immediate attack. Beresford was to carry the village of St Boes on the right, and the hill above it, Picton was to fall on the French centre and left, Alton's light division was to proceed up a ravine between these two columns, and give support where needed, and Hill having crossed the river by a ford two miles off, was to master a point in Soult's rear, and cut off his communication with Pau.

At nine in the morning, Cole, with the 4th division, carried St. Boes. Marshal Beresford directed his efforts against two lines posted on the hills above, but the ground was so narrow that the troops could not deploy to attack the heights, and Lord Wellington, seeing that he could not turn his enemy's right without extending his line farther than safety permitted, changed his plan, and bringing up two other divisions, attacked this wing on the left, drove it from its position, and thus made the victory secure, for his centre being forced, Soult was obliged to withdraw his guards, which had suf-

sured little lost, and ordered a general retreat, under the fire of the British guns.

Meantime Hill forced the passage of the Ouse above the town, and was moving towards the enemy's rear to cut off their retreat. As soon as the French perceived this movement, they quickened their speed—as they hastened so did Sir Rowland, till their retreat became a flight. Wherever their flight was impeded they suffered greatly; the ground and ditches were strewed with their killed and wounded; the infantry took 1 big gun and 1,200 prisoners, the cavalry many more. The victory would have been still aided by more decisive results had not Lord Wellington been struck on the pommel of his sword by a musket ball and so severely bruised, that he could not cross the intersected country in time to direct the movements of the divisions in the pursuit. At dusk, the allied army halted near Sault de Navailles; it had lost, in killed, wounded, and missing less than 2,200—620 of which were Portuguese. The enemy estimated their loss at nearly 16,000—most of which were desertions of conscripts.

When we consider the danger to which Lord Wellington was exposed we may say that the victory would have been dearly purchased by his loss. So severe was the contusion suffered by him, that it was necessary to lift him from his horse. In connection with this incident we may observe that his personal behaviour as a soldier was as perfect as his conduct as a general; the quality of bravery indeed he shared with all his army. But the quality of which, at all other efforts he is distinguished, is the union of patience with courage; that was

of duty, which restrains him from an ostentatious exposure of a life, of the value of which he could not affect to be ignorant, and that brilliant gallantry, which flashes terror into the eyes of the enemy, and kindles in his army an enthusiasm which nothing can withstand."

The main body of Soult's army having been joined by two battalions of conscripts, and the garrison of Dax, retreated on St Severe, while another column marched on the Aire, for the protection of a magazine, but not finding either Aire or St Severe a tenable position, Soult fell back upon Agen. Heavy rains and the swollen state of the river impeded the progress of the allied army, but as soon as the bridges which the enemy had destroyed could be repaired, Lord Wellington sent a detachment to occupy Pau, the capital of Bearn. Sir R Hill then advanced upon the enemy, posted on a ridge of hills, with their right upon the Adour. The Portuguese brigade of Da Costa, moving against them, could not drive them away, they fell into confusion, but, as the enemy advanced to attack them in their disordered state, a brigade came to their assistance, and repulsed the French, who were at length forced to give up their whole position, after sustaining great loss. Soult was then obliged to continue his retreat; he conducted his army up the right bank of the Adour, but finding the road to Bourdeaux open, he resolved to direct his right wing upon that city—thus carrying the war into the heart of a royalist province of France. So soon as Napoleon's garrison at Bourdeaux were compelled to abandon that city, by the approach of Beresford with the Duke d'Angoulême, the inhabi-

tants gave expression to their loyalty. The white flag waved from the summit of every steeple. Louis XVIII was proclaimed, and the air rung with the shout of *Vive le Roi!* As the Duke entered the city some cried out, "He is of our blood; he was born a Frenchman, and feels like a Frenchman!" numbers blessed him; mothers pointed him out to their children, and said, "Now we shall no longer lose our son in the war!" The feelings of royalty burst forth in emotion. There were not marks of selfish adulation; the tribute of their hearts was fraught with danger; for the treaty of Chaillon was not concluded, and no other French province had made a decisive movement for the Bourbons. On the 1st of Jan., the allied sovereigns had crossed the Rhine, declaring their sole object to be the conclusion of peace, and the restricting of France to the territories she possessed before the Revolution. This manifesto produced much good; it opened the eyes of the French and convinced them that Napoleon's object in promoting the war was aggrandizement and ambition.

Meanwhile the Emperor's conduct showed the impotence of desperation, by the dismissal of his legislative assembly with an insulting reprimand; while his immediate followers could scarcely brook his insolent demeanour. But he still retained his military skill and hurrying from Paris to resume the command of the part of his army succeeded in gaining several important advantages over his antagonists, who were endeavouring to reach Paris; he was thus enabled to obtain from the sovereigns a more honourable peace. But his ambition

still deceived him. Though he consented to send an ambassador to Chatillon, in obedience to the wishes of his people, he instructed him to use every means to embarrass the proceedings of the Congress, so that it seemed difficult to judge how the negotiations would terminate. The French nation was little disposed to rise in a body, and endure fresh sacrifices for Napoleon, his only source of strength was in those veteran soldiers whom he had led to his wars. Lord Wellington's march to Bourdeaux greatly weakened his power, and the effect of the popular movement there was felt throughout France.

Soult published an angry proclamation, full of abuse of the English nation, and invectives against the leader of the victorious army. Aware of Beresford's movement on Bayonne, he resolved to assume the offensive. He made a demonstration against Sir Rowland Hill, to whose support Lord Wellington sent two divisions. This reinforcement arrived before the French came up, and Soult judging that the British were too strong to be attacked, retired to Lambege. During the two next days the allied army halted to give time for the Spanish reserve from Irun and the heavy cavalry to come up. On the 18th of March, they moved onwards in two columns, on both banks of the Adour, the French retiring before them. Soult's rear guards were found posted in the vineyards around the town of Vix, these were cleared that the army might advance by the high road. The French then retreated to Tarbes, near which Soult had concentrated his whole army on the right of the Adour. From Tarbes they were forced to retire by Hill's light troops, who drove

them to the heights; and Clinton's movement determined Soult to retire to a ridge of hills near his rear stretching across the road of Tournay and nearly parallel to it.

On the 9th Soult retired to Toulouse destroying the bridges on his way; the weather once more favoured him by retarding the movements of his antagonists, so that he had time to fortify his position in front of that city. Lord Wellington's troops did not reach the Garonne till the 27th when they halted before Toulouse. Toulouse occupies a space of ground two miles in length from north to south and a mile and a quarter in breadth from east to west. On the left bank of the river stands the Faubourg St. Cyprien, surrounded by a lofty brick wall of great thickness flanked by towers; it is connected with the town by a bridge. Two miles below Bayonne the Langon-doe canal enters the river: the canal and river surround the city on three sides: on the fourth there is an open space between the Garonne and the former. To the east of the canal rises a range of hills, beyond which flows a river called the Era: over this pass all the roads from the eastward. The French had fortified them with five redoubts, connected by lines of intrenchments. "They had said Lord Wellington 'made every preparation for defence'." The bridge over the Era, by which their right could be approached, had been broken down by the enemy; but as the roads from Arles to Toulouse could not be traversed by artillery and cavalry Wellington had no alternative but to attack the French in their formidable position.

On the 28th Lord Wellington attempted to

throw a bridge across the river at Portel, a little above the town, which failed owing to the rapidity of the current. A few days after, Hill's corps succeeded in crossing, but the rains rendered the roads impassable, though this would have involved the cutting off of Soult's communication with Suchet, after repeated failures the attempt was abandoned. The enemy had, however, left one bridge standing at Croix d'Orade, this was secured by a party of hus-sars, who dislodged a superior body of French cavalry posted in the village. On the 10th of April, two divisions crossed the river—the whole army was under arms—and preparations were made for an attack.

Wellington's dispositions were as follows. Beresford, with two divisions was to cross the Eers by the taken bridge, and drive the French from Mont Blanc, then to proceed along the left bank till he gained the enemy's right, where he was to form and attack, Fiere's Spaniards, after a simultaneous assault on the French left, were to march along the heights, and join Beresford, the 3rd and light divisions were to threaten the bridge and part of the town near the river, and Hill with the right was to keep the French within their intrenchments on the left of the Garonne. The cavalry were so disposed as to resist the French horse, wherever needed. The battle began at seven o'clock, when Picton drove in the French picquets at Pont Juneau, the enemy on retiring set fire to a large chateau, in the cypress avenues of which they had in vain sought refuge. Beresford then crossed the bridge and carried Mont Blanc. He then proceeded along the Eers in three open



columns, flanked by skirmishers, till having gained the point of attack, they wheeled up and advanced in line against the French right, on their way exposed to a heavy cannonade from the enemy's guns, which were well served. Frere's Spaniards moved against the left, driving before them a French brigade; but when they drew near the intrenchments, they were met by such a shower of grape that they grew confused and the enemy taking advantage of this, drove the Spaniards down the hill with much slaughter. One regiment however gallantly retained its ground till Lord Wellington recalled it. But, protected by the light division, the scattered Spaniards were rallied and the French, after having gained a position for a brief space on the right of the allies, were driven back.

Meanwhile Beresford had been more successful. Clinton's division had established themselves on the enemy's line; and Cole marched up the heights on the enemy's right, and formed on the summit. The allies had now 10,000 men drawn up on the same range with the enemy and Beresford only awaited the arrival of his guns to follow up his success; for without artillery the movements against the centre could not be continued, as the French still occupied a formidable line of intrenchments. The combat was therefore suspended; and Beresford had an opportunity of reinforcing his cavalry, and drawing from the suburbs of the town and the canal as many troops as he could command. He had gained some advantage by the repulse of the Spaniards and the error of Picton who executed his instructions by converting a false

attack into a real one on the bridge nearest the Garonne, was stopped by the formidable nature of the ditch, and being exposed without cover to a severe fire, compelled to retreat with a heavy loss across the river. Hill had succeeded in confining the enemy within their works before St Cyprien, and threatening them with a formidable attack.

About noon, Beresford got up his guns, and the battle was renewed, he moved at the head of two divisions directed against the enemy's redoubts in line. Soult waited not for the attack, but anticipated it by a heavy assault both in front and flank upon the foremost division, commanded by Sir H Clinton, after a fierce struggle, British bayonets decided the matter, and the French were driven back upon their works. The two chief redoubts, and the fortified houses in their position were carried by Pack's brigade. All these things were seen from the roofs of Toulouse, which were crowded by spectators. The French again advanced in a powerful body, made a vigorous attempt to regain the lost works, but were repulsed with loss. As a last chance, Soult changed his front, and took up a new line, but all his effort were vain—the enemy was driven from their redoubts, and compelled to retire across the canal, under cover of their fortified bridges. On the left of Garonne, Hill had obliged them to give up their advanced wall of intrenchments, and retire behind that of the suburb. By four o'clock the action was over, from the ridge the allies with their artillery looked down upon the city, and the inhabitants saw the En-

glish, Portuguese and Spanish banners waving upon the conquered hill. The victory was not gained without severe loss for the combat was by both sides obstinately maintained. Of British and Portuguese 4,500 were killed and wounded, and the loss of the Spaniards exceeded 2,000—some of the British regiments especially in the 6th division, lost more than half their numbers; and many superior officers were wounded. The French suffered less, but two of their generals were killed, and three taken with 1,500 of their men.

After the battle Soult withdrew within the city and made preparations for defence. At the prospect of a siege the inhabitants were alarmed; while the army in number 30,000 prevented them from making any demonstration of attachment to the cause which they favoured. On being summoned to surrender Soult replied that he would rather bury himself beneath its walls; this was probably only meant as a threat, for the night following convulsions of the weakness of his position, he retreated with his whole force and marched on Castellan-dry. Great was the joy of the people of Toulouse when the allied army took possession of it; and their enthusiasm was still more excited when they heard of the abdication of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons. On the 30th of March Paris had capitulated and on the 11th of April, Louis XVIII. had relinquished all claims to the throne of France. On the 15th the Count d'Artois entered Paris, and was received with all the respect due to his claims by the House of Bourbon, the civil authorities, and great officers of state;

and on the 20th Napoleon left Fontainebleau, and set out for his mimic sovereignty of Elba.

The blood shed in the battle of Toulouse might have been spared, had the state of affairs in Paris been communicated without delay. On the evening of the 12th despatches from Paris arrived, and the restoration of the Bourbons was announced to Soult, he refused to send his adhesion to the new government, and proposed a suspension of hostilities till he could ascertain the real state of public affairs. Lord Wellington made arrangements to pursue him, but on the 17th, Soult acknowledged the provisional government of France. Toulouse was not the only scene of unnecessary slaughter. On the 14th the governor of Bayonne made a fierce sortie upon the investing troops. By a furious attack with superior numbers, the French drove from the village of St. Etienne that part of the allied troops which were stationed there, General Kay, who commanded the outposts, was slain, the picquets were driven back, and General Stafford wounded, and Sir John Hope, hastening to the scene of action, had his horse killed, and was taken prisoner. The night was very dark, and the French threw up blue-lights, and thus directed their guns. But reinforcements arrived, and the enemy were driven to the citadel, after severe fighting at close quarters, during which many bayonet wounds were given on both sides, and the opponents could only see to fight by the flashing of each other's muskets. In this affair, the allies lost 800 killed, wounded, and taken, the French still more. With this sad episode, the great drama of the war ended, and the long

struggle maintained by England against the power that had enslaved Europe seemed closed.

In the middle of March Bonaparte finding he could make no more use of Lord Duro of Spain, liberated him. He entered Spain by Catalonia, and proceeding by Orona to Saragossa, went to Valencia, where he resided before he went to Madrid. He entered Madrid by a triumphal arch, the joyful chime of the church bells, and the acclamations of multitudes expressing their joy at the vindication of the national independence—the punishment of the tyrant who had brought such evils on their country—and the restoration of their legitimate king.

In concluding the history of Lord Wellington's brilliant operations in Spain and France it is unnecessary to do more than point out the value of his services. His career begun at Rellga, and terminated at Toulouse, may be pronounced unparalleled in history. The military reputation and power of France were at their height, and there were those who believed it impossible to resist their force when guided by the genius of Napoleon. Wellington maintained the contest single handed—without adequate support either from the English or Spanish governments—with an army just recovered from a late misfortune. From the moment that he assumed the command, the state of things was entirely altered. Divine Providence had raised in Arthur Wellesley an instrument to do away the despotism of Napoleon, and break the chain of the nations. As he led his army on, each operation gave the troops and the nations fresh confidence in their general.

Wherever he met the French, he defeated them, when want of forces, of food, or of co-operation compelled him to retire, it was with such order and leisure, that neither the hopes of his own army were weakened, nor those of the enemy raised. "After the battle of Talavera," says Dr Southey, "and the series of provoking misconduct by which the effects of the victory were frustrated, he perceived the course which the enemy would pursue, and anticipating all their temporary advantages, he determined how and where the vital struggle must be made. The foresight of a general was never more admirably displayed, and if there be one place to that leader whose trophies are found throughout the whole, it is in the lines of Torres Vedras that one to Lord Wellington should be erected. When he took his stand there, Lisbon was not the only stake of that contest. The fate of Europe was in suspense, and they who, like Homer, could see the balance in the hand of Jupiter, might then have perceived that the fortunes of France were found wanting in the scale. There the spell which bound the nations was broken, the plans of the tyrant were baffled, his exertions were defied, his armies were beaten, and Europe, taking heart when she beheld the deliverance of Portugal, began to make a movement for her own—for that spirit, by which alone her deliverance could be effected, was excited. Foresight and enterprise went hand in hand, he never advanced, but so as to be sure of his retreat, and never retreated, but in such an attitude, as to impose on a superior enemy. He never gave an opportunity, and

never lost one. His movements were so rapid as to deceive and astonish the French, who prided themselves upon their own celerity. He killed general after general, defeated army after army, captured fortress after fortress, and raised the military character of Great Britain to its old standard.

The spirit of the country rose with its successes. England once more felt her strength. Such was Wellington's influence over the men whom he conducted to victory, that not an outrage, not an excess, not an injury was committed; and the French, who had made war like savages, in every country they invaded experienced all the humanities of generous warfare when they were invaded themselves. In Navarre Wellington's name was blessed by the people. Seldom, indeed, has it fallen to any conqueror to look back upon his career with such feelings! The continental war was carried on with the highest principles of justice and state policy. It was not kindled under taken from aggrandizement, or with the hope of adding new conquests to our dominions; but it was a defensive necessary and retributive war, and led to procure security to our selves, with the object added besides, of "letting the oppressed go free."

We cannot better conclude this chapter than by an account of the reception which the great warrior met with in his own country. On the 25th of April he left Toulouse, and proceeded to Paris, which he reached on the 4th of May, and was received by the sovereigns, a stream of generals, at the court of Louis XVIII.; every where high honours awaited him. It

was then known that he had been elevated to a dukedom, and he had received the insignia of every distinguished order in Europe. On the 10th of May he quitted Paris, and after paying a four days' visit to Toulouse, repaired to Madrid, where Ferdinand confirmed the honours paid to him by the Cortes, and appointed him Captain-General of Spain. On the 5th of June, he left Madrid, went to Bourdeaux, reviewed the troops, and made preparations for their embarkation. On the 14th, he took leave of the army, and on the 23rd of June, he landed at Dover, under a salute from the batteries, and proceeded to London. He was recognized as his carriage passed up Parliament Street, and greeted with loud applause. After a short interview with his family, he hastened to Portsmouth, where the Prince Regent gave him a worthy reception, his distinctions honoured him in the face of Europe, for the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were then at the English court. On the 28th of June, he first took his seat in the House of Lords. A great number of the Peers were present. On this occasion he appeared in a field-marshal's uniform, with the insignia of the Garter, and was introduced to the house by the Dukes of Beaufort and Richmond. To support the dignity of his dukedom, £300,000 were voted by parliament for the purchase of an estate, with such an additional grant of income, as made up the annual amount of his parliamentary allowance to £17,000. On his introduction to the House of Lords, his patents of creation as Baron, Earl, Marquis, and Duke, were all read on the same day. No ceremony of honour was



omitted on this occasion; the Duchess of Wellington, and his mother were present. After the oaths had been administered and the Duke had taken his seat, the Lord Chancellor Eldon addressed him for the purpose of conveying the thanks of the House which had been voted to him the preceding evening for the twelfth time.

The House of Commons in voting their thanks, had appointed a Committee of the House to wait upon his Grace to communicate the same and to offer him their congratulations on his return. The Duke signified that he was desirous of expressing to the House his answer in person. He was admitted the following day; a chair was set for him in the middle of the House: as he came in the whole House rose upon his entrance. The Speaker having informed him that there was a chair in which he might repose the Duke sat down for a short time—the serjeant standing on his right hand with the mace grounded—and the House resumed their seats. The Duke then rose and addressed the Speaker thus: “I was anxious to be permitted to attend this House in order to return my thanks in person for the honour they have done me in deposing a Committee of the members to congratulate me upon my return to this country; and this after the House had animated my *ex itinere* by their applause upon every occasion which appeared worthy their approbation; and after they had filled up the measure of their favours by conferring upon me at the recommendation of the Prince Regent, the noblest gift that any subject ever received!”

“I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous

in me to express my admiration of the efforts made by this House and my country, at a moment of unexampled pressure and difficulty, in order to support the great scale of operations by which the conflict was brought to so fortunate a termination.

“By the wise policy of parliament, the government was enabled to give the necessary support to the operations which were carried on under my directions, and I was encouraged by the confidence reposed in me by his Majesty’s ministers, and by the commander-in-chief, by the gracious favour of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and by the reliance which I had on the support of my gallant friends the general officers of the army, and on the bravery of the officers and troops, to carry on the operations in such a manner as to acquire for me those marks of the approbation of this House, for which I have now the honour to make my humble acknowledgments. Sir, it is impossible for me to express the gratitude which I feel, I can only assure the House, that I shall always be ready to serve His Majesty in any capacity in which my services can be deemed useful, with the same zeal for my country which has already acquired for me the approbation of this House.”

On Saturday the 9th of July, the Duke of Wellington was entertained at a banquet by the corporation of London, great magnificence was displayed on the occasion, and he was presented with the freedom of the city in a gold box, and with a splendid sword. In returning thanks, he gratefully alluded to the support of his officers, and the bravery of his troops.

When he received the sword, he energetically declared that he was ready, whenever called upon, to employ it in the service of his King and country should it happen that the general wish of Europe for a peace should be disappointed. He did not then suspect how soon his pledge should be redeemed.

On the 5th of August he left England again, having been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the court of France. On his way to Paris he visited the Netherlands and, in company with the Prince of Orange made a careful examination of the frontier fortresses on the line. On the 24th of August, he was presented to Louis XVIII., delivered his credentials, and took up his residence in Paris.

## CHAPTER XIV

Kept on a retreat from Elba—Duke of Wellington prepared to oppose him—Preparations—Napoleon arrives in Italy—Provisional emperor—But he at Quatre Bras—Battle of Ligny—Position of the Duke of Wellington's army—Battle of Waterloo, and total defeat of Napoleon.

It was not to be supposed that the exile of Elba would calmly remain forgetful of the incidents of his past life. Louis, though possessed of considerable talent and accurate judgment, was ungenerous; that it was which Napoleon had found in evidence as to the French whose vanity had been fed by the Emperor's successes, were not yet prepared to endure the reign of a prince of calm and easy temper. Discontent was widely spread throughout France; the royalists were excited by seeing those pretensions which they considered the fruits of robbery

and crime, enjoyed in peace, the republicans could not brook legitimate monarchy, the army murmured for their lost chief, and their generals, accustomed to the glittering prizes on which Napoleon had allowed them to speculate, cared not for peaceful honours. The fiery and volatile French, whom at all times it is so easy to excite, had their discontents fanned into a flame of rebellion by the many personal and political adherents of the late government, who had failed not to impress upon them that France was now "fallen from her high estate," and shorn of much of her glory.

Such was the state of matters, when Europe was struck with dread by the intelligence that Napoleon, eluding the vigilance of the English cruisers, had landed on the coast of France with a small detachment of guards—was welcomed by the soldiery, who crowded to his banners—and was marching upon the capital. The fruit of the conspiracies of the Bonapartists was now apparent. His partisans had done their work well, every where it was reported that he was about to assume the sceptre of equity and peace, that, as every detachment sent against him had only swelled his force, so no efforts could resist him. These representations did not over-rate the danger, with a few honourable exceptions the soldiery joined him, the last resource of the court, Macdonald's force, stationed near Fontainebleau, on the approach of the Emperor, trampled their white cockades in the dust, and surrounded him with shouts of delight. Louis had already fled from the Tuilleries, and on the 24th of March, 1815, Napoleon once more entered Paris, where

he was received at the palace by all the adherents of his cause; and found in the apartments just vacated by the King a brilliant assemblage of those who in former times had filled the most prominent places in his own councils and court. Napoleon ardently improved the short space which intervened before the brief struggle which he was conscious awaited him. professions of liberality were made to conciliate the different parties, and every effort used to stir up the people; a solemn ceremonial was held at the Champ de Mai; Paris was fortified and increased; reparations made in munition and equipping the army—in which Napoleon was aware his only chance of safety depended.

When this sudden change of circumstances took place in France the powers who signed the treaty of Paris were in congress at Vienna, where the Duke of Wellington was present as the plenipotentiary of Great Britain having left Paris for that capital on Jan. 25th. The moment the news of Napoleon's movement reached them, the Congress published a proclamation in these words.—By breaking the convention which established him in Elba, Bonaparte destroys the only title on which his exil tenure depended. By appearing again in France, with projects of discord he has deprived himself of the protection of the law and manifested to the universe that there can neither be peace nor truce with him. The powers consequently declare that Napoleon Bonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and moral relation and that, as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the

world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance." All Europe once more prepared for war. It was evident that Napoleon owed everything to the soldiery—150,000 veterans unwilling and unaccustomed to ordinary labour, the treaty of Paris had thrown idle—and till this ferocious military force was effectually humbled, there could be no peace for the world. A formal treaty was immediately concluded, whereby each of the four great powers bound to maintain in arms 150 000 troops. But the zeal of the contracting parties went beyond the terms settled by the treaty of Vienna, and scarcely was Napoleon seated on his throne, before he heard that in all likelihood he must do his best to defend it against 300,000 Austrians, 225,000 Russians, 236,000 Prussians, 150,000 men from the minor states of Germany, 50,000 from the Netherlands, and 50,000 English under the Duke of Wellington, in all 1,110,000 armed men.

Napoleon, conscious of the stake for which he played, and of the odds against him, was indefatigable. When he landed at Cannes, the army numbered 175,000 men, the cavalry had been greatly reduced, and the effects of the campaigns of the three preceding years, was visible in the deficiency of military stores and arms, but especially of artillery. By incredible exertions, and notwithstanding the pressure of cares and anxieties, the Emperor, before the end of May, had 375,000 men in arms—including an imperial guard of 40,000 chosen veterans, a large cavalry force, and a well-appointed train of artillery. Not only was Paris strongly fortified, but all the posi-

tions in advance of it on the Seine the Marne and the Aube, and among the passages of the Vosgesian hills with Lyons, had been guarded by strong defences. Massena, at Metz, and Suchet on the Swiss frontier, commanded divisions which were judged sufficient to detain Schwarzenberg for a time on the upper Rhine and the siege of the fortresses behind him, would detain him still longer. Meantime Napoleon resolved to attack the most alert of his enemies, the Prussians and English beyond the Sambre—while the Austrians were thus held in check on the upper Rhine—and before the armies of the north could debouch on Mannheim to co-operate by their right with Wellington and Blücher and by their left with Schwarzenberg. He thought that the Belgian army would offer little opposition; and by some great battle he hoped to break the strength of the European confederacy.

Exertions corresponding to the magnitude of the occasion were made by the allies—their troops poured in on the frontiers of France; the Prussian advanced corps had entered Holland, and an army of English, Belgians, and Hanoverians was assembled in the Netherlands under the Duke of Wellington. Wellington had arrived at Brussels in April, and immediately concerted his plan of operations with the Prussian general whose troops were collected on the Sambre and Meuse and occupied Charleroi, Namur and Liège; the line of their cantonments communicated by its right with the Duke of Wellington's army; so that, while they were ready to act in concert, each general had to keep up a separate line of com-

munications, connected on the one side with England, on the other by the lower Rhine, with Prussia. The first object was to cover Brussels, and also to guard the approaches from France by Tournay and Mons, and prevent any attack upon Ghent from Lisle, these roads were carefully examined, and Wellington's army arranged so as to encounter any offensive movement. The main difficulty to provide for was, in case the enemy should advance on any single point with force, for the advance troops to check them, so as to afford time for the allied armies to concentrate in a position to protect Brussels.

Bonaparte left Paris in the evening of the 11th of June he exclaimed as he entered his carriage, "I go to measure myself against Wellington." On the 14th at Beaumont, he received that part of the army which had been prepared to act under his own orders, they had been most carefully selected, and formed the most perfect force he had ever taken to the field, it consisted of 25,000 of the imperial guard, 25,000 cavalry, 350 pieces of artillery, and veteran infantry enough to swell the host to 130,000 men. Marshal Ney commanded the centre, Jerome Bonaparte the left, Marshal Grouchy the right. Among the infantry generals were d'Erlon, Reille, Vandamme, Girard, and Lobeau, among the cavalry Pajol, Exelmans, Kellerman, and Milhaud. Bonaparte reminded them that this was the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, and asked, "Are they and we no longer the same men? The madmen! a moment of prosperity has blinded them. The oppression of the French people



is beyond their power. If they enter France they will there find their tomb. Soldiers! we have forced marches, battles and dangers before us. For every Frenchman who has a heart the moment is arrived to conquer or to perish! His oration, vigorous and animated as ever, thrilled to the hearts of his devoted soldiery.

Blücher's Prussians numbered 100,000 men. The Duke of Wellington's varied and motley army amounted in all to 70,000, of whom only 34,000 were English—and these old fly young soldiers, for the flower of the Peninsular army had been sent to America. The King's German Legion, however, 8,000 strong, were excellent soldiers; and there were 8,000 Brunswickers, worthy if it were of their gall at Duke. The Hanoverian amounted to 16,000; the Nassau troops Dutch and Belgian, under the Prince of Orange, were nearly 17,000 men; but much dependence could not be placed in the Belgian part of the army. The first division occupied Lognon, Brau-le-Comte, and Nivelles, communicating with the Prussian right at Charleroi. The second, under Lord Hill, was cantoned in Halle, Oudenard, and Grammont—with most of the cavalry. The reserve under Picton were at Brussels and Ghent. Wellington chose Quatre Bras as the point at which should Bonaparte advance on that side. It was to be held in check until all allied troops were concentrated. That junction was, by accomplished, though all Napoleon's skill in manoeuvring and activity of movement were used to prevent it.

On the morning of Thursday the 16th the French drove in the Prussian outposts on the

west bank of the Sambre, and assaulted Charleroi, the purpose of Napoleon was to crush Blucher before Wellington could aid him, and then fall on Brussels. In spite of severe loss, Ziethen maintained his ground so long at Charleroi, that the alarm spread along the whole Prussian line he then fell back upon a position between Ligny and Amand, where Blucher, at the head of his whole army, excepting Bulow's division, which had not yet come from Liege,—awaited Napoleon's attack. Bonaparte had failed to beat the Prussian divisions in detail, it remained to be seen whether the second part of his plan, that of separating Blucher from Wellington's army, would succeed. Accordingly, while the former concentrated his force about Ligny, the French occupied the main road between Brussels and Charleroi. They drove in some Nassau troops at Frasnes, and pursued them as far as the farm-house at Quatre Bras, which derives its name from the circumstance of the roads from Charleroi to Brussels, and from Nivelles to Namur, crossing each other.

At half-past one o'clock of the same day, a Prussian officer came to the Duke of Wellington's quarters at Brussels, with the intelligence of the French movements. By two o'clock the Duke issued orders to all his cantonments, for the divisions to break up, and effect a junction on the left of Quatre Bras. There the British general intended his whole force to assemble, by eleven o'clock on the following night, the 16th. That night a ball, which was to have been given at the Duchess of Richmond's hotel in Brussels, was intended to be

put off but as it seemed expedient that the inhabitants should be as little as possible acquainted with the progress of events, at the Duke of Wellington's request it proceeded—himself enjoining the general officers to appear in the ball-room, but each to quit the apartment quietly at ten o'clock, to join his respective division *en route*. Soon after the younger officers were summoned from the dance for the troops were already mustering. The Duke retired at twelve and left the town at six next morning for Quatre Bras. The reserve quitted Brussels during the night, unobserved by the inhabitants, none but the military authorities knowing of the event till next day.

When Napoleon came up from Charol about noon on the 16th, he was uncertain whether to make his attack on Blücher at Ligny or on the English at Quatre Bras. But the Anglo-Belgian army was not yet concentrated, while the Prussian with the exception of one division was; he therefore resolved to devote his personal attention to the latter. The main strength of his army accordingly was directed against Blücher at three in the afternoon; while the subordinate, yet formidable attack on Willems position was begun by Ney with 40,000 men.

The Duke of Wellington held a conference with Blücher on the 16th at Bry—and fixed with him the ultimate measures to be adopted whatever course the events of the day might show. The troops awaited the assault of Ney under many disadvantages; they were generally out of order and had been marching since midnight, while the French were fresh,

and had all the advantages of ground, being posted among growing corn, as high as the tallest man's shoulders, which, with the sloping fields, enabled them to draw up a strong body of cuirassiers close to the English, screened from view. Many of the Duke's troops, his cavalry in particular, had a long way to march, and had not arrived, so that, when the contest began, there were only 19,000 of the allies up, and of these but 4,500 British infantry.

It was important to maintain the position occupied by the Belgians, which was an alignment between the villages of Santa Mouline and Quatre Bras, the possession of the roads near which, it was of the utmost consequence that the allies should maintain, for the high-road led to Brussels, and was intersected by that road which led to the right of the Prussians stationed at St Amand. The road to Brussels to the right of the allies is skirted by a dense wood called *Le Bois de Bosse*, along the edge of which was a hollow way like a ravine. The French strove to secure this wood, as from it they might debouche upon the Brussels road, in spite of the efforts of the Prussians, the Belgians gave way, and the French occupied the disputed post. At this moment, Picton's division, the Brunswickers, and one of the guards, the Brunswickers, came up, and entered into action. "What soldiers are these in the wood?" said Wellington to the Prince of Orange. "Belgians," answered he, ignorant that his troops had been driven thence. "Belgians!" said the Duke, who discovered the state of matters, "they are French, and about to debouche on the road, they must be driven

out of the wood. Matland, with the grenadiers of the guards, after meeting a destructive fire from an invisible enemy rushed upon it; each tree bush and ditch and a small rivulet which runs through the wood, were successively made by the French points of deadly defence, till they were driven from every part. The French heavy columns again advanced to force the wood, but the close fire and determined charge of the British drove them back. After a three hours deadly conflict, the British remained masters of the post.

The battle raged a secondly on every other point. Picton's brigade near the farm-house suffered dreadfully from the volleys of the French poured in from the rising ground; while his men, entangled among the tall rye could not fire with precision. The regiments had then to throw themselves into squares to resist a desperate and sudden charge of the French cavalry who from this movement succeeded in surprising the third regiment; two companies of which with their colonel, were swept off and cut to pieces. Their comrades avenged their death by pouring in such a murderous fire upon the culmiers as compelled them to wheel about. But though defeated in this they charged down the causeway to Brussels and carried two guns by which it was retarded; at the moment they expected a fire of grape-shot opened on them; and the light artillery posted behind the farm-house, poured in on their flank such a discharge of musketry as almost destroyed them. At length, as the British distance suddenly increased the lines were driven

off with much loss, which would have been increased, had the English cavalry been in a condition to pursue them. Ney retired to his original position at Frasnes, and night found the English, after a severe and bloody day, in possession of the field. Several regiments were reduced to skeletons, and many brave officers had fallen, among others, the Duke of Brunswick was shot soon after the commencement of the battle, and many other regretted names appeared in the list of the slain. But the honour of the day was great, for the French had been decidedly repulsed.

With worse fortune, Blücher fought as severe a battle at Ligny, with 80,000 men, he had to encounter 90,000, led by Napoleon. Though the Prussians behaved with great bravery, the villages of Amand and Ligny were repeatedly taken and retaken during the day, and a body of French cavalry penetrated to the very heart of the position. It has been said that two of the French divisions hoisted the black flag—it is certain that on both sides little quarter was either asked or taken. In the course of the day, the old Prussian General had his horse shot under him, and in the hurry of the flight was ridden over, unseen both by his own men, and by the French. But Bülow had not yet arrived, and the successive charges of fresh divisions of the enemy, compelled the Prussians to retire. Blücher retreated on the river Dyle, towards Warre. It was dark when the battle ceased, and Bonaparte did not know the route the Prussians had taken till twelve o'clock on the 17th, when he ordered Grouchy to pursue them with 32,000 men, but this corps

did not move till three in the afternoon, were only at Gembloux that night, and did not reach Warre till noon on the 18th, when Thielman's corps was attacked by them. At Ligny the Prussians lost 14,000 men and 15 guns.

The Duke of Wellington did not hear of the retreat of the Prussians till seven o'clock on the morning of the 17th for an aide-de-camp whom Blücher had sent to acquaint him of it, was killed. A patrol however sent out to Fombref at daylight ascertained the state of matters they found out how little real success had been gained over the Prussians by the French for Blücher had fallen back most leisurely, and his rear-guard did not evacuate Bry till three in the morning. The Duke had already collected his troops at Quatre Bras, and was prepared to have maintained that position; but the retrograde movement of the Prussians rendered it necessary for him to adopt a corresponding movement. He therefore retired by Genappe upon Waterloo about ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th. His march was conducted admirably and in such admirable order that the enemy did not venture to molest it but a large body of horse killed the cavalry of the rear-guard on the Lord Ox ridge. Wellington retired to Waterloo in great order of being followed there by Blücher before the day even had begun. The

day was rainy the roads were covered with wet mud and the news of retreat the sight of the British army was not very cheering but they remained when they reached the field and heard of their leader's purpose. Blücher took up his position at Waterloo, they fired with cannon,

the dripping corn, amid a storm of rain, thunder and wind, in the sure hope of victory on the morrow

Having finished all his arrangements on the evening of the 17th, Wellington rode to Blücher, to inform him that he had thus far acted on the plan fixed at Bry—expressing his hope that he would be next day supported by two Prussian battalions. Blücher replied, that after leaving a single corps to keep Grouchy at bay, he would himself march to Waterloo with the rest of his army. Wellington returned to the scene of action, expecting that Blücher would be able to come up in time. But so terrible was the state of the cross-roads between Wavre and Mont St. Jean, and such torrents of rain fell, that though Blücher began his march, he found it impossible to come up until long after the time anticipated.

“The scene of this celebrated action,” says Sir Walter Scott, “must be familiar to most readers, either from description or recollection. The English army occupied a chain of heights, extending from Merke Braine on the right, to a village called Ter La Haye on the left. Corresponding to this chain of heights, there runs one parallel to them, on which the French were posted. A small valley winds between of various breadths at different points, but not generally exceeding half a mile. The declivity on either side into the valley, has a varied, but gentle slope, diversified by a number of irregularities of ground. The field is crossed by two high roads, or causeways, both leading to Brussels,—one from Charleroi through Quatre Bras and Genappe, by which the British



army had just retreated, and another from Nivelles. These roads traverse the valley and meet behind the village of Mont St. Jean which was in the rear of the British army. The farm house of Mont St. Jean, which must be carefully distinguished from the former was much closer to the rear of the British than the village of that name. On the Charleroi causeway in front of the line there is another farm-house called La Hève Saint situated at the foot of the declivity leading into the valley. On the opposite chain of eminences a village called La Belle Alliance gives names to the range of heights. It exactly fronts Mont St. Jean and these two points formed the centres of the French and British armies.

"An old farm called the Hève Saint was situated at the foot of the declivity of the valley, surrounded with garden, five and a wood, two acres in extent. I found the heights of Mont St. Jean, the ground lay into a hollow which served to afford me better to the rear of the British. In the rear of this second valley the road of the French army which runs the causeway of Nivelles. On that road two miles in the rear of the British army, I placed the main body of the British army.

"The British came on the ground at 3 p.m. on the 17th. It was much later before Napoleon had reached the heights of La Belle Alliance in person and the army had not come up to the heights till the morning of the 18th. On the part of the French army I also withdrew at the little village of Charleroi and Napoleon's army had been at the farm-house called La Belle Alliance at the foot of the declivity of the heights of La Belle Alliance.

"In the morning, when Napoleon had formed his line of battle, his brother Jerome commanded on the left—Counts Reille and D'Erlon the centre—and Count Lobau on the right. Marshals Soult and Ney acted as Lieutenant-Generals to the Emperor. The French force on the field consisted of 75,000 men. The English army did not exceed that number. Each army was commanded by the chief, under whom they had offered to defy the world. So far the forces were equal. But the French had the very great advantage of being experienced forces of that nation, whereas the English in the Duke of Wellington's army did not exceed 35,000, and although the German Legion were veteran troops, the other soldiers under his command were those of the German contingents, unaccustomed to act together, and suspected to be lukewarm in the cause in which they were engaged.

"The British army was divided into two lines. The right of the first consisted of the second and fourth English divisions, the third and sixth Hanoverians, and the first corps of Belgians, under Lord Hill. The centre was composed of the corps of the Prince of Orange, with the Brunswickers and troops of Nassau, having the Guards, under General Cooke, on the right, and the troops of General Alten on the left. The left wing consisted of the divisions of Picton, Lambert, and Kempt. The second line was formed of the troops deemed least worthy of confidence, or which had suffered too severely in the action of the 16th, to be again exposed until extremity. It was placed behind the declivity of the heights to

the rear, in order to be sheltered from the cannonade but sustained much loss from shells during the action. The cavalry were stationed in the rear distributed all along the line, but chiefly posted on the left of the centre to the east of the Charleroi causeway. The farm-house of La Haye Sainte, in the front of the centre was garrisoned. The villa, garden, and farm-yard of Hougomont, formed a strong advanced post toward the centre of the right. The whole British position formed a sort of curve the centre of which was nearest to the enemy, and the extremities particularly on their right, drawn considerably backward.

The plans of the two leaders were sufficiently simple; Wellington's object was to maintain his line of defence, till, by the coming up of the Prussians, he should have a superiority of force. The difficulty of keeping his ground, as we have already observed, was much increased by the late hour at which the Prussians arrived. The usual plan was Napoleon's plan: by rapidity of movement, and pushing forward great masses of force to destroy the British before the Prussians could form a junction with them; after which he hoped to destroy the Prussians in their turn, by attacking them on their march through the broken ground which lay between them and the British. In this expectation he was strengthened by the supposition that the detached corps would not be so well kept in check. Accordingly he was not at all surprised when the Prussians were not able to fight any with the main body of his army.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

after column, and squadron after squadron, should cause the enemy to waver

The morning of the 18th of June broke heavily, the whole day was stormy. Soon after ten o'clock, a great agitation was seen in the French lines, and from one point, where stood a heavy column of infantry under arms, mounted officers were seen galloping with orders in various directions. This was Napoleon's position, and the column was his famous Guard. Wellington was chiefly stationed during the battle near a remarkable tree in the centre of his position, but he moved during the action, with speed to every part of the line where his services were required.

Between eleven and twelve the battle opened with a cannonade from the French line, instantly followed by a fierce attack under Jerome, on the advanced post of Hougomont.—A cloud of voltigeurs preceded the column. The Nassau soldiers in the wood were driven back. The assailants surrounded the house on three sides, and made desperate attempts to enter, but a detachment of the Guards who occupied the villa, defended it, and from the loop-holed walls of the house and garden, poured upon the French so severe and unintermitting fire, that the ground was covered with their killed and wounded. Fresh British troops were now sent to the relief of this post, and after great loss the Coldstream and 3rd Guards drove out the enemy and remained in possession. But repeated attacks were from time to time made upon it, and though the defenders of the chateau displayed the utmost courage, the gate of the

yard was at one period half forced in; but the French were repulsed by the bayonet. Soon after the roof and upper walls were on fire from the shells of the French batteries; but the combat was heroically maintained, and from the charred walls deadly streams of musketry continually poured forth.

At the same time that Hougoumont was thus assaulted the whole of the French cannon kept up an incessant fire upon the lines, particularly to the right and centre. The British guns were fully replied, and the centre and advanced batteries, being well covered, caused mortal havoc among the French columns that led the attack on Hougoumont. Perceiving that the assault on Hougoumont had failed Napoleon, under the fire of big guns, ordered a formidable attack upon the left centre. All the firmness and bravery of the British and their commander were here required. The light troops were driven in by the fury of this charge and the foreign cavalry, by whom they ought to have been supported, gave way on all sides. The Black Brunswick infantry made the best steady resistance that most of the light army during this action each regiment suffered nearly as it required them to retire and fall back deep. The distance between the two main redoubts was a night draw up the battalion in line, when they should be called on to capture the appearance of the lion re-appeared in the alternate squares of a chess board and that when a square of the company was left for a while between them and the enemy they were exposed to the fire of the French from the squares in front and to the rear.

both flanks from the side ones, during the day the French cavalry often experienced the murderous effect of these combined fires—As the French column came up, General Kempt boldly advanced against it with only three British regiments in line—and these weakened by the loss of 300 men at Quatre Bras—poured in a volley and charged it, while Packe's brigade, from the extreme left, bore down at the same time upon the right division of this column with the bayonet, the French who had actually gained the crest of the position—could not stand this, and after delivering their fire, turned and fled. It was here that Picton fell, a musket ball having passed through his brain. At this moment, too, Ponsonby's dragoons made such an effective flank charge upon the French columns at the time when they staggered under the fire of the musketry, that they broke the column with great slaughter, and took two eagles, and 200 men, who were sent off to Brussels as the first fruits of the allies' success. But our cavalry, pushing their advantage too far, were met by a strong body of cuirassiers on the one flank, and lancers on the other—and, having charged up to the enemy's guns which covered the attacking column and sabied the cannoneers—were involved in an unequal combat, so that they were forced to retire, taking off an eagle as they drew back. General Ponsonby, their commander, fell, not expecting to come into action so soon, he was mounted on an inferior horse, his own charger not having arrived, and got into a ploughed field where his horse stuck, a body of Polish lancers, who gave no quarter, came up, he had



done, and the French entering cut to pieces 200 Hanoverian sharpshooters, who had maintained the post, but from this position they were driven out by shells. The contest still raged with uninterrupted fury, the enemy's efforts having slackened upon the centre and left, only to rage with double ferocity upon the right wing. Napoleon exhausted his energies in fierce attacks both of horse and foot, supported by the whole strength of his artillery—200 guns keeping up a constant thunder upon the allied position. This fire was so destructive that Wellington directed his troops to retire beyond the exposed ridge, and lie flat on the ground, till on the close advance of the enemy's horse, they were ordered to stand up in squares, advance, meet and repel their charge. The French cavalry undaunted, repeatedly charged to the very centre of the position—column after column like waves of the sea—with vain and useless devotion. They paid dearly for their bravery. As they came up, determined to sweep the square before them, their defeat, as they recoiled from the deadly volleys, resembled a heavy sea pouring itself upon a chain of insulated rocks, and then driven back. And amid all the tumult of that desperate action—the discharge of the artillery—the clash of arms—the shouts of the infuriated combatants—the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying—the men behaved as on parade, and so certain was their orderly fire, that between the proper intervals the aide-de-camps coolly walked their horses round the squares. The steady bravery of our men shone with the brightest lustre. In vain did desper-



ate heroes among the French cavalry discharge their carbides and pistols at the squares to induce them to break the ranks. They regarded nothing but the actual charge and waited for the word of command to repel the squadrons by their musketry. In vain did the cuirassiers ride round these serried walls of steel, watching for an opening. In vain did they cut desperately at the men or stand and gaze till shot down. In vain did the most formidable artillery deal de truen on the thinned squares as the men dropped down, their curved lances up their necks and the fronts remained unbroken. Never did the French make more desperate fight. They bravely courted destruction and more than once did their cavalry make for a moment the British battens on the brow of the position. The cannons were never well drawn; the horses only were taken to the rear; the gunners fired to the last moment and then, with their limber went took refuge in the nearest square; and when the French were beat back again hurried to their guns, to discharge the contents on the retreating foe. An incessant fire was kept up from the artillery to which it was little more than half the number that Napoleon had; and it was till the discharge were supported well by the musketry. By this the key to the British position.

As to the saving the well noted defence the allusion of our army was becoming critical. It was not half the number that Napoleon had; and it was till the discharge were supported well by the musketry. By this the key to the British position.

to the arduous task. The Duke himself saw a Belgian regiment waver as it crossed the ridge of the hill, and was advancing from the second to the first line, he rode up to them, halted the regiment, and endeavoured to lead them into the fire himself, but all his efforts were vain, and other troops had to be brought up in their place. During the scene of tumult and carnage the Duke of Wellington was everywhere, on account of the position of the armies, and the nature of the ground, exposing his person with a necessary but painful freedom where the struggle was most arduous, in the hottest fire, and front of the danger, he was seen. There was scarcely a square which he did not visit in person, encouraging the men by his presence, and stimulating the officers by directions. During a hostile charge, he threw himself into one, and Providence protected his head during the fiery shower. From his central post, he watched every movement and advance of the enemy, piercing through the smoke of battle with an eagle's eye, and galloping to every point—however exposed,—if it seemed to require his presence. Many of his short phrases addressed to his troops had a talismanic effect. As he stood before Mont St Jean, in the middle of the high road, several guns were pointed at him, distinguished as he was by his suite, and the movements of his staff who went and came with orders. The balls repeatedly struck, on the right hand of the road near him. "That's good practice," said the Duke to one of his staff, "I think they fire better than they did in Spain." Riding up to the 95th when in front of the line,

and threatened with a formidable charge of cavalry he said, "Stand fast, Duth—we must not be beat—what will they say in England?" On another occasion, when brave men were falling every minute, he said with cool confidence as if he had been merely a spectator "Never mind, we'll win this battle yet." Another regiment in close combat, was addressed by him in a common sporting phrase: "Hard pounding this, gentlemen; let's see who will pound longest. — All who heard him these orders, received fresh confidence from his readiness, decision, and cool composure. His staff fell man by man beside him yet seemed in their own agony only to regard his safety. Sir William De Lancey fell from his horse struck by a spent ball;—he said to those who came to assist him "Leave me to die; attend to the Duke." Sir Alexander Gordon received his mortal wound while expostulating with his General on the personal danger to which he exposed himself. Lieutenant-Colonel Canning and many others died with Wellington's name upon the expiring lips. An aide-de-camp was sent with an important message to a general of brigade; on his return he was shot through the lungs, but borne on by the consciousness of duty he rode up to the Duke delivered the message to his master and then dropped from his horse apparently dying.

As yet it did not seem certain whether all these sacrifices had not been made in vain. The French, though repulsed on every point, prepared for a new attack and the British square, from the onset being and as the pressure increased and fresh aid

chle appearance. One general officer stated that his brigade had lost one-third of its numbers, and that the survivors were so exhausted with fatigue, that a brief respite, however short, seemed absolutely necessary. "Tell him," said the Duke, "what he proposes is impossible. He, and I, and every Englishman in the field, must die on the spot which we now occupy."—"It is enough," replied the general, "I, and every man under my command, are determined to share his fate."

Still the battle was far from being decided. It was three o'clock when La Haye Sainte was taken, and after this the enemy repeatedly attacked the British position between the two roads. Hougoumont was still beset, and a prolonged conflict maintained upon the plateau above that post, where the Guards under General Maitland, bore the brunt of a heavy cannonade, and pushing forward their squares as the French horse retired, were engaged with columns of the enemy's infantry. Along the whole plateau to the Charleroi road, the contest was maintained in a similar manner, the infantry retiring beyond the fire of the artillery, then rising up and advancing in echellons of squares to meet the French cavalry, and occasionally going down the slope far enough to engage their infantry. The British horse were then in reserve, but were ever ready to charge such of the French as made their way through the intervals of the squares. All this time not a single square had been broken, and the enemy had suffered severely, though our ranks were sadly thinned by the superior numbers and formidable artillery which had

been bearing on them for so many hours. At five o'clock the Prussians had not come up. It was rumoured that Bülow's corps was at St. Lambert and that Blücher was marching up from Wavre but encumbered by the state of the roads, and their heavy artillery only a few weak patrols of horse had as yet appeared on the French right. The fire of Prussian artillery was heard in that quarter a little after five—but it appeared to retire and cease; for Bülow with only two brigades and a corps of cavalry was kept in check by Lobau. Grouchy also formed a strong resistance to part of the Prussians at Wavre. About half-past five two brigades were brought from Hill's corps to the centre front in anticipation of a renewal of the attack on the weaker part of the position near La Haye Sainte. There was a pause on both sides, only broken by the noise of the cannon. The crisis of the struggle was at hand. Napoleon was desperate and resolved to sacrifice his last chance of retreat before the Prussians came up, though his cavalry was already wrecked and he had lost, besides, 10,000 men. There was no time to lose for the Prussian guns were beginning to find their way on his flank, to the great joy of Wellington, who said "There goes old Blücher at last; and by the Lord of the Rings our his horse will be coming from the wood."

Napoleon's last effort was made in his faithful Guard, which played during the action either on the left of La Haye Sainte or had hardly drawn a trigger. Lost as his cause seemed, yet of a very high on the bright horizon of his life. Napoleon's last words were "I shall be with you."

to the foot of the allied position; he then caused them to retire before him, and telling them that the English army was nearly destroyed, and that to carry the position they had only to brave the fire of the artillery, he concluded by pointing to the causeway, and exclaimed, "There, gentlemen, is the road to Brussels!" He was answered by loud shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which induced our men and the Duke to think that Napoleon would in person lead them forward to the attack, and every eye was directed to that quarter, but from the clouds of smoke, nothing could be distinctly seen. Meantime Wellington altered the position of his forces, so as to repel the assault, and the 2nd and 3rd battalions of Guards were formed in line and marched to the brow of the hill, where they were ordered to lie down and shelter themselves from the fire.

Led by Marshal Ney, the Imperial Guard advanced dauntlessly, rallying as they went such of the broken cavalry and infantry as yet maintained the conflict. The British line, by the successes on the right wing, had pushed forward, and was now changed from a convex to a concave position, so that the artillery raked the French columns as they came upon the causeway, and so accurately were they directed, that the heads of the columns were constantly cut off, and they seemed to make no progress. Borne on, however, by the impetuosity of those in the rear, they at length reached the plain, and attained the summit of the ridge where the British lay concealed. At this important time, the Duke of Wellington, who had placed himself immediately behind

the Guard when he thought them near enough, gave the order "Up, Guards, and at them!" They sprang to their feet, as if by magic poured in on the French a well-aimed fire, which made them stagger; a second volley put them in a kind of panic and the Duke galloping close up in their rear called out, "Forward, Guard!" They advanced with three cheers and rushed down the hill upon the French with pointed bayonets; but before they got within twenty yards, the hitherto unvanquished veteran Guards of France—the Sacred Band of their army—turned from the shock and fled. Meanwhile General Adam's corps keeping pace with the Guards, advanced on the enemy's left flank and discharged several effective volleys; Pack's troop also came to the charge; on the right and left the cavalry fell upon them and they were nearly destroyed. Ney fought word to word on foot; his clothes were pierced through with ball and he was the last to quit the struggle. Napoleon's only hope was, as he had refused to borrow of the Emperor his strength and progress of the French upon his right flank, that his Guards would stand firm the day; but when he saw them run in disorder the cavalry mixed with the fugitives and trampling them down he said to his adjutant, "They are mingled together—all is lost for the present"—then he took his head, and looked so woe-begone as every man saw after two battles of Austerlitz and Jena rapidly advanced on their flank, and the French were driven up the rear; it was a terrible blow but his spirit dictated it to die a warrior's death; but he said to Lestrade, who

remained at his side, the fatal words, "All is over—it is time to save ourselves!" With ten or twelve attendants, he put spurs to his horse and fled, leaving to their fate the gallant army which had that day shed their blood for him with such profusion.

Meantime the Prussians drove the right wing of the French before them. The Duke ordered his army to form four deep, fatigue and wounds were forgotten when the word was given to assume the offensive. The troops were instantly ready, and the illustrious conqueror himself led the general charge. The whole British army in line rushed eagerly down the slope, and up the acclivity beyond it, driving before them the scattered French who still maintained the combat. Amidst increased slaughter the whole of the enemy fell back, and the remains of the grand army rushed away from them in one tumultuous flight. As the British closed up, the French guns had gradually ceased firing, the cannoniers abandoned them—the drivers of the train cut the traces of their horses—infantry and cavalry, officers and soldiers, mingled in the headlong torrent, the fields and causeway were covered with baggage-waggons, broken arms, and overturned artillery, and flyers and pursuers drove headlong over the slain and wounded. Everywhere the cry of "*saute qui peut*" was raised by the French, and the scene from which they fled, resembled a shore strewn with wrecks after a shipwreck. A slight resistance was made by four battalions of the Guard, who threw themselves into squares, and stood firm; but these were soon swept away, the British



crowded the French position and 180 guns fell into their possession. It was fortunate that the Prussians were now on the field for our cavalry were so exhausted, that it was impossible for them to continue the pursuit; whereas the Prussians were fresh and eager to press on. Their advance crowded the van of the British army beside La Belle Alliance and near it the Duke of Wellington and Prince Marshal Blücher met, and embraced each other with hearty congratulations: the victorious allies exchanged military greetings,—the Prussians halting their regimental bands to play "Gul save the King," the British returning the compliment with three cheers to the honour of Prussia. Blücher ordered every man and horse in his army capable of action to press on the rear of the French without allowing them to rally. The night was clear and the Prussian cavalry rode after the flyers, and cut them down everywhere without mercy.—The death of General Duhesme was an instance of their revenge. One of the "Black Brunswicks" saving him rode up; the General begged quarter: the soldier looked at him sternly with uplifted sabre and only said: "the Duke of Brunswick died the day before yesterday and thou art it like the dog."—The French had behaved most savagely through out the day; their quartermen they rode over the field, thrust their lances into the wounded; and many of their prisoners, after having been stripped, were massacred.

The British army lay encamped on the ground occupied by the French on the 17th of June. Early in the day the Duke of Wellington returned to

Brussels As he rode over the plain, a bright moon shone on the field of battle, looking down mournfully on the heaps of bodies, in the stillness which succeeded to the roar of battle was only heard the cries of the wounded and dying As he rode along, he could not restrain his tears, for the full flush of triumph was past, and there came the thought of how many who had passed with him through other battles, had survived to fall in this The words of the conqueror that night will be long remembered as Wellington leaned back in his chair he rubbed his hands together, and exclaimed, "Thank God, I have met him—thank God, I have met him!" The loss on both sides was tremendous, the English were no novices in war, and even those who had seen the bloody conflict of Albuera, and the scenes before the walls of Badajos and St Sebastian, never saw such slaughter as at Waterloo On the 18th the British lost 15,000 men killed and wounded, 100 officers were slain, and 500 wounded, many of them mortally, of the officers who fell very many were highly distinguished. The Duke of Wellington was repeatedly in great danger himself, and only one individual of his numerous staff escaped unwounded in horse or person The French loss cannot be calculated, but it was immense, for besides what they lost in the battle, many were cut down in the retreat—and of 75,000 men, the half were never again collected in arms

By the victory of this memorable day, the Duke of Wellington finished his military career The glory of all former fields seemed to fade before that of Waterloo.—This was Welling-

ton's greatest triumph for it secured peace to Europe and prostrated for ever the power of Napoleon I. Boundless joy—in spite of the heavy number of the brave men who had fallen—was felt at home. The Duke's despatches, dated the 10th, from the field of Waterloo, reached London late on the night of the 21st of June. Next day the thanks of Parliament, and a resolution to erect a monument to the Duke of Wellington and the army were carried by acclamation. Parliament, to its former grant, added £200,000 for the purchase of an estate and the erection of a splendid mansion. It also voted thanks to Field Marshal Blücher and the Prussian army. The rewards of merit were extended to every rank of the British army present on the 18th: each regiment was to bear the word Waterloo on its colours; all the privates were to be borne on the muster-rolls and pay lists of their respective corps as Waterloo men, and each man was to reckon that day's work a two year service in the account of his time for increase of pay or for a pension when discharged; the subaltern officers the same, and it was also expected that henceforward the pension granted to a colonel should rise with the rank to which the officer attained. A medal of the same metal as the officers' and men was given to each survivor, as had been done after the battle of the Nile.

Despatches brought to Paris the news of the defeat, and scarcely any sympathy was shown to his dejected monarch. The world had committed themselves irrevocably pledged to make peace with the Bonapartes, and as it was too late to go back, the world was left to the

nomination of "Napoleon II" failed, and the Emperor abdicated. The rest of *his* story is well known, he had time afforded him for meditation at St. Helena, where his restless spirit quitted the body, after seven years of confinement, or rather of inspected residence. The wreck of his army, under Grouchy, effected their retreat to Paris, where Davoust took the command. The allies followed close in pursuit—Paris was invested but Wellington and Blucher, being anxious to spare the capital, in terms of a military convention generously allowed the French army to march out with their material, artillery, and baggage, and retire beyond the Loire. Political matters were left at the disposal of the restored monarch, Louis XVIII, who entered Paris the day after the allied troops had taken possession of it.

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## CHAPTER XV.

Sketch of the Duke of Wellington's Political Life—Master-General of the Ordnance—Mr Canning's Ministry—Lord Goderich's—Wellington Prime Minister—Prospects of the Government—Test and Corporation Acts repealed—Catholic Emancipation—Defeat and Resignation of the Ministry—Accession of the Whigs to office—Reform Bill—Wellington called by the King to form a Ministry—His failure—William IV dismisses the remnant of the Reform Administration—Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel take office—Their various defeats and Resignation—Dinner to the Duke of Wellington at Dover—Estimate of his Grace's Character

IN noticing the political career of the Duke of Wellington, it is necessary to do little more than recall a few facts to the memory of our readers. The events which took place during his premiership are too much involved in the

must of party politics, to permit a cool and impartial judgment being passed upon them. In that brief space scarcely any statesman had great difficulty to content with himself.

And the crown more directly, to the best of his judgment; none, by the straightforward honesty and manliness of his character, he deserved and secured more respect, even by those with whom he differed in political opinion.

From the years 1822 to 1827 his Grace held the office of Master-General of the Ordnance. On the accession of Mr. Canning to the premiership, he resigned this office. If the views with which Mr. Canning assumed the reins of government amounted to a betrayal of the principles which he before held, it must be acknowledged that he paid dearly for this sacrifice. His administration had no other elements of stability than the genius of a character more brilliant than most. He had frequent conferences with the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Peel, and Lord Alton, the issue of which was that they, with other opponents of the Catholic claims, who had been supporters of Lord Liverpool, declined to take office, and the vacancies were filled up by others, the most distinguished of whom were Mr. Huskisson and Lord Alton, who coincided more with the Premier's views. A majority was joined with several members of the Whig party, who promoted their party, of whom, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Grey looked forward at the close of the session to seats in the Cabinet. But all calculations were at an end by the death of Mr. Canning, who, as recently as this, was charged at the hustings, just after

his ministry, (for an amendment upon the Corn Bill had been carried by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords) expired on the 8th of August, 1827. The 8th of Jan., 1828, Lord Goderich, who had succeeded him, resigned. The King sent for the Duke of Wellington, and commissioned him to form an administration, with himself at its head. His Grace entered into communication with Mr. Peel, and others of Lord Liverpool's ministry who seceded on Mr. Canning's elevation. The arrangements of the Cabinet were as follows: the Duke of Wellington, First Lord of the Treasury, Right Hon. H. Goulbourn, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor, Lord Bathurst, President of the Council, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Privy Seal, Right Hon. R. Peel, Secretary of State for the Home Department, Earl Dudley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Right Hon. W. Huskisson, Secretary of State for the Colonies, Right Hon. J. C. Herries, Master of the Mint, Viscount Melville, Secretary of the Board of Control, Earl Aberdeen, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Right Hon. C. Grant, Treasurer of the Navy and President of the Board of Trade, Viscount Palmerston, Secretary of War, Duke of Clarence, Lord High Admiral.

Such was Wellington's Cabinet. Many difficulties beset the Premier, parts of the country were in a disturbed state, opposition was active, Ireland was shaken by the demands of the Catholic Association, and the agitation of an Emancipation Act, and the agitators assumed a menacing attitude. The parliamentary

session was opened on the 9th of Jan; and the only incidents of note in the debate was an allusion to the battle of Navarino, and some sarcastic remarks of Mr Brougham on the phenomenon of a military prime minister in which he for the first time introduced the celebrated phrase: *The schoolmaster is abroad.* "This new power," said he "has arisen and I trust to it and its primer, and do not fear the A. Idler with his bayonet."

The first step of the Wellington ministry was to appoint a finance committee—the next was the withdrawal of the corn laws. The bill introduced for this purpose maintained the principle of protecting duties, instead of absolute prohibition, and of an ascending and descending scale according to the fluctuations of price in the home market; the medium price being between 6s. and 6s. 6d. Lord John Russell's motion for a committee to take into consideration the regulations of the Trade and Corporation Acts, resulted in a resolution for their instant repeal. Government took up the measure and the bill passed the House of Lords.

Another embarrassing question was now brought to enquire the attainment of Dissenters—that of Catholic Emancipation. On the 8th of May, Lord Bunsell moved for a Committee of the whole House to take into consideration the Catholic claim with a view to a final and conclusive settlement; the debate lasted three days and the motion for a committee was carried by a majority of six; and the result was the passing a resolution that the proposition to remove the question had no effect. A conference was held with the Lord

upon the subject, who agreed to take the matter into consideration on the 9th of June. On that occasion, the Duke of Wellington spoke at length in opposition to the present entertainment of the measure, on motives of expediency. The Marquis of Lansdowne's motion, that the House should concur in the Commons' resolution, was lost by 46

Meanwhile, the Catholics assumed a bolder attitude than before. They resolved to commence determined and systematic opposition to Government; and finding that the 40s freeholders had a powerful influence at the county elections, they used every means, and succeeded in obtaining command of the voices of this class in Ireland. The first opportunity was afforded by the election for Clare county. Mr Vesey Fitzgerald, one of the members, had vacated his seat by accepting office. He had supported emancipation, but they could not pass over his connection with Government, and Mr O'Connell, the leader of the Catholic Association, was started in opposition to him. By the omission of a clause, the Association could return a member to serve, but he could not take his seat, and the success of the Catholic candidate would afford Ministers a proof of the sway which the Association possessed over the Irish tenantry. By great exertions, Mr. O'Connell was returned, and the Catholics were every where roused to action.

In July, the law against the Catholic Association expired, and that body re-assembled to improve the victory obtained at the Clare election. They enumerated four pledges to be demanded of every one who should come for-



want as a candidate for a seat in parliament; that he should oppose the Duke of Wellington's ministry in every thing till emancipation was conceded—support civil and religious liberty; procure the repeal of the subletting act—and support parliamentary reform. Local clubs were organized; weekly contributions were levied and willingly paid; and every effort put forth by the Association and its branches to obtain an emancipation bill.

There were symptoms that the Government were inclining towards concession. At a public dinner at Londonderry Mr Dawson, a minister of the crown declared his change of sentiments—that the question must either be settled, or the Association embodied; that the first was inevitable & the latter was impossible. Alarmed at this, the advocates of the Irish Protestant party roused to activity revived the Orange lodges in Ireland and established a Brunswick club in Dublin and Ulster. In emulation of the Catholic rent, a Protestant rent was collected. The people of Ireland seemed split into two military and adverse armies. The Brunswick club spread in England and a great Protestant meeting was held in Kent at Farningham Heath. All this time the Catholics were necessarily inactive; for the members of the Cabinet were increasing and divided and George IV. inheriting his father's dislike was strenuously opposed to emancipation.

The state of matters seemed to make the judgment of a new ministry likely. Dr Curran, the chief legislator of Ireland & a leading advocate of the rights of the Duke of Wellington declared that the original justice required

to the army in Spain; the doctor then holding a high office in the university of Salamanca. He addressed the premier by letter on the state of the country, and the importance of settling the question. The Duke's reply was in these words — "I assure you that you do me but justice in believing that I am sincerely anxious to witness the settlement of the Roman Catholic question, which, by benefiting the state, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it. But I confess I see no prospect of such a settlement. Party has been mixed up with the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is impossible to expect to prevail upon men to consider it dispassionately. If we could bury it in oblivion for a short time, and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its difficulties on all sides, I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy." A copy of this letter was sent to Mr O'Connell and the Association, who regarded it as evincing that the premier was becoming convinced of the necessity of concession, and also to the Marquis of Anglesea, who, in his reply to Dr. Curtis, expressed it as his opinion that the Duke was wavering, and advised a conciliatory and constitutional mode of action on the part of the agitators. Shortly after the Marquis wrote this letter, he was recalled, and the Duke of Northumberland appointed in his place. "The rage of the Catholics was unbounded, as their hopes had been premature, and the storm howled louder than ever."

But at last the Duke of Wellington, determined by the imminence of the danger, re-

solved upon concession; and having secured the consent of his colleagues, and the permission of the king, he prepared to bring forward the measure. In the speech from the throne at the opening of the session of 1829 appeared the announcement of it, which took the nation by surprise and excited the fears of the Protestant party. The announcement ran thus — “His Majesty recommends that you should take into your consideration the whole condition of Ireland; and that you should review the laws which impose civil disabilities on his Majesty’s Roman Catholic subjects. You will consider whether the removal of these disabilities can be effected consistently with the permanent security of our established rights in church and state with the maintenance of the reformed religion established by law and the rights of the laity and of the clergy of the realm, and of the churches committed to their charge. These are the institutions which must be held sacred in this Protestant kingdom, and which it is the determination of his Majesty to preserve inviolate. His Majesty now earnestly recommends you to consider on the crucial question of a subject of such importance deeply interesting to the feelings of his people, and to the tranquillity of the united kingdom, with the moderation which will best secure the successful issue of their deliberations.”

His Majesty took the preliminary step of introducing a bill to put down the Association; but it was only a bill. The enactment of the Catholic Relief Bill in 1829 was directed by a majority of 314 to 146 in the House of Commons. The bill was read a first time on

the Lords on the 31st of March, 1829 In moving the second reading of the bill on the 2nd of April, the Duke of Wellington, after dwelling on the disturbed state of Ireland, said, " I am one of those who have been engaged in war beyond most men, and unfortunately principally in civil war, I must say this, that, at any sacrifice whatever, I would avoid every approach to civil war. I would do all I could, even sacrifice my life, to prevent such a catastrophe. Nothing could be so disastrous to the country, nothing so destructive of its prosperity, as civil war, nothing could take place that would demoralize and degrade as such a conflict, in which the hand of neighbour is raised against neighbour—that of father against son, and son against father—of brother against brother—of the servant against his master—a conflict which must end in confusion and destruction. If civil war be so bad, when occasioned by resistance to government—if such a collision is to be avoided by all means possible—how much more necessary it is to avoid a civil war, in which, in order to put down one portion, it would be necessary to arm and excite the other I am quite sure there is no man who now hears me, who would not shudder were such a proposition made to him, yet such must have been the result, had we attempted to terminate the state of things, to which I have referred, otherwise than by a measure of conciliation. In this view, then, I think we are justified in the measure we have proposed to parliament " The Duke then adverted to the checks which had been removed from other portions of the community

—expressed his conviction that the measure instead of weakening, would strengthen the church—said that he gave the vote a free trial without asking securities—and thus concluded. “On the whole I entertain no doubt that after this measure shall have passed the Roman Catholics will cease to exist as a separate interest in the state as they at present do. I have no doubt that they will cease to exist as a separate interest in this or the other House of Parliament. Parliament will then be disposed to look at their conduct, and every thing which respects that country as they would look upon the people and the affairs of England and Scotland. I will say however that if I am disappointed in my hopes of tranquillity after a trial has been given to the measure I shall have no scruple in coming down to parliament and laying before it a state of the case, and calling for the necessary powers to enable the government to take the steps suited to the occasion. I shall do this in the same confidence that parliament will support me, that I feel in the present case. The debate occupied three days, and the measure was carried by a majority of 114. On the third reading 213 yeas were voted for it, and 100 against it. The Royal Assent was given on the 13th of April.

In consequence of the part taken by the premier, in bringing in the Catholic Relief Bill, the Earl of Malmesbury in a letter addressed to the secretary of the committee for establishing King's College London asserted that the Duke of Wellington had before that intervention been in favour of the measure. The Duke of Wellington, in a letter to the Duke of Devonshire, dated the 13th of April, expressed his conviction that the measure

tution, that he might more effectually blind the eyes of the true supporters of Protestantism to his designs. This letter drew from the noble Duke an indignant disavowal of this absurd charge. Lord Winchelsea having declined to publish an apology, a hostile meeting took place between the parties on the 21st of March, when Lord Winchelsea having received the Duke's fire, fired in the air himself, and then made a satisfactory public reparation.

The passing of the Catholic Emancipation bill was accompanied by another for disfranchising the whole of the 40s freeholders in Ireland—a measure which excited little opposition. Parliament was prorogued on the 24th of June, and the ceding of the Catholic claims was the last important measure of George IV's reign. The passing of the bill tranquillized Ireland, but only for a short time, and after the measure had passed, the Duke of Wellington's ministry tottered. Discontent and disaffection reigned among the Tory party, and the Whigs looked on, and were ready to seize the reins of office. The question of Parliamentary Reform had been gaining ground—its advocates were assuming a strength which would in a short time defy resistance. Things were in this state, when the king expired, and William IV ascended the throne on the 26th of June, 1830.

This was the signal for renewed hostility to the cabinet from both the high Tories and the Whigs. The first question which gave rise to discussion was upon the point, whether the parliament, after voting such supplies as were immediately necessary, should be at once dis-

resolved, or whether provision should be made for a regency in the event of the king's demise before the re-assembling of that body; after a violent debate the ministry had only a small majority. On the 27th July parliament was prorogued by the king in person; it was on the next day dissolved by proclamation, and writs for the election of a new one issued on the 14th of September.

A variety of circumstances told against the ministry, and the result showed a loss of fifty votes. Ireland was also again in commotion; new associations and societies having sprung up at the dictatorship of O'Connell. Pick burners and rioters committed outrages in the south of England. The clamour for reform grew more loudly than ever.

On the 7th of November Parliament opened. The speech from the throne merely mentioned the revolutions in France and Belgium. To this when the address was moved in the House of Lords Earl Grey, alluding to the police talk north of Manchester about the occurrences said, "We ought to learn wisdom from what was passing before our eyes. He felt persuaded that unless we were granted, we must make up our minds to witness the destruction of the constitution." The Duke of Wellington in reply dwelt upon the excellencies of the then government. "You can be assured that any measure to alter the constitution would be disastrous to the country; and I shall always feel it my duty to resist such a measure with as powerful means as I can command." After this the debate closed.

assumed a more hostile attitude. On the 17th of Nov, Sir H. Parnell moved "that a select committee be appointed to take into consideration the estimates and accounts presented by command of his majesty respecting the civil list. After a short debate Ministers were left in a minority of 29, and the Duke of Wellington's government resigned.

Earl Grey then took office, with a cabinet determined to carry through the measure of Parliamentary Reform. In the details of this question, and the discussions which took place upon it, we shall not enter. The measure was rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of 35, and Earl Grey's ministry resigned. The Duke of Wellington was again called upon to take office, but the country was in such an excited state, outrages and destruction of property taking place in various parts, that the continuance in office of the noble Duke, seemed fraught with the utmost danger. Earl Grey was again entrusted with the formation of a cabinet, and the Reform Bill was passed.

On the 9th of June, 1834, the Duke of Wellington, having been appointed Chancellor of the University of Oxford, was installed in this honourable office, with more than usual magnificence. A large assemblage of noblemen, clergymen, &c. accompanied his Grace to the Theatre of the University, and the various degrees were then conferred. Dr Phillimore, the Professor of Civil Law, made a lengthy oration on the merits of the newly-elected Chancellor, paid a just tribute to the memory of his predecessor, Lord Clarendon, and concluded by affirming that the University had



done itself the greatest honour by electing the Duke of Wellington as its Chancellor. On this occasion honours were conferred upon a host of noblemen and gentlemen who had studied at Oxford.

When the Reform Bill came into operation the party who had been the means of passing it probably expected a long tenure of office. At first, indeed, the Conservatives did not number much more than 100 members; but their numbers were increased under the leadership of their chiefs and were now nearly doubled; they had a large majority in the House of Lords; and the Whig cabinet had been weak and by the accession of its ablest members, Earl Grey having from age retired, and Lord Althorp took his seat in the House of Lords, while the Duke of Richmond, Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, drewed it their duty no longer to hold office under the Whigs. Upon Earl Spencer's death, Lord Melbourne waited upon the King to propose Lord John Russell as the leader in the House of Commons. His Majesty thought the ministry unfit to carry on the business of the country and in particular he was averse to Lord Buckingham longer remaining Chancellor; therefore he told Lord Melbourne not to trouble himself with the official arrangements, because he intended to send for the Duke of Wellington to whom a letter was transmitted. At day it took well. He at once advised him to return to the government to Sir R. Peel, who was then in Italy—the Duke declined office till Peel's return. In a fortnight Sir R. Peel returned, and so

cepted the premiership—the Duke of Wellington filling the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The principles on which Ministers proposed to act, were explained in an able address of Sir Robert Peel to his constituents at Tamworth. On the 30th of Dec., Parliament was dissolved, and a new one convoked for the 19th of February, 1835.

The issue of this election is well known. The Conservatives mustered little more than 300; and the opposition refused to give them time to ingratiate themselves with the country, but resolved to try their strength upon the appointment of the Speaker, nominating Mr Abercrombie, in opposition to Mr Manners Sutton, who had held the office, with the approbation of all parties, for many years. In a House of 626 members, the Whig candidate was elected by a majority of ten. Next came the debate on the address, to which an amendment was moved in both Houses, and carried in the Commons. In the House of Lords the Duke of Wellington took the opportunity of vindicating his conduct in assuming the reins of affairs at his sovereign's commands, till Sir R. Peel should arrive. He proved that he acted in accordance with the constitution, and with the view of promoting the best interests of the country—that he had carried on only those functions of government which were absolutely necessary—that the late administration had become so shattered, as to render the formation of another necessary—that he was bound to render these service at his sovereign's call—he only desired that Parliament would give them time to bring forward their measures,

when they could judge of the sincerity of their professions by their practice. In the lower House Sir R. Peel expressed his determination to remain at the post of duty until he had been enabled to lay before the House a programme of those measures which he intended to submit to the consideration of the House; and then if those measures did meet with their approval, they could reject them, and he would retire from office.

The opposition, who lacked courage to move a direct vote of want of confidence at once, drove the ministry from office by moving an amendment, establishing the principle of the appropriation of the revenues of the Irish Church to secular purposes; in a House of 611 members, 300 voted in favour of it, and 280 against it; in committee 311 out of 350 being left in a minority of 23, and again of 27 reversed, and the Melbourne ministry was re-formed.

From that period until July 1841 the Duke remained in opposition. At that time he was again called upon to take a part in the direction of the affairs of the nation. After struggling to continue in office, the Melbourne ministry were compelled to succumb to the assaults of their opponents; and in July 1841, the Queen sent for Sir R. Peel, and entrusted to him the formation of a new administration, which he effected; himself being premier, the Duke of Wellington being in the room of Lord Grey, with a seat in the Cabinet, but not holding any office; the other officers being filled by the young Conservatives of the day. Any scheme of a majority which came to the Duke might have been thwarted by the opposition to it.

advocacy of the principles which he held, by those who differed from him, has long since passed away, while those who agreed with him, regarded him with a peculiar degree of esteem and veneration, liberal-minded men of all parties looked up to him with that respect which talent and worth command towards one whose public life has been an unbroken course of consistency and excellence.

One other incident in connection with the life of the Duke of Wellington which we have to notice, is the banquet which was given to the illustrious subject of our memoir by the Cinque Ports, at Dover, when many distinguished individuals of all parties, assembled to do him honour. On that occasion, Lord Brougham, in proposing the health of the illustrious guest, pictured in glowing colours the brilliant career of the noble Duke, portraying with burning eloquence the mighty achievements of the Conqueror of Napoleon I.—In fact, the ex-Chancellor's oration was one on which no higher encomium can be passed than to say that its whole tone, and the eloquence and felicity of its allusions, were worthy of the subject.

We are quite aware of the difficulties which present themselves in attempting to form an estimate of the character of the illustrious individual whose career we have endeavoured briefly to delineate, and the portraiture must necessarily be imperfect, as we want those minute touches and incidents of private and domestic life, the relation of which constitutes the distinction between historic annals and biography. So far as an estimate can yet be

formed the record of his life is perhaps sufficient; and the reader cannot fail to have remarked some striking characteristics. As he follows Wellington's successful career he must have observed one born for emulgence—endowed with those rare qualities of head and heart which are fit for the highest and most responsible actions, for assuming and maintaining deserved superiority over others, and directing vast and complicated movements by the clear forethought of a vigorous mind.

The first remark that may be made in contemplating Wellington's character is, that we have not presented to our notice so much one or more peculiar and prominent features, as the great harmony of all. Caesar has been called by Lord Bacon the most perfect character of all antiquity by the union of military and civil genius; the character of Wellington bears much more resemblance to his than that of Napoleon. For the undoubtedly high qualities of the French conqueror were debased by alloys from which Wellington was entirely free—we see in the latter no striving after *glory* but the understanding that and serene satisfaction by success; a totally unavailable to the flattery which so affected Napoleon to cause the wonder and envy of those around him; free of that childish superstition of a better natural or assumed, concerning the French deity and the influence of a comet and a star which had arisen in the eyes of the vulgar; a reality but too totally devoid of qualities of selfishness; a man whose intelligence of that class is a wholehearted devotion of his life to the

ment of every favourable, and the reparation of every adverse circumstance. We should commit a grievous error did we narrow our view to consider him merely as a soldier and conqueror—or even a strategist and tactician of the highest rank, though this is the point from which he is generally viewed, and the blaze of military glory which encircles his name, has tended to obscure some more solid, but not less striking features which are apparent upon thoughtful contemplation. In truth, no mere general would have achieved what Wellington has done, for the man who can dauntlessly win battles, and expose his person like a common combatant, is often the very last man fit for managing extensive and complicated trains of business, for conducting the affairs of conquered provinces, for summoning up the energies of a supine and lukewarm civil government, conducted by men of shallow understandings, distracted by mutual jealousies, and alive chiefly to petty interests—as Wellington did in India and Spain,—in the latter country and in Portugal, single-handed, and yet dealing successfully with both the political and military relations maintained by England with those governments, and with the distant administration of the Brazils. In France, also, after concluding the war, as generalissimo of the confederated army, acting as the main-spring of all the political arrangements connected with the occupation of that country, and lastly, as ambassador at the Congress of Vienna and Paris, successfully coping with the most accomplished European diplomatists,—all this, too, it ought to be re-

membered, without previous training but from the ready and intuitive insight of a great and comprehensive mind and by the experimental study of men and nations. Such has been Wellington's career—aloft, as if stationed upon a high pinnacle—ever a mark upon which men's eyes have been turned in fear or in hope. In him we see vigour of body and mind; extraordinary quickness of perception, unwearied application, dispassionate investigation, coolness of temper, undaunted courage—physical and moral—and the habit of conducting great affairs; and so successfully conducting them that envious men turned in bitterness to demand of fortune—why she cherished such a favourite? Putting all these things together is it not allowable to say, that his character displays in a very high degree—indeed, great majesty of mind?

All and much more that we might have said respecting his genius and his commanding powers of intellect, are more than borne out by the perusal of his Dispatches—which, constituting a valuable repository for the historian, display more fully than any other means the greatness of his character. From these we see that he calculated every step and attended to the most minute equally with the most important details—going with the grasp of a great mind to the chief points of every subject—discovering the brilliant—neglecting the trivial, and perceiving everything. Such a man could go on thus his immediate work—any other man would have been lost in confusion; and the Executive and Legislative would have been lost in the

cases the fruit of *disappointment*, or at least of *experience*, would almost seem to have been indigenous in his mind, and were most conspicuously manifested in the very height of success. The *personal* qualities developed are not less valuable—the patience of his inquiries, the capacity of his mind for all, even the most opposite kinds of knowledge, and the good temper, sagacity, and consummate prudence which enabled him to exercise—or rather *indulge* his more splendid qualities of promptitude, decision, and valour, the whole adorned by simplicity, generosity, justice, and good nature.

Such are our impressions on contemplating the career of the Duke of Wellington. He is throughout great and consistent, while leading others on to success, never losing command of himself. He is altogether complete—no chink appears in the panoply of the mailed warrior. His has been a sustained career of success, the product of the weighed and measured exercise of all his great powers—combining what in Napoleon's view, was enough to form a great general, even when the individual qualities were not, as here, of the highest standard—daring never too much—restrained by prudence, caution never damping his ardour. His course does not resemble the blazing track of a meteor, so much as the regularity, and steady growing brilliancy of a planetary movement, at length, in brightness and in majesty, "flaming on the forehead of the sky."



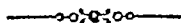
### 31 LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

The noble and illustrious warrior and statesman whose glorious and eventful life we have endeavoured briefly to delineate in the foregoing page terminated his earthly career at the ripe age of 81 years. This event, which took place suddenly and unexpectedly occurred on Tuesday the 14th of September 1842, at a few hours before, at Walmer Castle his official residence as Warden of the Cinque Ports.

The intelligence of this mournful event was received at the time with the deepest regret by men of all parties in this nation and on the Continent of Europe; and a universal gloom pervaded throughout society in Great Britain on account of the loss of the country by the death of her cherished hero.

The remains of the noble Duke were interred on the 13th of November in St. Paul's Cathedral close to the last earthly resting-place of the heroic Nelson. The funeral—a public one—was one of the most gorgeous and sublime spectacles that had ever before been witnessed in England.

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